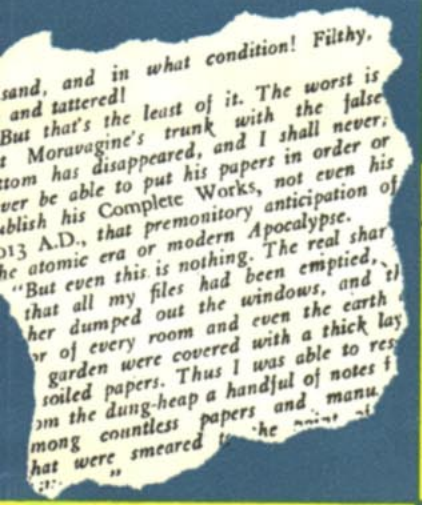
Encounter

November 1968 5s

Blaise Cendrars
Moravagine


sand, and in what condition! Filthy,
and tattered!
But that's the least of it. The worst is
t Moravagine's trunk with the false
ttom has disappeared, and I shall never
ver be able to put his papers in order or
ublish his Complete Works, not even his
013 A.D., that premonitory anticipation of
he atomic era or modern Apocalypse.
"But even this is nothing. The real shar
that all my files had been emptied,
her dumped out the windows, and t
or of every room and even the earth
garden were covered with a thick lay
soiled papers. Thus I was able to res
om the dung-heap a handful of notes f
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hat were smeared

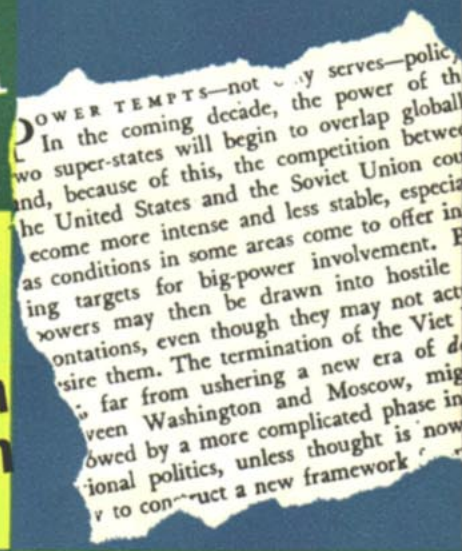
The Fall of Prague

Report from Kai Hermann

McLuhanism

Anatomy of an Intellectual Fashion by Arnold Rockman

Z Brzezinski
Peace & Power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Christopher Driver
BBC & Lord Hill

Michael Edwardes
Hopeless India?

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Letter from New York

N S Willey
Poem

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Amnon Rubinstein
Letter from

Edited by
Melvin J Lasky
& Nigel Dennis

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CHRISTMAS is coming

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Zbigniew Brzezinski

Peace and Power

Looking Toward the 1970s

POWER TEMPTS—not only serves—policy. In the coming decade, the power of the two super-states will begin to overlap globally and, because of this, the competition between the United States and the Soviet Union could become more intense and less stable, especially as conditions in some areas come to offer inviting targets for big-power involvement. Both powers may then be drawn into hostile confrontations, even though they may not actually desire them. The termination of the Viet Nam war, far from ushering in a new era of *détente* between Washington and Moscow, might be followed by a more complicated phase in international politics, unless thought is now given how to construct a new framework for peace in the 1970s.

The nature and implications of the new phase are more readily perceived if approached from a historical perspective. The last few years have seen a striking change in the respective attitudes of the two powers toward each other. The United States has come to stress the theme of "peaceful engagement" and, by and large, the Soviet Union is no longer portrayed as the principal threat or enemy. The Soviet Union, on the other hand (particularly since the fall of Khrushchev), appears to be adopting toward the United States a stance reminiscent of John Foster Dulles' toward Moscow: moral condemnation is combined with emphasis on "containment" of Washington's allegedly unbridled ambitions.

PROFESSOR Z. BRZEZINSKI *has recently returned to Columbia University after a year in Washington as a Foreign-Policy adviser. Among his* ENCOUNTER *articles are his study of "Peaceful Engagement" (in the April 1965* ENCOUNTER*), and "America in the Technetronic Age" (January 1968).*

The change in official American attitudes was initiated in the last days of the Eisenhower Administration by both J. F. Dulles and Christian Herter. To the established notion of containment, the theme of collaboration was added. This additional element was given high priority by the Kennedy Administration, especially after the Cuban confrontation of 1962. The American University speech, with its stress on the need for "a new start," was clearly designed to communicate to Moscow the new American interpretation of the relationship. President Johnson continued along the same path and on 7 October 1966, despite the growing acrimony between Washington and Moscow over Viet Nam, appealed for broad East-West reconciliation. In so doing, he revised substantially some key U.S. concepts: he stressed that Europe's reunification would have to precede that of Germany and he called for closer relations with both the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, implicitly moving away from the tactic of separating the East Europeans from Moscow.

Underlying the emerging American posture was not only a simplistic yearning for U.S.-Soviet accommodation. It reflected increasing concern that Moscow must be "educated" into sharing a sense of nuclear responsibility in a world possessing increasingly numerous and devastating nuclear weapons. Thus the United States continued to seek to expand its tenuous links with Moscow, even as the war in Viet Nam intensified; it continued to exercise restraint in language, even in the face of increasingly violent anti-American abuse from Moscow, much of it personally directed at the President, abuse without parallel since the early '50s; it continued to

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exonerate the Soviet Union of any desire to prolong the Vietnamese war, even though Soviet arms shipments were increasingly designed to assist the waging of the war in the South and not merely to defend the North; it avoided exploiting the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia to fan anti-Soviet sentiments; it continued its policy of cautiously calibrating its defence programmes, lest they precipitate excessive Soviet concern.

Perhaps, more generally, the break-up of the Stalinist monolith and the Sino-Soviet dispute encouraged American hopes of a major evolution in the Soviet outlook, and the U.S. posture was clearly designed to encourage such evolution. Previous fears, tempered by a sense of nuclear security, thus gave way to hopes, only occasionally clouded by Soviet rocket-rattling.

If the change of American attitude can be traced—in a relatively steady line—over a period extending close to a decade, Soviet posture towards the United States has zigzagged more pragmatically. In some ways, the removal of Khrushchev in the fall of 1964 can be considered the most significant recent turning point. Though in the preceding years Khrushchev's policy had been far from consistent, it appeared to put a priority emphasis on the American-Soviet relationship. Having learned at some risk during the Cuban missile crisis that there was no short cut in the long road to replacing the U.S.A. as the preponderant world power, Khrushchev was apparently willing to settle down to a longer period of U.S.-Soviet quiescence or even accommodation, at least until Soviet arms development had erased the imbalance revealed in 1962.

In the pursuit of the Soviet-American priority he was even willing to sacrifice his relations with the more militant communist states. On the eve of his fall Khrushchev was obviously preparing the ground for a final split with China, and a few months earlier he almost literally disowned the North Vietnamese, after they had had their first taste of U.S. aerial bombardment.

THE NEW SOVIET LEADERS—as revealed by their speeches and actions—came to power with a rather different set of priorities. Though concerned with keeping American-Soviet relations on an even keel (and they made a major effort to communicate that intent to Washington), they were more preoccupied with repairing international Communist unity and with shoring up the domestic authority of the ruling Communist bureaucracy. Themselves middle-aged bureacrats of Stalinist vintage (most of them obtained their first major promotions during the painful days of the "Great Purge"), they were inclined to cultivate the more radical parties of North Viet Nam and North Korea; they were disinclined to push the Chinese into a final split; and they saw in the restoration of some ideological unity direct implications for political stability at home.

These priorities interacted with actual developments, and in the course of the next two years the new Soviet attitude towards Washington crystallised. First of all, it continued to rest on an intelligent recognition of the Soviet stake in maintaining a working relationship with Washington. It is noteworthy that, despite the Vietnamese war, more U.S.-Soviet agreements were successfully negotiated during this time than during the preceding decade. It should be noted, however, that these were primarily treaties designed to enhance specific bilateral interests, or common negative ones (such as the Non-Proliferation Treaty), without any broad accommodation on the more conflicting issues —the arms race, Berlin, etc. At the same time the new Soviet leaders, convinced that the United States was about to move out of Viet Nam, energetically strove to establish Soviet presence in Hanoi. Evidently they hoped to help shape a settlement that would formalise the American setback, and thus permit Moscow to obtain some "revolutionary credit," without jeopardising its relationship with Washington. In a way, Moscow hoped to "have its cake and eat it too," much as Washington hoped to continue "improving relations with Moscow" while bombing a Communist state.

THERE ALSO MATURED in the Kremlin a strong conviction that the United States, particularly under President Johnson's stewardship, was pursuing an increasingly assertive policy, based on its recently acquired long range air- and sea-lift capabilities. The new Soviet leaders were accordingly inclined to dismiss initiatives such as President Johnson's speech of 7 October 1966, as deceptive "window dressing" for a more belligerently anti-Communist policy. That was the official interpretation shared by Moscow with its East European allies, some of whom had been tempted to respond more positively to the American plea for East-West reconciliation.

It would appear that by 1967 the Soviet leaders

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reached the conclusion (which they then shared with many foreign Communist leaders) that the Communist forces were faced with a new imperialist offensive, led by the United States. The Soviet leaders argued—as Brezhnev did during the fiftieth anniversary celebration, or Suslov to the international Communist meeting in Budapest in March 1968—that events such as the killing of Lumumba, the fall of Goulart, the denigration of Sukarno, the Dominican intervention, the Greek coup, and even the Israeli surprise attack on Egypt, were all part of a very deliberate U.S.A.-engineered political offensive. Symptomatically, these views were repeated by Tito after talks with Moscow. They were also systematically developed in the theoretical organ of the Italian Communist party (*Rinascita*, 4 August 1967), which asserted:

> For the policy of the *status quo* and the attempts to divide the world into zones of influence between the two super-powers, U.S. imperialism is gradually substituting a revised and corrected re-edition of the old policy of *roll back*, giving birth, within the framework of nuclear coexistence with the U.S.S.R. (caused by reasons of *force majeure*), to a series of local interventions (economical, political, military) designed to modify the world equilibrium by means of setting up reactionary régimes, or by support given to them, and liquidation of the progressive forces and movements in individual countries.

The Soviet concern was exacerbated by the realisation that effective "containment" of the U.S.A. was not possible through reliance purely on the apocalyptic power of the Soviet military establishment. The Soviet leaders recognised that the United States, having developed its long-range conventional capabilities, had ceased to be an apocalyptic nuclear power and was in effect a global power. The Khrushchevian reliance on rocket threats (much like Dulles' "massive retaliation") was too awesome to be credible in situations requiring moderate but effective military pressure. Hostility, frustration and concern were thus important ingredients of the new analysis, and they reinforced ideological biases that shaped the over-all Soviet perspective on world affairs.

THESE CONSIDERATIONS provided the general framework within which the Soviet leaders reacted to specific dilemmas. Thus, in respect to China, the new Soviet leaders showed a special concern over the possibility of American-Chinese collusion. Russian concern over such a "new encirclement" is historically understandable, but the new Soviet leaders, precisely because they were less inclined to split with China and less concerned with improving U.S.-Soviet relations, were more prone than Khrushchev to fear U.S.-Chinese collaboration. During the last three years, Soviet diplomats in the United States have made repeated probes to establish if any serious thought was being given in official circles to such collaboration. By the same token, they must have been reassured by several very high-level U.S. statements which appeared to go out of their way to present China as "the number-one threat to peace." These statements also had the effect of encouraging the Soviet leaders to be patient in their relations with Peking—in the hope that they might be repaired after Mao's death.

With the passage of time, the war in Viet Nam became increasingly the central issue in Soviet-American relations. At first the Soviet concern was that the United States should not escalate the war too rapidly, thereby posing for Moscow some difficult dilemmas. The U.S. did not do so, and the Kremlin was doubtless reassured by the highly measured pattern of U.S. escalation (which also inured the North Vietnamese to its consequences). So reassured, and at the same time concerned with improving its relations with the more radical parties, the Soviet Union gradually increased its own involvement, becoming in time the key factor in supplying the actual war effort in the South.

Soviet commitment grew parallel to the Soviet reassessment of the war's international implications. The Kremlin's initial concern—perhaps it was even an ambivalence—gradually gave way to a growing appreciation of the relative political benefits of the war to the Soviet Union and of its political cost to the U.S. By 1967, the Soviet leaders must have concluded that the war was straining bonds of amity between the United States and Western Europe; that it was paralysing any progress in the policy of "peaceful engagement" on the East-West front and making it easier for the Soviet Union to maintain its position in Eastern Europe; that it was intensifying domestic and financial strains in the United States; that it was consuming roughly the equivalent of the annual U.S. GNP growth advantage over the Soviet Union; and that it was diverting Chinese hostility away from the Soviet Union.

To be sure, the Soviet leaders were doubtless aware that the war involved some liabilities for

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them as well. It was embarrassing to see a Communist state bombed day after day, without an effective Soviet response. U.S. military were obtaining the needed experience and testing. The war did cost the Soviet Union economically, and it certainly reduced the chances of increased East-West trade. But on balance, unless a direct U.S. defeat could be attained, a continuation of the war seemed preferable to an American victory. It may be safe to assume that the Soviet leaders, as realists, knew that a true compromise solution was about as feasible as in the Spain of 1938, and that at the present time it could only be a thinly transparent mask for one side's victory and the other's defeat.

SOVIET STRATEGY WAS hence primarily concerned with limiting the risks of the war while politically exploiting its continuation—a point which so far among statesmen only U Thant came close to making in his February 1968 declaration and Lord Avon in his March 1968 Cornell speech. Naturally, the Kremlin could not stop Hanoi from deciding on peace and it would certainly be willing to serve as the diplomatic midwife for a settlement favourable to Hanoi. But short of that, the major thrust of Soviet diplomacy in the last two years has been to contain the risks of the war while exploiting it politically against the United States. (It is noteworthy that the occasional and short-lived bursts of Soviet interest in promoting negotiation have generally corresponded to times of heightened expectations of U.S. escalation.) These considerations should temper any excessive optimism concerning the likely Soviet role in the peace negotiations initiated in late March 1968 by President Johnson.

THE OFFICIAL U.S. POSTURE made it easier for the Soviet Union to maintain this attitude. On the one hand, some American spokesmen talked of Viet Nam as a "global crucible"—hence involving Soviet interests as well—while simultaneously exonerating the Soviet Union for the war's continuation and reassuring it about the risks involved. The result was that the Soviets gradually became more deeply involved without having to pause and weigh the consequences of transforming a purely regional problem into a direct U.S.-Soviet confrontation.

Elsewhere in the world, one discerns in the Soviet behaviour (rather in contrast to Khrushchev's) the absence of a grand pattern, though a quick willingness to exploit specific opportunities. Soviet policy in Europe thus seems in abeyance. The Soviet leaders apparently have not decided whether to reverse their standing hostility towards Bonn and to seek to capitalise on growing West-German frustrations. A policy of accommodation could contain some grave risks for the Soviet position in Eastern Europe. It appears that a majority in the Soviet leadership counselled a conservative posture, pointing to "growing German influence" in Rumania and Czechoslovakia, and warning that an about-face on Bonn could have grave repercussions in Warsaw and East Berlin. The Soviet ambivalence and conservatism have been classically shown in the Czechoslovak case. Fearful of democratisation, the Soviets acted—but their military operation was not matched by a clear-cut political conception.

In Latin America, current Soviet policy bears a striking resemblance to American policy in Eastern Europe: a region where one must tread lightly, speak softly, carrying not a "big stick" but only gifts. Hungary in 1956 and the Dominican Republic in 1965 both reasserted for each major power the principle of "geographic fatalism"—excessive change in an area immediately contiguous to the respective major power provokes an overwhelming response. Hence one must rely on courting the established élites, count on gradual change and avoid encouraging revolutions, while developing closer economic and cultural links with the ruling circles. Pursuit of this policy chilled Soviet relations with Fidel Castro in a manner very much like the frost which Kennedy's Eastern policy caused in his relations with Konrad Adenauer.

Although events in the Middle East in June 1967 initially represented a major setback for the Soviet Union, the Soviet leaders exploited both American and Israeli ambiguity concerning the specific conditions of an eventual settlement and managed to maintain their links with the ruling governments. This has permitted Moscow to advance both the traditional Russian interest in establishing a direct presence in the Mediterranean and its Communist stake in radicalising the Arab élites and masses. It may be calculated that the basic Soviet tactic is to prevent a new war, which could only lead to another Arab defeat, and a real settlement,

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which doubtless would require active U.S. diplomatic participation.

The rest of Africa, and also Asia, with the important exception of India, seems to interest the present Soviet leaders less than it did Khrushchev. His policy of undifferentiated political-economic offensive has given way to a much more selective approach, concentrating Soviet resources on only a few targets. Apparently the conclusion has been reached that a longish process of evolution will be first required before most of the new states become "ideologically ripe for socialism." The abortive revolutionary spasm of Indonesian Communism must have been thoroughly examined in Moscow. Though Soviet military assistance programmes are still extended, and they do enable the Soviet Union to exploit such conflicts as that in Nigeria, one gets a sense on the whole of lesser expectations and lowered interest in Third World problems.

The only exception is India. The Soviet stake in Indian stability is, in all likelihood, a function of Sino-Soviet relations. Soviet assistance has accordingly grown, and India represents perhaps the only major region in the world where tacit U.S.-Soviet cooperation to enhance both political stability and economic development is actually taking place.

FINALLY, TO CONCLUDE this quick overview of the Soviet posture in the context of Soviet assessment of U.S.-Soviet relations, the Soviet leaders have made the first major effort in years to forge anew some Communist unity on an "anti-imperialist" basis. The last such effort was made in 1957. The subsequent 1960 international Communist conference was more ambivalent and dominated by the Sino-Soviet dispute. The Budapest meeting in early 1958 was keynoted by anti-U.S. themes, and though the new "anti-imperialist" front is still more verbal than real, it would be an error to dismiss it as involving mere semantics. Seen in a larger framework, it represents yet another symptom of the current Soviet mood.

THE POLITICAL CHANGE is accompanied by a gradual shift in the American-Soviet strategic balance. A mere six years ago (*i.e.*, during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962) the Soviet Union already had the second-strike capacity to inflict on the U.S.A. the loss of several tens of millions lives—but at the cost of its national existence. Today, though the U.S. still possesses the capacity to inflict on the Soviet Union the ultimate penalty of national extinction, the Soviet Union can destroy a hundred million Americans. Thus, in effect, parity in non-survivability almost exists and, as Soviet missile strength reaches U.S. levels, it will shortly be attained.

This is a major shift. It is misleading to argue that the potential loss half-a-dozen years ago of twenty or thirty million American lives was already then unacceptable to the United States. Naturally so from the American point of view, and from a moral standpoint certainly so. But, looking at the American-Soviet confrontation from Moscow, the then existing asymmetry did have a crucial political import: it lent some credence to U.S. threats and it imposed restraints on Soviet bluffing. The Soviet leaders knew that the cost of miscalculation was still qualitatively different for the Soviet Union than for the United States. The United States would certainly feel most concerned if the situation was reversed.

The deployment of Soviet ICBMs to a level matching that of the United States, the introduction of the *FOBS* (Fractional Orbit Bombardment System), the possibility that some recent Soviet space experiments are designed to develop a *MOBS* (Multiple Orbit Bombardment System), the Soviet interest in ABMs and civil defence—and the expected rapid development by the United States of *MIRV*s (Multiple-Individually-Targeted-Re-entry Vehicles), the implacement of some ABMs, perhaps the development of the spectrum bomb, will all contribute to an increasingly complex posture, defiant of clear-cut calculations and inimical to psychological self-assurance. Whether this condition will lead to greater mutual restraint or, on the contrary, prompt more manoeuvre and bluffing cannot be answered with certainty, but there may be some reason for entertaining some pessimism.

The emerging American-Soviet relationship involves potentially a fateful incompatibility between the emerging balance of forces and the structure of the international system. During the last twenty years, there was a harmony of sorts. Two rather homogeneous blocs were led respectively by a relatively status-quo-oriented superior nuclear power and by an anti-status-quo-oriented inferior nuclear power, with the rest of the world by and large quiescent. We are now moving into a setting in which the two blocs are beginning to dissolve, in which during

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the next decade the inferior and essentially apocalyptic nuclear power will also become militarily (though not yet in other respects) a global power, and in which the Third World threatens to dissolve into sporadic violence and international anarchy.

UNTIL NOW peace was safeguarded through asymmetrical deterrence. U.S. self-restraint and one-sided deterrence ("we can do fundamantally more damage to you than anything you can do to us") interacted with the Soviet instinct of self-preservation and Moscow's deliberately fostered ambiguity and even exaggeration of its own power. That system worked for twenty years. It is being replaced by a novel state of symmetrical deterrence, in which U.S. instinct of self-preservation and rationality ("we can do to you what you can do to us") interacts with the Soviet instinct of self-preservation and rationality. Perhaps that, too, will suffice to promote restraint, but the fact is that until now deterrence was unbalanced, and the United States never had to face a crisis with the Soviet Union in the setting of parity.

In the past, there had been many warnings against becoming obsessed with the allegedly evil character of Soviet intentions, and admonitions to concentrate primarily on Soviet capabilities. Today the tendency is to rely more on the allegedly peaceful character of Soviet intentions and to downgrade the importance of increased Soviet capabilities. Yet the scope of capabilities does make a difference, irrespective of motives. One does not know how the Soviet leaders retroactively interpret the Cuban missile crisis, but might they not now speculate that the U.S. leadership would have acted differently if symmetrical deterrence existed? On reading the record, one might well wonder. And could not one speculate that the Soviets might have responded differently to the U.S. nuclear threat? During the Cuban missile crisis, the U.S. asserted its interests not only in Cuba but in Berlin—where they were tactically inferior but which they protected by their nuclear superiority. In the setting of parity, a counter-blockade of Berlin might well have been the Soviet response.

Not having faced a crisis in the setting of nuclear parity, we have not had to think seriously in post-deterrence terms. Subconsciously, we have assumed that deterrence will work because it has to. But this restraining imperative imposed itself more strongly on the weaker party in the nuclear equation. Hence deterrence may just not work as well in the future. To say that is not to predict a comprehensive nuclear war, but it is to note that, added to Third World instability, symmetrical deterrence could have lower effectiveness in avoiding war.

It can be argued that the new situation will have the positive effect of creating in Washington and Moscow a sense of shared destiny. It could reduce the fears of the weaker and the self-assertiveness of the stronger. To some extent, that is true already. But the argument would be more reassuring if in all other respects —attitude, ambition, interests—the two powers were truly similar, and if the international context and the arms race were both relatively stable.

THERE IS STILL ANOTHER imponderable to be considered. The 1970s will see for the first time in history the presence of two overlapping global military powers. U.S. and Soviet intercontinental weapons, perhaps space weapons, as well as marines and air-borne intervention forces, will crisscross, float side by side, and rub shoulders. One does not need to assign aggressive designs to the Soviets and purely pacific intentions to the United States in order to ask whether global peace can be preserved with two overlapping global military powers pursuing conflicting global policies in a dynamic setting of Third World instability. In the past, imperial systems were territorially confined; overlapping fluid (or mobile) imperial power is new. The present international system appears ill-equipped for containing it.

To be sure, for the next few years considerable disparity will continue to exist in relative long-range air- and sea-lift capabilities. But here, too, the Soviet Union appears determined to offset its current weakness. The Antonov-22 troop airships, the three helicopter carriers under construction, and the current expansion of the Soviet marine infantry strength, all provide self-evident clues to the thrust of Soviet military programming and to the kind of role that the Soviet Union envisages itself playing in the world.

It is unlikely that changes in international climate will alter the picture. It can be said with some confidence that the expansion of Soviet military power has a momentum of its own, subject obviously to technological and fiscal restraints but not to oscillations in international atmospherics. The occasional periods

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of *détente* did not slow down Soviet military development, and some decisions which could perhaps be labelled as involving "aggressive" or "destabilising" consequences (for example, the Soviet ABM programme), appear in fact to have been made during periods of *détente*. Moreover, given the traditional impetus of international relations, the Soviet leaders are naturally determined to match and perhaps, or even probably, surpass what the United States can develop and deploy.

Greater capacity to become involved in the world's trouble spots will, in all probability, stimulate greater temptations to become so involved. The Soviet Union was generally excused for not becoming directly engaged in the Vietnamese conflict because even militant Communists knew that it could not. It would have been much more difficult for the Soviet Union to avoid becoming the prisoner of its power if it demonstrably possessed the means for long-range intervention. There is thus no *a priori* reason to exclude the possibility that in ten years from now Soviet marines could be landing in Nigeria or Ceylon. Accordingly, as Soviet long-range air- and sea-lift capabilities grow, the probabilities of a new type of confrontation —a direct one between U.S. and Soviet intervention forces—will similarly grow. Indeed, apprehension over this possibility could increase the inclination of each of the major powers to move in first, in the hope that by "staking out" a claim it will discourage the other from moving. But the implicit premium on preemption would mean a spiral of intervention.

THE FOREGOING DISCUSSION takes for granted Soviet staying power in the international rivalry involving the two super-states. It also assumes staying power for the United States. A domestic crisis in America, and especially a panicky disengagement from world affairs because of frustrations spread by the Vietnamese war, would have a catastrophic effect on world stability. It would probably result in a wave of upheavals that could not but stimulate a dangerously erratic sense of optimism in Moscow, conceivably precipitating the Soviet Union into courses of action that so far Moscow has been careful to eschew. A belated, extreme right-wing reaction in the United States would then have the effect of polarising a world which had become even more unstable and chaotic.

Soviet staying power could also be sapped by growing contradictions between the Soviet political system and Soviet society. Today that society has the wherewithal for further social development, and it rebels against many of the dogmatic restraints imposed by the ruling élite. Those concerned with rapid economic development call for major economic reforms; others desire more intellectual freedom; still others reach out for greater autonomy for the non-Russian 50 per cent of the Soviet population. It is obvious from recent East European experience that socio-economic reforms cannot be long compartmentalised, and giving in to the economic reforms opens the doors dangerously to reforms in other spheres.

Yet not to open the doors at all also has its dangers. Stagnation in the Soviet economy would impinge ominously on the Soviet relationship with the United States. By 1985, assuming a U.S. growth rate of about 3 to 5 per cent, the U.S. GNP will be circa 1·5 trillion dollars; even with 5 per cent growth, the Soviet will be only about 800 billion, and thus the gap in absolute figures will have widened. If the Soviet rate of growth should decline, the contrast would be even more startling, with grave implications for the Soviet position in the relative power balance.

The need for reforms does not mean, however, that reforms will follow. Given the political realities in the Soviet Union, one cannot altogether ignore the possibility that instead of evolving toward a more moderate posture the Soviet political system could pass into the hands of a more dogmatic chauvinist leadership, resting on an alliance linking the *Agitprop*, some party *apparatchiki*, and the military. This, too, would have a polarising effect on the world scene.

AN ADDITIONAL FACTOR of uncertainty concerning the future Soviet orientation is injected by China. A complete break in Sino-Soviet relations, not to speak of open hostilities, could compel the Soviet leaders to seek greater accommodation with the West. Similarly, a moderate China, responding to cooperative overtures from Washington, could make the Soviet Union more aware of its stake in better East-West relations. But short of these extremes, China tends to induce a more rigid posture in the Kremlin. Mao's verbally militant China creates pressures on Moscow to prove its own orthodoxy by creating the new "anti-imperialist

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front" and giving support to North Viet Nam and North Korea. A post-Mao, somewhat more moderate China could increase the Soviet temptation to seek accommodation with Peking, which again would involve further stiffening in the Soviet posture toward the West. Finally, a China disintegrating domestically could prompt both Soviet and American efforts to promote the interests of favoured contenders, thereby creating another new focus of competition.

To be sure, in some areas there may be growing cooperation. India, as already noted, may be the one example. The space race, after the moon has been reached, may become another. The two countries will, in all probability, continue to expand those ties that result in direct benefits for each. It is also possible that Europe, reacting against the two "hegemonies" (a feeling exacerbated by U.S. passivity in the face of the Czech invasion), could opt out of the Cold War and become *de facto* a neutral zone.

ALL THIS IS a far cry, however, from real and positive international cooperation. It is unlikely that the Soviet Union will soon become a partner of the United States in creating international stability. The Soviet mediation in Tashkent between India and Pakistan had a very specific purpose in mind, given Soviet concerns with China's position; before such cases are generalised to reveal some fundamentally new Soviet attitude toward Third World stability, recent Soviet behaviour in the Middle East ought to be taken into account.

For the time being, the Soviet attitude remains essentially guided by tactical principles that can be labelled "risk reduction and opportunity exploitation." It was applied to the Middle East, to Viet Nam and even to the *Pueblo* incident. In each instance the Soviet Union attempted to extract the maximum political advantage at U.S. expense, while striving to contain the possible risks. The Soviet concern with reducing risks is in itself a welcome and positive element; but the first factor in the tactic should be assessed before the second is construed as revealing a widespread identity of interests with the United States.

Open conflict in the American-Soviet relationship may become more frequent if some Third World countries degenerate into anarchy because of social fragmentation, bred by failures in economic development and continued inefficiency of political leadership. That dismal prospect appears likely to be the case for at least several of the developing states. Sporadic violence, in the context of a premium on preemption, may have a suction effect on U.S. and Soviet intervention forces, resulting by the '70s in some unprecedented confrontations. At the minimum, at least one "Fashoda"[1] is to be expected. The question is, of course, whether in the context of the new nuclear equation an American-Soviet "Fashoda" will work out as peacefully as the Anglo-French one did in the late 19th century.

The issue is made more urgent because the nuclear equation is likely to remain a highly dynamic one. It is improbable that a system of U.S.-Soviet arms control, or weapons freeze, can be arranged in the foreseeable future. It is sometimes suggested that parity may make it more feasible. The problem, however, is how to define parity, given different felt needs, different commitments, different industrial-population distributions and different historical perspectives. Indeed, it could be argued that an artificially contrived parity arrangement could encourage a false sense of calculable certainty, and thus stimulate rash risk-taking.

Both powers are also likely to continue feeling that there is utility from the standpoint of peace in maintaining the present advantage over other nuclear aspirants, such as China, and this they can only do by matching advances in their own weapons systems. Furthermore, since formally contrived parity appears unlikely, it is to be expected that the Soviet Union will seek to undo what remains of U.S. strategic superiority and, in the process, whatever the Kremlin's actual calculations, will inevitably appear to be seeking superiority. This will exact its price in ideological and psychological terms, making peaceful adjustments of conflicting interests more difficult.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT an international system geared to reducing these new hazards? This will be the central question of the coming decade. Definition of the new goal will require creative vision, capable of mobilising the minds and spirits of peoples who sense drift but who are unable to define the needed response. Past conflicts and present suspicions will make this

[1] The 1898 Anglo-French colonial expeditionary confrontation, with the French eventually backing down.

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task even more complicated than it already is. Nor is it clear what the specific objective ought to be and who can take the lead in seeking it. Europe is in a mood of withdrawal, in spite of the reactions produced by the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia. The Soviet Union, more hostile to the U.S.A. and preoccupied with its crumbling position in Eastern Europe, may seek solace in its increasing military power. The U.S.A., frustrated in Asia, absorbed by domestic problems, and increasingly unable to say anything attractive to the Europeans, may —out of sheer inertia—simply opt for more of the same in foreign affairs. Yet it should be clear by now that *more of the same simply will no longer do.*

The needed response should involve an effort to forge a community of the developed nations, embracing the Atlantic states, the more advanced European Communist states (including the Soviet Union), and Japan. This need not be—and for a very long time could not be—a homogeneous community, like the EEC or the once-hoped-for "Atlantic community." But deliberately seeking to define certain common objectives in the fields of development, technological assistance and East-West security arrangements could help to stimulate a sense of common involvement and the growth of some rudimentary institutional framework (for example, through formal links in the economic sphere between OECD and CEMA; in the security sphere between NATO and the Warsaw Pact; or the creation of an informal political consultative body).

Progress in that direction would have the important effect of helping to terminate the civil war among the developed nations that has dominated international politics for the last hundred and fifty years. The nationalist and ideological disputes among these nations have less and less relevance to the real problems of mankind, yet their persistence has precluded a constructive response to the human dilemmas that both democratic and Communist states increasingly recognise as being the key issues of our times. The absence of a unifying process of involvement has kept alive old disputes and has clouded the purposes of statesmanship.

To postulate the need for such a community —and to define its creation as the task for the coming decade—is not Utopianism. Mankind is moving steadily toward larger-scale cooperation, under the given economic, scientific and technological pressures. All of human history, despite periodic reverses, clearly indicates progress in that direction. The question is whether a spontaneous movement will suffice to counterbalance the dangers already noted. And since the answer is probably no, it follows that efforts to accelerate the process of international cooperation among the advanced nations are needed and represent a realistic response to the present challenge.

Movement toward the larger community of the developed nations will necessarily have to be piecemeal, and it will not preclude more homogeneous relationships within the larger entity. The Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, or the OECD countries, not to speak of EEC, for a long period will continue to enjoy more intimate relationships among themselves. The Soviet Union is in a conservative mood and is not likely to be initially responsive. The point, however, is to develop a broader structure, linking the foregoing in various regional or functional forms of cooperation. Such a structure would not undo the basic reality of U.S.-Soviet nuclear confrontation, which would remain the axis of world power. But in the broader cooperative setting, the conflicts between the United States and the Soviet Union could become reminiscent of late 19th-century Anglo-French colonial competition; "Fashoda" did not vitiate the emerging European *entente.*

The Soviet Union would be more likely to become involved in such a larger framework because of the inherent attraction of the West for the East Europeans, whom the Soviet Union would have to follow lest it lose them altogether, and because of the Soviet Union's own felt need to collaborate more in the technological and scientific revolution. That the Eastern Europeans will be moving closer to West Europe is certain. Recent events in Czechoslovakia are merely an augury of what will follow; Soviet power can only slow down—but not stop—the process. It is only a matter of time before individual Communist states come knocking at the doors of EEC or OECD, and hence even for Moscow wider East-West arrangements may become a way of maintaining some effective links with the East European capitals. Last but not least, the threat from China could also have the desirable effect of inducing in the Soviet leaders a less doctrinaire outlook.

VERY IMPORTANT, TOO, is the consideration that a broad community of the developed nations, involving a variety of links among the various

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powers and sub-communities (such as EEC or CEMA), avoid a semblance of a bilateral U.S.-Soviet deal. Such a deal would be resented by most Europeans, both West and East, and they would work against it. Furthermore, it is unlikely that the Soviet Union could be seduced into a direct U.S.-Soviet arrangement as long as it feels itself weaker and poorer than the United States. A Soviet Union that is becoming stronger against the United States would be less tempted by such an arrangement, and the United States' attitude could also become more ambivalent.

The definition of the broader goal would also have other beneficial effects. For one thing, it is likely that initially the Soviet Union would be hesitant or even hostile. An approach based on the bilateral concept, favoured by many critics of U.S. policy, could thus quickly prove to be abortive, and the consequence presumably would be increased tension. Efforts to create a larger cooperative community have the advantage that they need not be halted by an initial Soviet reticence nor can they be easily exploited by Moscow to perpetuate a cold war. On the contrary, Soviet reticence would only result in more costly Soviet isolation. By 1985, the combined GNP of the United States, Western Europe, and Japan will be roughly somewhere around 3 trillion dollars or four times that of the Soviet Union (assuming a favourable rate of growth for the Soviets). With some Eastern European states gradually shifting toward greater cooperation with the EEC and the OECD, the Soviet Union could abstain only at great cost to its own development and world position.

MUCH OF THE INITIATIVE and impetus for an undertaking of so grand a scale will have to come from the United States. Given the old divisions in the advanced world and the weaknesses and parochialism of the developing nations, the absence of a constructive American initiative would mean, at the very best, the perpetuation of the present drift in world affairs. The drift would certainly not be halted if the United States were to follow the paths which nowadays it is so fashionable to advocate, mainly that of disengagement. Even if America could do so—despite the weight and momentum of its power—there is something quaintly old-fashioned in the eloquent denunciations of U.S. global involvement, especially when coming from Europeans, whose record for successful maintenance of world peace is not exactly admirable. Moreover, even the most brilliantly contrived, though one-sided, indictments of U.S. policy, for example Stanley Hoffman's *Gulliver's Troubles* (1968), cannot erase the fact that the United States, despite its allegedly long record of errors and misconceptions, has somehow become the only power that thinks in global terms and actively seeks constructive world-wide arrangements. It is revealing in this connection to note that initiatives such as the Test Ban Treaty or the Non-Proliferation Treaty were opposed by governments that some critics of global involvement usually praise. The fact that the U.S. commitment to international affairs is now on a global scale has been decided by history. It cannot be undone, and the only relevant question that remains is what will be its form and goals.

One of the important functions of the United States in the process of shaping the new structure will be to help convince the Soviet Union of the futility of its strategy of conflict in international politics. The Soviet leaders must learn that concentration on either rebuilding "an anti-imperialist communist community" (which in any case present East European trends defy) or heavy reliance on military development will not serve the long-term interests of the Soviet Union itself. This means that in the process of striving to create a broader framework from which the Soviet Union could only abstain at a disadvantage to itself, and until such time as workable arms control arrangements are mutually agreed upon, it will remain necessary for the United States to seek to maintain what might be called asymmetrical ambiguity in the nuclear relationship, *i.e.*, a qualitative advantage in deliverable weapons (though no longer a clearly calculable superiority in survivability), and to develop new weapons systems, so that Soviet leaders may not become tempted to take calculated gambles based on the new equilibrium.

In general, the effort to induce cooperation and to limit hostility will require an intricately nuanced balance between courtship and reciprocity. The latter, it must be said bluntly, is a necessary component, lest a premium be put on uncooperative behaviour, thereby strengthening the case of the more dogmatic elements in the Soviet leadership who argue that a uni-

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lateral policy involves few, if any, costs. That reciprocity, to be educational yet not escalatory, must be calibrated very precisely. The most educational form it can take is to duplicate as exactly as possible the action to which it is a response, be it a matter of an arbitrary and one-sided cancellation of previously contracted exchanges or abuse of diplomatic privileges. Even then, such necessary steps should not be taken in the spirit of cold war conflict but as regrettable reactions to unilateral actions.

FINALLY, PERSISTENT EFFORTS will be necessary to "de-demonise" the U.S.-Soviet relationship. Much progress has been made on both sides since the 1950s but strong suspicions linger. A useful device—both symbolically and practically—would be to initiate the practice of holding annually an informal two-day working-discussion meeting between American and Soviet heads of governments, in addition to regular meetings with friendly or allied governments. The meeting need not always have a formal agenda, and it should not involve official state visits. Indeed, it would be best to hold it in places that minimise public exposure and avoid fanfare: one year in Alaska, another in the Soviet Far East, etc. Its purpose would be to provide the heads of the neighbouring two leading nuclear powers with a regular opportunity for personal exchange of views and for the maintenance of personal contact. If held regularly—even at times when the two powers may be disagreeing over some major issue—it would avoid generating false expectations and wrong impressions (such as conveyed by the appearance of excessive eagerness on President Johnson's part in August 1968), while perhaps stimulating gradually a sense of mutual involvement in world affairs and a new, more mature pattern in the relationship between the world's two principal powers.

WE LIVE in a time of an emerging global consciousness. This consciousness, still timid and uncertain, inevitably clashes with perspectives shaped by the last hundred and fifty years of national and ideological conflicts. The national policy of the first global power must be in keeping with this trend toward a universal awareness. It must reflect the decisive need of mankind to terminate conflicts whose historical roots and objectives belong to another era. Thus, irrespective of initial Soviet responses, it behoves the United States to move beyond doctrines shaped by the recent confrontation and to seek broader solutions and more ambitious goals than those that have dominated American foreign policy during the last twenty years. In the short run, it would also be good tactics. Most Europeans (and the Japanese) would welcome a broadly gauged effort to create a new structure and this, in itself, would be a step toward shaping a new core for international policies. For the longer run, it represents the imperative strategy of peace in the age of overlapping total power.

Haephestus

When he saw them together, he slipped away
To his hammer and his anvil, and forged a net.
He threw it over them neatly, like a fowler,
And called up the Gods to see the comedy.

His wife became one lovely blush from forehead to toes.
Her lover's eyes looked daggers through the mesh.
The Gods laughed until their sides ached;
They showered Haephestus with congratulations.

These ringing in his ears, he walks home.
The house is empty, the fire has gone out.
In silence, he goes upstairs to bed.

Nigel Dennis

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Blaise Cendrars

Moravagine

IN 1900 I COMPLETED my medical studies. I left Paris in August to go to the Waldensee sanatorium, near Berne in Switzerland. My master and friend, Professor d'Entraigues, famous for his publications on syphilis, had given me a warm recommendation to Dr. Stein, the director, to whom I was to be chief assistant.

Stein and his establishment were well known at the time.

Freshly honed by the Faculty and enjoying a certain favourable notoriety which my thesis on the chemistry of deranged states of the subconscious had earned for me in specialist circles, I was impatient to shake off the yoke of the Schools and deal a resounding blow to official teachings.

Every young doctor has gone through this stage.

I had, accordingly, specialised in the study of the so-called "diseases" of the will and, to be more exact, nervous troubles, obvious tics, habits common to every living human, caused by the phenomena of that congenital state of

STRANGE, *that* Moravagine *(1926), the dark little masterpiece by Blaise Cendrars should have taken so long to find its way into English. Perhaps the Anglo-Saxon world had first to catch up with his poetical dictum:* Tout est couleur, mouvement, explosion, lumière; *or, once again (as with Kafka, with Svevo, with Borges), a case of life imitating art, and even overtaking aesthetic experiment. Cendrars' work will shortly be published by Peter Owen in a translation by Alan Brown. Born in Switzerland in 1887 (of mixed Swiss-Scottish descent), Blaise Cendrars died in Paris eight years ago.*

In his "postface" to a new, post-war edition of Moravagine, *Cendrars wrote:*

"In 1925 I wrote, in the preface to Moravagine: *'. . . In the Isle de France country there is an old steeple. Below the steeple, a little house. In this house, an attic under lock and key. Behind the locked door, a trunk with a secret compartment. In the false bottom there is a Pravaz syringe; in the trunk itself, manuscripts. . . .' And I concluded: 'I will not go on with this preface, for the present book itself is a preface, a too-long preface to the* Complete Works of Moravagine *which I shall publish one day, but which I have not yet had time to put in order. This is why the manuscripts will continue to lie in the trunk with the false bottom, the trunk in the attic, the attic under lock and key, in the little house, at the foot of the old steeple, in a little village in the Isle de France, until I, Blaise Cendrars, no longer prowl about the world among the many lands and books and men. . . .' I went back there the other day after twelve years of absence. The house was empty. It was still the same house. The second war had passed that way. My little country house had been pillaged. Of the 25,000 books it contained I've been able to rescue barely 2 or 3 thousand, and in what condition! Filthy, torn and tattered!*

"But that's the least of it. The worst is that Moravagine's trunk with the false bottom has disappeared, and I shall never, never be able to put his papers in order or publish his Complete Works, *not even his* 2013 A.D., *that premonitory anticipation of the atomic era or modern Apocalypse.*

"But even this is nothing. The real shame is that all my files had been emptied, or rather dumped out the windows, and the floor of every room and even the earth of the garden were covered with a thick layer of soiled papers. Thus I was able to rescue from the dung-heap a handful of notes from among countless papers and manuscripts that were smeared to the point of illegibility. . . ."

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hallucination which is, in my opinion, the continuous and irradiating activity of consciousness. This study, with its many aspects touching on the most burning problems of medicine, of science, of metaphysics, with all its exigencies of precise observation, of patient reading and general knowledge, of ready judgment and sensitivity, of consistency and logic in one's ideas, of a sense of correlations, of an intuitive mind, with the vast and brilliant field it opens to an impulsive and clairvoyant intelligence, was able like no other to satisfy a character as ambitious and mercenary as my own and open the way to rapid and spectacular success. I counted heavily, moreover, on my talent in dialectics and on . . . hysteria.

Hysteria, the Great Hysteria, was then much in fashion in medical circles. Following the preliminary work of the schools of Montpellier and la Salpêtrière which had, so to say, done no more than define and situate the object of their studies, a number of foreign men of science, particularly the Austrian, Freud, had taken up the problem, had gone into it more amply, more profoundly, had lifted it, extracted it from its purely experimental and clinical domain to make of it a kind of pataphysics of social, religious and artistic pathology, in which it was not so much a question of coming to know the climacteric of this or that obsession born spontaneously in the farthest regions of consciousness and determining the simultaneity of the "auto-vibrism" of sensations observed in the subject, but rather of creating, of forging an entire system of sentimental (supposedly rational) symbolism of acquired or innate slips of the subconscious, a kind of key to dreams for use by psychiatrists, as codified by Freud in his works on psycho-analysis, which Dr. Stein was, as it happened, just putting into practice for the first time in his highly fashionable sanatorium in Waldensee.

As a special branch of general philosophy, pathogenesis had never been explored. In my opinion it had never been approached in a strictly scientific fashion, that is to say, objectively, amorally, intellectually.

All those who have written on the subject are filled with prejudice. Before searching out and examining the mechanism of causes of disease, they treat of "disease as such," condemn it as an exceptional and harmful condition, and start out by detailing the thousand and one ways of combating it, disturbing it, destroying it; they define health, for this purpose, as a "normal" condition that is absolute and immutable.

Diseases *are*. We do not make or unmake them at will. We are not their masters. They make us, they form us. They may even have created us. They belong to this state of activity which we call life. They may be its main activity. They are one of the many manifestations of universal matter. They may be the principal manifestation of that matter which we will never be able to study except through the phenomena of relationships and analogies. Diseases are a transitory, intermediary, future state of health. It may be that they are health itself.

Coming to a diagnosis is, in a way, casting a physiological horoscope. What convention calls health is, after all, no more than this or that passing aspect of a morbid condition, frozen into an abstraction, a special case already experienced, recognised, defined, finite, extracted and generalised for everybody's use. Just as a word only finds its way into the *Dictionary of the French Academy* when it is well worn, stripped of the freshness of its popular origin or of the elegance of its poetic value, often more than fifty years after its creation (the last edition of the learned *Dictionary* is dated 1878), just as the definition given preserves a word, embalms it in its decrepitude, but in a pose which is noble, hypocritical and arbitrary—a pose it never assumed in the days of its vogue, while it was still topical, living and meaningful—so it is that health, recognised as a public Good, is only the sad mimic of some illness which has grown unfashionable, ridiculous and static, a solemnly doddering phenomenon which manages somehow to stand on its feet between the helping hands of its admirers, smiling at them with its false teeth. A commonplace, a physiological cliché, it is a dead thing. And it may be that health is death itself.

Epidemics, and even more diseases of the will or collective neuroses, mark off the different epochs of human evolution, just as tellurian cataclysms mark the history of our planet. In all this lies an elementary, complicated chemistry which has not yet been studied.

Learned and all as they are, the doctors of today are not *physicians* (as they are called in English). They are drifting farther and farther from the study and observation of nature. They have forgotten that science must remain a kind of edification which is subject to the limitations of our spiritual antennae.

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"Prophylaxis! Prophylaxis!..." they cry; and to save face they ruin the future of the species.

In the name of what law, of what normality, of what society are they allowed to rage on? They intern, sequester, isolate the most striking individuals. They mutilate our physiological geniuses, the bearers and forerunners of the health of tomorrow. Proudly they term themselves princes of science, and, suffering from persecution mania, assume the easy posture of the victim. Obscure and obscurantist, they dress their language in tatters of Greek and, rigged out thus grotesquely, insinuate themselves everywhere in the name of a rational shopkeeper's liberalism. As for their theories—hippomammary droppings. They have made themselves tools of a vulgar bourgeois virtue that was formerly the monopoly of bigots; they have put their science at the service of state police forces and organised the destruction of all that is most deeply idealistic (*i.e.*, independent). They castrate for crimes of passion and even take their knives to the lobes of the brain. Senile, impotent eugenists, they imagine they can extirpate all evil. Their vanity is equalled only by their rascality, and hypocrisy is the only check on their levelling rage, their hypocrisy, their concupiscence.

Only look at the alienists. They have made themselves lackeys of the rich man's crime. On the model of Sodom and Gomorrah they have set up their topsy-turvy heavens; they have built bordello-like retreats where only banknotes cause the doors to open, whose sesame is gold. There, all is arranged to maintain and encourage the rarest of vices. There, the most refined of sciences panders to disordered and maniac minds whose sybaritism is of a complexity so frighteningly modern that the crotchets of a Ludwig II of Bavaria or a Marquis de Sade seem like petty games. There, crime is the rule. Nothing is monstrous nor contrary to nature. All that is human is alien to it. The prosthesis functions in rubbery silence. Rectums of silver are inserted, and vulvae of chromed leather. The last of the egalitarian communards, the Drs. Guillotin, make cynical incisions in aristocratic lower backs and loins. They have appointed themselves spiritual directors of the spinal fluid, and practise coldly the laparotomy of consciences. They make forcible use of ether, opium, morphine and cocaine, and force is there, regardless of whether it is used to restrict or push up the dosage. All is based on a ready-reckoner established according to unshakeable statistics. They work out combinations of douches and poisons; they calculate nervous prostration against heightened sensitivity. History has never known such a secret society of spoilers and ravagers; what is told of the Inquisition and the Jesuits does not approach their virtuosity in the art of exploiting the blemishes of escutcheoned families. And these are the hands to which today's society has been confided. And these are the hands that shape our society of tomorrow!

And this is the point to which I have been coming: I wanted to draw up a terrible accusation against these psychiatrists, expose their psychology, circumscribe and define their misshapen professional conscience, destroy their power and deliver them up to public obloquy.

For my purposes I could have found no better place than the celebrated house of Waldensee.

An International Sanatorium

Doctor stein had arrived at the apogee of his fame.

He was a tall and powerfully built man, always dressed in new clothes. A good talker, an indefatigable speech-maker, he wore a bushy, carefully trimmed beard which gave further weight to his already bulky form. He lived exclusively on curds of milk, steamed rice and buttered bananas. Strongly drawn to women, his unctuous manners concealed a brutal sexuality which was betrayed by his flat feet, his spatulate finger-nails, his fixed stare and his frozen smile. The backs of his fingers were hairy.

Man of science, man of the world, a fanatic for gymnastics, he made the rounds of all those international congresses where a domesticated science is chewed and chewed over again, always escorted by one of the teams of model male-nurse attendants who accompanied him everywhere and under his personal coaching carried off all the first prizes in gymnastic competitions: perfect athletes, walking advertisements, the pride and speciality of his Home, the incarnation and gratuitous proof of the preeminence of his method. Unflagging in his propaganda, he wrote tirelessly. Each year he published a great volume filled with gobbledegook which was translated at once into every possible language. Innumerable newspaper articles had made his name a byword. It was he who launched those first popular studies on the ques-

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tion of sex which, a few years later, were to inundate the world with a flood of ribaldry and protest. Already the initiator of the health-dress and hygienic camel-hair underwear, this Volapük of the kitchen was also the advocate of cooking "everything in the casserole."

Stein loved money. His avidity for gain was proverbial. Without the slightest scruple he had sequestered his wife, a rich Rumanian Jewess, misshapen and hump-backed, who had brought him a dowry of a few million. It was said that between them he and the Kaiser held (fifty-fifty) all the shares of the Grand Theatre of Berlin, and that Stein had bought out all the Levantine bordellos on the Mediterranean, from Constantinople to Alexandria.

Stein was the personal friend of several heads of state. He enlisted his pimps from the upper-class racketeers of the diplomatic world: spies, counter-spies, embassy detectives. His clientele was composed of that strange society, half-degenerate, half-indolent, a trifle arrogant and much given to merriment, that frequents the none-too-exclusive salons of Rome, the spas, the gambling tables and the international *hotels de luxe* in the centre of Paris, whose patrimony consists of a set of suitcases, a season-ticket to the *wagons-lit*, a multi-coloured sheaf of pawn tickets, a collection of unpaid bills, and the possibility, all else failing, of a music-hall engagement. Extravagant Russian princes, lapidary American females who scour the world in search of the ideal piano-player, gentlemen of the Danube, complicated and alluring young German millionaires, the odd authentic Margrave, the occasional authentic Scottish *Adélaïde*, ageless and ferociously sentimental. This whole little world turned up sooner or later in his practice, some to rest, others to indulge themselves, and all to flee their everyday cares by surrendering wholly to the Master's healing attentions. And Stein paraded, perorated, passed out advice, gave orders, and indefatigably abused and amused his creatures.

HALF-WAY UP A LITTLE HILL that dominates Lake M... the six hundred windows of the *Kurhaus* opened to the sun. There, all was calculated to embellish the most luxurious kind of comfort. Everything was new and shining, and in a taste which, though doubtful, was none the less pleasing. Complete freedom was given the guests of the sanatorium in their comings and goings. Those who lived-in could take excursions in the country, going as far as Berne or even Interlaken. The roads were dotted with strange, distinguished couples escorted at a distance by dim-witted clodhoppers whose Herculean forms bulged under their thin alpaca jackets. Several acres of park surrounded the Institute, studded with luxurious, tiny villas where at times dark dramas were enacted and frightful orgies celebrated before the unflinching gaze of the guards.

A delicate, chromed and exquisitely fine piece of machinery had found its way into this ark of vice. Domesticated, seldom ferocious, supple and silent, it went from one to the other, bending and adapting itself to their slightest whims, flattering the slightest appetite of their senses. It made life and its functions so easy and functioned so seductively that many "patients" could not make up their minds to end their stay, charmed as they were by the stimulation and entertainment it provided.

But behind this brilliant façade, behind the frosted glass of this hothouse where the too-fortunate of the earth flourished and throve, humid with well-being, behind the natty and artificial décor a tragic discipline made itself felt, the iron schedule that like a cruel geometry rules the days of the deranged and mad. It was to be glimpsed in the flagrant regimentation of the garden landscapes, in the systematic arrangement of the rooms, in the peculiar composition of the meals, in the thousand and one distractions offered to the senses, and it filled the air like a subtle and traitorous perfume, the perfume of espionage. Nothing could resist this presence, one fell prey to it without knowing, it impregnated one's life, soul, brain and heart, and quickly disintegrated the most hardened will.

At the rear of the park stood the red buildings of an English Farmhouse done in the style of a racing stable. It was there that the incurable billionaires, kept in escape-proof box-stalls and pampered by the most lavish attentions, sat out their long wait for death.

Thanks to his exceptional situation as a member of the fashionable world, Dr. Stein was the holder of numerous State secrets; and if he had been willing to do so for a single hour, he could have said much concerning the tragic events that left their bloody stain upon the court of Austria; but his inexhaustible flood of words never contained the slightest revelation, nor did the wistaria that bloomed on the façade of the English Farmhouse give any hint that this rustic retreat was indeed a State prison.

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STEIN HAD NO suspicion of the intruder that he had allowed into his establishment, nor of my dark designs. Our relationship was made clear from the start.

I was to make my report to him each morning at four o'clock, while he, stark naked, performed his quarter-hour of Swedish exercises squatting on the parquet floor of his room. Then I saw no more of him all day; I hurried directly about my work, overseeing the starting-up of the heating plant and other machinery. At seven the rounds of the wards began, lasting until one. A scanty lunch was then served me in my apartment. From three to five in the afternoon I had free access to the library, which was installed in one of the villas in the park; my particular duties allowed me a key to the case-history files: I forgot to mention that I had been put in charge of the outbuildings that made up the English Farm. In the evening, after a final tour of inspection, I myself prepared the potions and sedatives.

"After three months with the incurables your main assignment will be to assist in my personal sessions of analysis," Stein had said to me at the end of our interview. "They require enormous tact. This will be a marvellous apprenticeship for you. In six months I shall name you father-confessor to one of my most cherished in-patients. She is afflicted with the phobia of scruples, a moral delirium of the sense of touch, and she will provide you with a splendid initiation into our subject-matter."

Thus, I was my own master. This was my fondest desire. I could continue my work on pathogenic chemistry. I could do my research on the spot, and prepare at leisure the pamphlet which I intended for the eyes of the most brilliant society and for my colleagues in other specialised fields.

A secret ardour spurred me on and allowed me to rise above the failings of my physical health, which had been impoverished by ten years of privation and intellectual strain in Paris.

I have already said that the activity of consciousness is a congenital hallucination. Our origins being aqueous, our life is the perpetual rhythm of tepid waters. We have water in our stomachs and in our ears. We perceive the rhythm of the universe through the peritoneum, which is our cosmic tympanum, a collective sense of touch. Of our individual senses the first in rank is our hearing, which perceives the rhythm of our own particular and individual life. This is why all diseases begin by auditory troubles which are, like the manifestations of marine life, keys to the past and precursors to an inexhaustible process of becoming. It was, therefore, none of my business as a doctor to attempt to hinder such manifestations. I envisaged, rather, the possibility of multiplying these tonic accidents and achieving, through a prodigious subversion, the perfect accord of a new harmony. The future.

I should have liked to open all cages, all zoos, all prisons, all lunatic asylums, see the great wild ones liberated, and study the development of an unheard-of kind of human life. And if I later abandoned my Machiavellian plans for struggle and wo. .lly success, if I turned away from my career, if I deliberately renounced the glory that my first writings already promised me, it was because I met, in the course of my duties at the English Farm, the superb creature who was to lead me to a grandstand seat at a tremendous spectacle of revolution and transformation, the transvaluation of all social values and of life itself.

I let an incurable escape.

But that is a story in itself, the story of a friendship.

Case Histories and Files

I HAD ARRIVED during the morning, and I spent part of the afternoon settling into my little apartment, which was on the second floor in the central wing of the English Farm, charmingly decorated as a jockey's or perhaps a trainer's quarters. My dinner was served at six precisely, as I had asked; then I went to bed, wanting to be in form for the next day.

Before going to sleep I went through the notes and files relating to my department. They had been left on my night table for the purpose. I had seventeen in-patients. All incurable. So far as one could see from the notes, classic cases of madness, nothing special about them. Quite everyday in all respects. I went to sleep in a mood of disappointment. The next day I began my duties.

I went to report to Stein that I had studied the notes and files. Then I made a tour of the mechanical installations. These were truly a model of their kind. Hydraulic, electronic apparatus, the paraphernalia of mechano-therapy, bowls, phials, test-tubes, angle-tubes of glass, of rubber, of copper; steel springs,

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enamelled pedals, white levers, water-taps, everything shining, everything furbished, polished, meticulously, pitilessly clean. On the walls, nozzles racked up in pan-flute series glowed like a menacing show of weapons, and on the plate-glass tables and trays were other weapons, carefully laid out, smaller and more mysterious, irregular and elliptical forms, discs and balls, the keys to anaesthetic massage. On the white tiles of the wards the bathtubs, ergometers and immense percolators appeared as if on a screen, with the same terrible and savage grandeur that objects have in films: a grandeur of intensity, which is also the scale on which we measure Indian masks and primitive fetishes, expressions of latent activity—the egg! —the frightening sum of permanent energy contained in every inanimate object.

The employees of the place were styled to match. The chemist pulled on his gloves with reverence; in his gutta-percha cabin the electrician started up his motor; the urinalysis proceeded like a ritual; thermometers were shaken, the mercury dropped to zero. Simultaneously, throughout the establishment the day-shift moved in to replace the night-shift. Napkins were spread out and instrument cases emptied of their contents. The door of the poison cupboard received its key. A chair appeared. A rocking-chair. And even some sort of musical instrument unfolded slowly out of nowhere. Everything happened silently, according to a pre-established and deliberate rhythm, a strict and ruthless discipline, a Prussian exactitude which ruled everything down to the most minute details, leaving nothing whatever to chance.

An internal police force, a corps of trained attendants who reported only to Stein himself, ensured in military fashion the smooth unfolding of each day's routine.

On the stroke of seven I began my rounds, accompanied by two male nurses and a squad of bodyguards in uniform who actually seemed to have me too under surveillance.

This was normal procedure, and it was the senior guard who kept the ring of keys and opened the doors to the apartments. I made the acquaintance of my seventeen patients, going quickly from one to the other. There was nothing remarkable about them. In any case, as I said before, this *kind* of patient was not what interested me. I was about to go back up to my quarters, in a rather pettish humour, for my department promised to be nothing but boring drudgery, when the senior guard respectfully drew my attention to the fact that I was omitting a call.

"What?" I said, astonished. "I have seventeen patients, and I've seen them all!"

"There is still number 1731 in the annexe."

"Number 1731? I have no paper-work on him."

"But he is one of your patients."

And, to support what he said, the senior guard pointed to a card which he held out for me to see. Paragraph II of the daily orders read: *. . . see that patient 1731 is visited by the duty doctor of the English Farm.*

He led me across the courtyard to a lodge that I had not noticed before. In a walled garden nestled a delightful cottage, consisting of a main building and a large glassed-in hall which could serve as a studio. And here lived number 1731.

I go in.

A SMALL, WRETCHED-LOOKING MAN is there, sitting in a corner. His pants are down. He is in the process of gratifying himself morosely. Something white spurts from his hand and falls in a glass bowl placed between his thighs. In the bowl a red fish is swimming. Having finished his little business he stands and arranges his clothes, gazing seriously at me the while. A clown, one might think. He stands planted there, his legs apart, swaying a little back and forth as if he were slightly dizzy. He is a dark little man, skinny, knotted and desiccated as a vine-stock, seemingly burned by the flame that flickers in the depths of his great eyes. His forehead is low. His eye-sockets deep. The circles beneath his eyes almost touch the creases about his mouth. His right leg, the knee afflicted with anchylosis, forms a right angle, and he limps terribly. His hands dangle at the ends of arms as long as a monkey's.

And suddenly he begins to speak, not volubly at all, but slowly, collectedly. His voice, low and warm like that of a female alto, leaves me stupefied. Never in my life had I heard a voice with such prolonged echoes, such gravity, such sliding tones of sexual melancholy, with its passionate surges, with all the lower registers of joy. This voice seemed to me to give off colours, so filled was it with voluptuous elation. It possessed me completely. I at once felt an irresistible liking for this tragic and singular little effigy who dragged himself along in his iridescent voice like a caterpillar in its own skin.

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When I left him I ran to consult the files.

Card # 1731. MORAVAGINE. *Tennis teacher. Admitted June 12, 1894. Had the annexe-lodge of the English Farm built at his own expense.* DESCRIPTION: *Hair, black; eyes, dark; forehead, low; nose, normal; face long; height, 4 ft. 11 in.; distinguishing marks, anchylosis of right knee, right leg shortened by 2¾ in. For civil status and diagnosis, consult secret file # 110 under the name G . . . y.*

Secret file number 110 did not exist as such. A simple sheet of blue paper bore this handwritten note:

1731. G . . . y. In case of death, send telegram to Austrian Embassy.

I could find no trace of a diagnosis. It had probably never been established.

I asked Stein about it.

Stein listened to me, but gave no additional explanation.

All this left me in the dark. My curiosity was aroused. The host of irregularities which I suspected to have been committed in Moravagine's case only enlivened the sympathy I felt for this poor devil. From that moment I devoted all my time to him, neglecting my other patients to spend long hours conversing with him. He was gentle, very calm, very cool, disillusioned and blasé. He knew nothing of life, and showed no resentment against the men who had had him put away, nor against those who supervised his confinement. He was alone. He had always been alone, within four walls, behind grilles and bars, with his pride, his scorn, his grandeur. He knew that he was a great man. He knew his own power.

The head guard took a jaundiced view of our colloquies. He made reports. Stein called me in several times, trying to put an end to our meetings, insisting that I have nothing more to do with Moravagine. I paid no attention to him. This was a friendship. Moravagine and I were inseparable.

I owed it to myself to see to his escape.

Origins & Childhood

THIS IS WHAT Moravagine told me of his origins and his childhood during the long conversations that preceded his escape.

"I am the last scion of the powerful house of G . . . y, the sole authentic descendant of the last king of Hungary. On the 16th of August, 1866, my father was found assassinated in his bath; my mother, in an attack of convulsions, miscarried, and there was I in this world three months too soon by the castle clock, which was just striking midday.

"I passed the first hundred days of my life in an overheated incubator, where the most prodigious care was lavished on me—as it has wherever I've been, instilling in me a perfect horror of women and sentimentality. Later, in the castle of Fejervar, and in the prison at Pressburg, and here in my Waldensee lodge, servants, soldiers, wardens have lavished on me the same kind of care without weakening my will. All in the name of the Emperor, of Justice, of Society. Will they never leave me in peace and let me live in my own way, as I understand it? If my freedom is troublesome to someone, or to the world, I don't give a damn, believe me. Let them shoot me, I'd prefer that. Shooting or something else or nothing at all, it's all the same to me. Here or elsewhere, free or in prison, the great thing is to feel happy. One's life, from being an exterior thing, grows inwards. Its intensity stays the same; and, do you know, it's most mysterious, the corners in which the joy of living can sometimes hide away.

"Well, as I told you, I have no idea who cared for me in my earliest childhood. Mercenaries. I was always given over to mercenaries. I have no recollection of a nanny or a favourite servant. So many people held me, so many hands mauled me. Except for an arse once, no human face ever leaned above my cradle. Yes, it's the truth. I can see myself clearly as I was at three. I had a little pink dress. I was always alone. I loved to be alone. I loved to play in dark, good-smelling corners, under the table, in cupboards, behind the bed. When I was four I used to set fire to the carpets. The fatty smell of the charred wool drove me into ecstasies. It was delicious. I devoured raw lemons and sucked bits of leather. The smell of old books used to turn my head as well. I had a dog. No, wait. It was not until much later that a dog became my playmate. I remember being ill for very long, and I've never forgotten the profoundly insipid taste of the orange-flavoured milk they gave me to drink.

"Formerly a royal residence, the castle of Fejervar had already been used for some gen-

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erations as a place of exile for my dethroned family. The immense halls, the great apartments were deserted. But a horde of servants still paraded about in knee-breeches and white stockings, their jackets embroidered with bicephalous eagles and generously adorned with gold braid. Yet all the exits from the park were occupied by the infantry. Hussars and cuirassiers in white took turns mounting guard at the castle.

"I always had the greatest admiration for the tall cuirassiers in white. When I passed them in the corridors the sentries, at shoulder arms, did an automatic about-turn, with a sharp click of the left heel that ended in a soft whisper of spurs, according to the custom in the Austrian court which obliged the soldiers of the guard in the private apartments of a prince to turn their faces to the wall when he passed. I often stayed more than half an hour before one of these back-to-front giants, listening to the dying silver sound of the spurs and the rattling of the sabre-chain; then I went on to the next to see the same movement repeated. Nothing in the world would have made me play a trick on one of these huge, impassive creatures, intimidated as I was by their uniformity, by the regularity of their jerky movements, searching (as I also was) for the secret spring that made them act like heavy, highly intelligent machines. And this is probably the source of my love for machines in general. One day when I had run away to the meadow which lay at the end of the park—an immense meadow always filled with sunlight and shining crickets, where the sky was greater and more blue than elsewhere, where I always dreamed of living, of going mad from sheer freedom, of disappearing for ever—I thought I would die of shock and joy when, that evening, one of the soldiers who had been searching for me finally found me and carried me back triumphantly in his arms. That is why the mechanical sound of any motor or moving machinery has been connected ever since in my mind with images of distance, of light, of sky, of space, of immensity, of freedom, and moves me still with prodigious violence.

"One day the palace was turned upside down. Orders were given in loud voices. Flunkeys ran up and down the stairs. Windows were opened, the great halls aired out; slip-covers disappeared revealing gilded furniture. They came early to wake me. I was six years old. The whole day there was a coming and going of state carriages. In the outer courtyards sharp commands rang out, and troops in smart formation presented arms to the sound of fife and drum. Then they came to fetch me and I went down. The hallway was filled with people, ladies in court dress and officers in full regalia. And suddenly the silver trumpets of the guard sounded from the grounds without. A carriage had just stopped before the palace steps. From it descended a venerable general and a little girl decked out in ribbons. I was pushed towards them, and paid my civilities to the little girl. She was hiding her face behind a bouquet of flowers and I could see only her eyes, filled with tears. I took her hand. The old general guided us, uttering unintelligible things in a trembling voice. The procession formed behind us and followed to the palace chapel. The ceremony went on without much attention from me. Kneeling on the same cushion, enveloped in the same veil, joined by the same ribbons whose ends were held by the maids of honour, we plighted our troth to each other, exchanged vows. At the moment of the nuptial blessing the little girl smiled through her tears.

"We were united. Princess Rita was my wife.

"And now we were standing under a sky of white roses. The witnesses, the guests filed past before us, making their reverences. A little later we were alone at table before heaps of delicacies. Then the general came to take the little girl away. I kissed Rita hastily and, as the carriage moved off, ran away weeping to the great hall where the wedding reception had been held. It was lit up *a giorno* and now deserted. Curled up in a ball on the ancestral throne, I passed the first sleepless night of my life under the gaze of two perfumed eyes that peeked out from a bouquet of weeping flowers.

"This ceremony had made a stunning impression on me. From a solitary creature, I turned dreamer. Now I wandered through the house, traversing the silent suites, prowling upstairs, downstairs. I always had white flowers in my hand. Sometimes I turned quickly, thinking someone was watching me. Two eyes followed me everywhere. I was under their spell. My heart beat fast. I was hoping to discover the little princess behind each door. I crossed halls and galleries on tiptoe. About me all was throbbing in the silence. The parquet floor was paved with tiny, trembling hearts on which I hardly dared to step. The tiny heart, the eyes of the

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Princess Rita were echoed everywhere, to disappear, at the other end of the galleries, in an infinity of mirrors. I went towards that gaze as if on a bridge of filigree, stretched taut, elastic and fragile. Only the heavy furniture had compassion for my melancholy, and when it creaked with a hollow sound I was filled with terror. And when at the end of a dark corridor or the bottom of a stairway a cuirassier on duty suddenly did his about-turn, with a whisper of spurs, I was carried back to the day of the wedding-feast. I heard again the trumpet calls and the roll of drums. The salvoes of the cannon. The bells. The organ playing. Princess Rita's barouche crossed my sky like a meteor and flew on to crash with a great racket at the other end of the meadow. The old general fell out on his head, pirouetted like a clown, waved his arms and legs, made signs to me. He was telling me to come, to come and join them, that the princess was waiting for me, that she was there, in the meadow. The air suddenly filled with a living perfume of clover-blossoms. I wanted to go down to the meadow. The sentries stopped me. A sea of fire fell perpendicularly on my life. Everything was whirling. A dizzy motor lifted me in the air. Tiger-striped suns set the clouds on fire, and I was falling, falling from them, heavily.

"It's NIGHT. A metallic fly is pestering me. I cry out. A cold sweat bathes my body. Then it's over. I snap back prone in bed like elastic.

"Soon all the things that had always left me indifferent began to exasperate me. The major-domo, the tutor, the fencing master, the language teacher, the stable boys, no, no one had Rita's eyes. I wanted to kill them, to put out their eyes when they looked at me; especially those of the major-domo, bloodshot like the eyes of a eunuch, and those of the servants: castrated eyes in which a gleam of malice strayed. I often had fits of rage, attacks of violence which horrified my entourage. I did what I liked with my time. I often prodded a knife deep into the flesh of my legs.

"The day finally came when I saw my longed-for Rita again. It was the anniversary of our wedding. No bells rang, no trumpets sounded as Rita descended from the carriage. She had a great bouquet of blue flowers, and I noticed for the first time her curling locks. The general was with her. We spent the day in my room, her hands in mine, looking into each other's eyes. We said not a single word. That evening, when it was time for her to go, I kissed her on the mouth, lingeringly, in the general's presence. Her lips had a taste of ferns.

"It was the following day, after this second departure of Rita's, that I took some scissors and cut out the eyes of all my ancestors hanging in the portrait gallery. I had come to have a horror of these eyes. I had studied them for a long time. I had examined them attentively. None of them had that liquid depth, that crystalline pigmentation that dissolves in emotion, that spark of life that gives a troubled, shifting colour to some point in the swelling pupil; these eyes did not move as if on long flower-pistils, they had no hands with which to touch, they had no perfume. I cut them out pitilessly.

"And so I reached the age of ten, seeing Rita once a year, on the anniversary of our wedding day. The sinister, nameless old man who was directing my education then decided to do something about me. I received a letter enjoining me to come to him in Vienna. I was to become a page at Court. I was to leave Fejervar the day before Rita's fourth annual visit. I made up my mind to run away. That morning I went down to the stables. The horses belonging to the duty squadron were there. Reveille had just been blown. The guard was changing. The men were all busy on guard, or cleaning their quarters, or washing at the pump. I opened wide the stable doors. Then, having tied myself beneath the belly of my black mare, I set fire to the hay in the racks and to the straw bedding. In a trice it was flaming and crackling. Blinded, maddened, the horses raged out of the stable. In three leaps my mare had joined the herd. In this way I passed under the sentries' noses. But I was destined to ill-luck. A soldier fired in the direction of the fugitives. My horse collapsed and I rolled in the dust, crushed beneath the animal. When they picked me up I was covered with blood. They took me to the palace. My skull was cracked, my ribs were splintered, my leg was broken. But even so I was happy, I wouldn't be going to Vienna, and Rita would come after all.

"But Rita never came.

"I waited impatiently for her the whole day. I was feverish. I called for her. That evening I grew delirious, and remained so for three weeks. Then my youthful constitution again got the upper hand. I grew calm. I grew stronger. At the end of two months I was convalescing

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well. I was able to stand. But my right leg hung stiff. I cannot say, granted the complication of the fracture, if they had thought it impossible to set the leg, or if the doctors had obeyed orders from higher up which prevented them from taking timely action. I'm inclined to believe the latter. In short, my knee became anchylosed. This lameness you see is due to the vengeance of that sinister old man. This was how he punished me for disobeying his orders.

"This adventure made me reflect upon my situation in the world, my social position, the friends, the enemies I might have, my family connections, my kin, and, most of all, my relationship to the Court in Vienna. I had never thought about these things before. Now I was aware of the mystery that surrounded me and of all that was strange and abnormal in my cloistered upbringing. I was to all intents sequestered; but in whose hands, and in whose power? As soon as I could get about on my crutches I went to the library to study my family papers. That was where I spent the next three years (during which I was not to see Rita) studying, deciphering old manuscripts and private deeds and charters. The castle chaplain, a kindly octogenarian very devoted to my family, helped me with the Latin. Thus I learned the history of my House, its former grandeur and the meaning of its present disgrace, and I was able to judge the full measure of the irreducible hatred vowed to us by the Viennese. I resolved for ever and in every way to throw confusion into the watch they kept over me, to thwart their plans, to resist their orders, and to escape from the power of the old man who wore the crown. I should have liked to flee, to quit the kingdom and the empire, to live far away from the politics of the double monarchy, to be on the outside, anonymous, mingling with the crowd, lost in an unknown land, abroad.

"And this is where the story of the dog comes in, the story I began to tell you a while ago. A dog was my only companion during those long years of study, a very common dog, a humble shepherd-dog. He came one day into the library and lay down at my feet. When I left, he followed me; and later, when I began to regain the use of my leg and grow accustomed to this horrid limp, trying to get along with only one cane, he went with me everywhere, yelping with joy at the slightest progress I made and often leaning his haunch against me in vigorous support. This was why I had taken to him.

"But then, who should turn up again but Rita. One day she arrived unannounced. She was alone. During our three years of separation she had grown up. She was no longer the child I had known, but a lithe young girl, healthy and well-formed. She seemed not to notice my lameness, but went off at a run in the maze of corridors. I followed her, hobbling along as best I could. When she reached the boudoir which had formerly been my mother's, she threw herself into an armchair and burst out sobbing. I mingled my tears with hers. We passed some hours in each other's arms, kissing each other on the neck. Then Rita freed herself from my embrace and left, as she had come, running like a deer.

"This brief and sudden visit from Rita threw me into a strange confusion. Comparing myself with her, I found that something in me had changed. For one thing, my voice had broken, it now had deep, moist tones and long, flute-like notes, it would change its register and modulation without warning. Try as I would, I couldn't bring it under control. My voice was Rita's voice. This discovery dismayed me. A little later I made a second discovery which was to prove tragic. I had given up the library. Perched at the topmost window, on a high stool, I spent whole days looking in the direction of the setting sun towards which Rita had fled. It was precisely in the direction of the meadow. Thus, the dreams I had had as a nervous child were confirmed. They were true, there was a reason for them. I began to think most attentively about my previous life. I noticed for the first time the silence in which I had always been immersed. Since my abortive escapade my guard of honour had been taken away and replaced by a company of Slovak infantry. No longer did the trumpets sound and the drums roll excitedly at regular intervals, there was no more of that inimitable shiver of spurs that had always delighted me; only the troopers' raucous voices which sometimes reached me from outside, or the hollow thud of a rifle-butt in a hallway or behind a door, or some such everyday sound that came to scratch and deface as with a diamond my crystalline indolence. Then, at this shock, everything was shaken into movement. Everything around me became a voice, an articulation, an incantation, a tumescence. I could see

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the swaying of the tree-tops: the foliage of the park opened and closed, borrowing the gestures of voluptuous forms; the sky was tense and arched like a rump. I became extraordinarily sensitive. Everything was music to me. An orgy of colour. Vigour. Health. I was happy. Happy. I was aware of the profound life and ticklish root of the senses. I threw out my chest. I felt myself strong, all-powerful. I was jealous of all nature. Everything should give in to my desires, obey my whims, bend before the wind of my breath. I commanded trees to fly, flowers to rise in the air, I ordered the meadows and the house foundation to turn, to about-face. Rivers, flow back to your source: let all things fly to the West to feed the furnace of the sky against which Rita soars like a pillar of perfume.

"I was fifteen.

"In these moments of exaltation everything that called me back to reality exasperated me. This was how I grew enraged at my poor brute of a dog, who was always in the way. His eyes, his faithful animal eyes that were always fixed on mine, drove me wild; I found them stupid, meaningless, whining, idiotic. Melancholy and hang-dog. Joyless and without abandon. And that breathing, that short, broken breathing that expands the ribs like an accordion, trembling ludicrously in the stomach, rising and falling, abrasive as a piano exercise that never skips a note, never makes a mistake, never hesitates! At night it seemed to fill my whole room. From a skeleton he had grown enormous, corpulent, grotesque. I was ashamed of him. He was offensive to me. At times, I was afraid of him. It seemed to me that it was I who was breathing in this way, poor and vile, humiliated and impoverished. One day I could stand no more. I called the hateful dog and put out his eyes, slowly, deliberately and expertly. Then, taken by a sudden madness, I grasped a heavy chair and broke it over his back. This was how I rid myself of my only friend. Please understand me. I was obliged to do it. My whole body was filled with pain. My ears. My eyes. My spine. My skin. I was tense. I was afraid of going mad. I finished him off as if he were the lowest swine on earth. And I couldn't really tell you why. But I did it, by God!—and I would do it again, if only to gloat once more over the sorrow it all cost me. Sorrow, nervous excitement, a sudden discharge of all my feelings. Now, if you wish, call me a murderer, a demiurge or a savage, whichever you please, I don't give a damn, for life is really an idiotic business.

"WHAT'S MORE, LISTEN TO THIS: I pulled it off again, this thing, this crime, this brilliant piece of idiocy, this fit of madness, and the second time in such a striking fashion that you may perhaps understand what was behind it.

"The days, the weeks, the months went by. It was just at the beginning of my eighteenth year, and Rita came to live at a nearby castle. That year I saw her almost once a week. She came each Friday. We would spend the day in the fencing hall of which I was particularly fond because it was so bright and had no furniture. Stretched out on a gymnastics mat, face to face, leaning on our elbows, we would look in each other's eyes. Sometimes, too, we went up to the second floor, where Rita would play one of the instruments in the little square salon. At other times again, but very rarely, Rita would dress up in old-fashioned gowns, rig herself out in ancient costumes that she dug out of the wardrobe closets, and would dance on the lawn in broad daylight. I could see her feet, her legs, her hands, her arms. Her face would grow flushed. Her neck, her breasts would swell. And when she had gone I would remain spellbound by the lingering charm of having held her, supple, warm, throbbing, in my arms at the moment of farewell. But there was nothing I loved so much as our long, wordless sessions in the fencing hall. She gave off a perfume—crushed walnuts and watercress—in which I luxuriated in silence. She did not, so to speak, exist, it was as if she had been dissolved, I absorbed her through every pore. And from time to time I would run my hand through her hair.

"I was the comb that magnetised her long hair. I was the bodice that moulded her waist. The flimsy tulle of her sleeves. The dress that moved over her legs. I was the little stocking of silk. The heel that bore her. I was the exquisite ruffle at her neck, her ingenuous puff of rice-powder. I was hoarse, like the salty pungency beneath her arms. I became a sponge to freshen the moist parts of her. I made myself triangular and iodised. Humid and tender. Then I became a hand to unbuckle her belt. I was her chair, her mirror, her bath. I possessed her wholly and from every side, like a wave. I was her bed.

"I have no notion how my gaze told her all

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that; but very often I hypnotised her, without trying, without knowing.

"I should have liked to see her naked. I told her this one day. She would never consent to it. Her visits became more rare.

"Without her, deprived of her weekly presence without which I could no longer live, I grew nervous, irascible, melancholy. I could no longer sleep. At night I was pursued by carnal visions. I was surrounded by women of all colours, of all sizes, of all ages, from every epoch of history. They were stacked before me, rigid as organ-pipes. They gathered in a circle around me, lying down, up-ended, lascivious as stringed instruments. I subdued them all, enflaming some with a look, others with a gesture. Standing, raised above them like the conductor of an orchestra, I gave the rhythm for their excesses, speeding or slowing their ecstasies *ad libitum*, or stopping them abruptly to make them start again a thousand thousand times *da capo*, repeating, re-working their gestures, their poses, their frolics, or forcing them to start all together, *tutti*, thus hurling them into a delirious vertigo. This frenzy was near to being the death of me. I was burned, I was skin and bones. Deep circles hung under my eyes. On my face, lined like a page of music, I bore the traces of my insomnia. Acne pricked triplets on my skin, the figured bass of an unfinished score.

"My whole body was covered with gooseflesh.

"I grew ashamed, timid, anxious. I no longer wanted to see anyone. I never left the fencing hall, where I had shut myself in. I neglected myself. I no longer washed. I no longer undressed. I even revelled in the doubtful odours of my own person. I enjoyed urinating down my legs.

"It was then that I developed a violent passion for objects, for inanimate things. By objects, I don't mean all those useful articles, the rich furnishings and *objets d'art* with which the palace was crammed and which, by some erethism of mind or sentiment, evoke, suggest or recall an ancient civilisation, an age long-past, a faded family or historic scene, charming and intriguing one with their shapes, their baroque lines, their anachronistic refinement, with all the things that situate them, date them, giving them their names and revealing in a curious way the signature of the fashion that imagined them; no, I fell in love only with ugly objects almost without workmanship, and very often with raw matter, primary matter itself. I surrounded myself with the most heteroclite articles. A biscuit-tin, an ostrich-egg, a sewing machine, a piece of quartz, a lead ingot, a stovepipe. I spent my days turning them this way and that, touching them, smelling them. I rearranged them a thousand times a day. They served to amuse and distract me, make me forget those powerful emotions of which I was so weary.

"These objects taught me much.

"Soon an egg, a stovepipe could excite me sexually. The lead ingot had the soft, warm texture of chamois. The sewing machine was, as it were, the plan or cross-section of a courtesan, a mechanical demonstration of the prowess of a chorus girl. I should have liked to part the perfumed quartz like two lips and drink the last drop of primordial honey that the origins of life had deposited in those vitreous molecules, that drop that shifts like an eye, like the bubble in a spirit-level. The tin box was a reasoned précis on womankind.

"The simplest figures, circles, squares, and their projections in space, the cube, the sphere, spoke to my senses like the scurrilous symbols —red and blue lingams—of obscure, barbaric ritual orgies.

"Everything became rhythm for me, and unexplored life. I grew frenzied as a Negro. I didn't know what I was doing. I shouted, I danced, I howled. I rolled on the floor. I did Zulu dances. Seized with religious awe, I prostrated myself before a block of granite which I had had placed in the room. That block was as full of life as a demons' carnival, bulging with riches like a horn of plenty. It was loud as a beehive and hollow as an ardent sea-shell. I plunged my hands into it as into a bottomless sex. I battered the walls to cleave and transpierce the visions that rose on all sides. In so doing I bent and twisted sabres, foils and rapiers and demolished furniture with crushing blows. And when Rita sent for me—she still came from time to time, on horseback, never even dismounting—I wanted to slash her riding habit.

"One time, however, on towards the end of summer it was, Rita did dismount, dressed in her long skirt. Unprotesting, she let herself be led to the fencing hall. She stretched out, as

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she used to do, facing me, on the floor. She was especially kind that day, gentle and grave, and she gave in to my slightest whims.

" '—Turn your head a little,' I would say to her. 'There. Thank you. Now don't move, I beg you. You are lovely as a stovepipe, smooth and rounded into yourself, elbowed. Your body is like an egg on the sea-shore. You are concentrated as rock-salt and transparent as rock-crystal. You are a prodigious blossoming, a motionless whirlpool. The abyss of light. You are like a sounding-line that sinks to incalculable depths. You are like a blade of grass magnified a thousand times.'

"I was frightened. Terrified. I wanted to sabre her. And now she's getting up. Is she nonchalantly pulling on her gloves? Is she telling me that she is leaving? That this is the last time? She tells me that she has been called to Vienna, that she will spend the winter at the Court, that she has already been invited to balls, to parties, that the season promises to be a brilliant one. . . . I don't listen to her. I can hear nothing. I rush at her. I throw her down. I strangle her. She struggles, she lashes my face with her riding crop. But I am on her already. She has no time to cry out. I have thrust my left fist into her mouth. With the other hand I deal her a terrible wound with a knife. I open her belly. A river of blood flows before me. I tear at her intestines.

"And here is the result. They lock me up. I go to prison. I'm eighteen. That was in 1884. They put me in the fortress of Pressburg. Ten years later they transfer me secretly to Waldensee, among the madmen. Have they quite given up all thought of me, then? I am a madman. And have been for six years."

His Escape

THE ESCAPE is now definite.

I handed in my resignation, determined to accompany Moravagine wherever he went. I had finally encountered an individual of the type I had always been curious to know. What did a murder more or less in the world mean to me? Or the discovery of yet another corpse of a pre-pubescent girl?

At last I would live closely with a great human wild animal, I would keep watch over, share, and be a companion in his life. Steep myself in it. Take part in it. Deviate and imbalanced he was, to be sure, but in what sense? Moravagine. Amoral. An outlaw. A case of impulsiveness, raw nerves, or too hectic cerebral activity? I would be able to study in the raw the alternating phenomena of the subconscious and see through what meticulous mechanisms instinct passes in order to transform and amplify itself, deviating to the point of distorting itself.

All things are in flux, in agitation, everything overlaps and joins with everything else. Even abstractions get in a sweat and grow dishevelled. Nothing is motionless. There is no isolation. Only activity, concentrated activity: form. Every form in the universe is exactly calibrated and passes through the same matrix. It is obvious that the bone should hollow itself out, that the optic nerve should be ramified in a delta and stretch outwards like a tree, that man should walk upright. That taste of brine that rises from our entrails comes from our farthest piscine ancestors, from the depths of the seas; and this epileptic twitching of the epidermis is as ancient as the sun.

On 30 September 1901, I was waiting for Moravagine some two hundred metres outside the wall of the park, on a side-road, in the bushes. Some days before, I had gone to Colmar and rented an automobile, a luxury touring-car. I had given Moravagine everything he needed for his escape. He was to leap the wall on the stroke of midday. He was a little overdue. I was just beginning to grow impatient when I heard a loud scream and saw my animal come running, a bloody knife in his hand. I pulled him hurriedly aboard and we were off. He leant over to me: "I got her!"

"What, what?"

"The little girl picking brushwood at the foot of the wall!"

This was the beginning of a ramble that was to last for more than ten years and take us through every country on the globe. Everywhere Moravagine left one or more female cadavers behind him. Sometimes out of pure fun.

Our Disguises

IT WAS NOT YET three in the morning when we arrived at Basel. I took the Spalenrain route and crossed the Rhine at the Saint-Jean bridge. People saw two Englishmen in our car. Thus no one paid any attention to us. We plunged into the forest of Langen-Erlen and, taking the little country road that follows the

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Birsig, we crossed the German frontier without trouble. We stopped at Weill, the first village in Baden-Württemberg, where the good citizens of Basel come for their Sunday outings. I lifted Moravagine in my arms and deposited him in the arbour of an inn. A plaid blanket hid his legs. He had glued on white side-whiskers. Now he was an old pensioner installed in a wicker armchair. As we drank our tea we conversed in Swiss-German, very loudly. We left after nightfall. We abandoned the auto in a copse full of brambles. The 2.15 through-train slows down for the curve at Leopoldshöhe. We leap aboard the moving train. We get off again at Freiburg in Breisgau. There, two noisy Italians board a fourth-class coach in an emigrants' train. The next morning an express from Cologne takes us back towards Wiesbaden, where we settle into a family *pension*, quiet and out-of-the-way. Moravagine is an infirm Peruvian diplomat who is taking the waters. I am his secretary. We stay there two months without moving, so as to throw off pursuers. Not a word in the newspapers, the whole thing seems to have been hushed up. One fine day we go to Frankfurt, to M . . . n, the secret banker of the family of G . . . y. Moravagine cashes in on a treasure. Then we leave for Berlin.

(*A second part will be published next month*)

Hagiwara Sakutarō

Ai Ren

O surely with your sweet hard teeth,
Woman, my otherness, you
Will chew the green stem of the grass
That, with its faintly blue
Ink, I may so paint your face
Here where the grass grows dense
That your slow heart's intensities
May grow the more intense.

Look, here's a dotted bell-flower
That shakes a hanging head,
And here the gentian's little hand
Moves languid on its bed.

Hard as I hug your breasts, your body
Hard-presses mine that we
May squeeze from this abandoned place
Our snaking ecstasy;
And, as I love you piercingly,
I'll stain your stainless skin
With ooze from blue bruised grasses
Such juiciness was in.

White Night

The night-frost creeping close
Across that chilling sky
Which steals the sounds of footsteps
Brings feeling to the eye;
The feeling that a veil of shimmering
Light is going by.

Things that were in hiding
Emerge. They skirt around
The willow trees in the distance
With that sly squeechy sound
Of wet straw-sandals walking
On water-rotten ground.

Look, silver weapons in their hands
Sharp in the darkness shine,
Silver weapons held straight up
Above the temple-line;
Arms from the arsenals of light,
Archaic, argentine.

Translated by Graeme Wilson

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Arnold Rockman

McLuhanism:

The Natural History of an Intellectual Fashion

LAST YEAR the first Canadian in history succeeded as an international intellectual hero without really trying. Highbrow and middlebrow alike found themselves forced to take note of the McLuhan phenomenon and to hold positions for and against, sometimes without quite knowing what it was they were for or against.

Benjamin DeMott called McLuhan "Midcult's Mr. Big," Tom Wolfe thought he was up there with Darwin, Freud and Einstein, George Elliott believed he had become a "barbarian" and a "double agent" engaged in peddling contradictory messages to the intellectuals and the businessmen, Dwight Macdonald said he writes "impure nonsense," Leslie Fiedler said he sounded "like the body-fluids man in *Doctor Strangelove,*" a letter-writer to the Toronto *Daily Star* named D. Holt called him "the greatest hoax of this decade," and Frank Kermode believed that if we lived in a truly literate age then McLuhan's book *The Gutenberg Galaxy* would be required reading for everyone.

The purely verbal intellectuals of academe and those who support only their style of thought—formal, rational, specialist, sequential and scientific or pseudo-scientific discourse—are generally against. Lined up on McLuhan's side are an assorted company of supporters, some inside but most of them outside the university. They include high-school and primary school teachers, painters, sculptors, architects, engineers, turned-on businessmen, advertising agents, museum curators, film makers, television producers, public relations men, newspaper reporters, poets and hippies.

Quite simply, and in an extraordinary manner, McLuhan is seen as legitimator by all those who feel that their activities are not quite legitimate when judged by standards appropriate to the traditional academic enterprise. It seems to make no difference whether McLuhan is for or against something (and it is often hard to tell whether he in fact takes a position for or against), he has merely to mention that thing in a speech, television or radio programme, article, or book, and the thing acquires an apparent justification which it did not have before McLuhan mentioned it.

By now, the mass media have unwittingly created a climate of opinion or context of presentation of such a kind that if a writer describes something as having been influenced by McLuhan's thinking, then the subject written about seems more significant, no matter how trivial it may have seemed to us before.

This process of adding more and more value to intellectual and cultural phenomena by attaching them to a McLuhan *ambiance* also works in reverse. His own earlier writings are now being reappraised in more fashionable terms. Harold Rosenberg, the New York art critic, has described *The Mechanical Bride* (first published in 1951 and recently republished in paperback format) as "a kind of pop art," though it was published ten years before pop art became fashionable. By making this statement in print, Rosenberg does several things without necessarily intending to do any of them. He gives himself "extra value" in the minds of his readers by appearing as part of the McLuhan bandwagon. He gives pop art additional value by linking it with McLuhan. And he gave McLuhan even greater prestige by talking about his early book as a work of art which was itself a prophetic precursor of a fashionable artistic genre. By using this one five-word phrase Rosenberg invites readers to apply to McLuhan's writings standards appropriate to the appreciation of works of art rather than the more usual stan-

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dards for judging literary productions by professors of literature.

McLuhan's name is now invoked as a sort of magic talisman to guarantee an aura of academic respectability for almost any novel cultural form. John Andrews, the architect of Toronto's Scarborough College, a continuous ziggurat hugging the brow of a hill, has said that he is not "specifically translating McLuhan ideas into architecture, but he's an influence. The man should be *the* motivating influence in architecture today, but I'm afraid he isn't yet." Andrews goes on to use terms which have become identified with McLuhan: linearity, environment, package, and communications.

John Cage, an important leader in new methods of musical composition, has said that "not a moment passes without my being influenced by [McLuhan] and being grateful to him."

At the 1966 International P.E.N. Conference of writers held in New York, Herbert Gold, an American novelist, claimed that in San Francisco "because of McLuhan, there has developed a whole literary scene out here, a scene where there are no writers." Before the rise of McLuhan we should have said that young, would-be writers spend so much time and energy talking about writing that they have none left over for the actual writing. But since the publication of *The Gutenberg Galaxy,* which prophesies the end of the printed word because it has supposedly been supplanted by the "electric media" of radio, film and television, a non-writer no longer need feel guilty about non-writing. He may claim that since the "electric age" is now translating us all back into the "acoustic space" of pre-literate tribal man in which "the spoken word involves all of the senses dramatically," it is far more satisfying for a verbal artist to "use the magical resonance of the spoken word" than the more prosaic written word.

At about the same time that the P.E.N. writers were meeting in New York, the USCO group of poets, artists, engineers and filmmakers who collaborate in the production of "psychedelic" theatrical performances announced their plans to build *Solux*, a Pueblo-type commune in Taos, New Mexico. The *N.Y. Times* called them "McLuhan-oriented" and *Life* wrote of them as "'proving out' Marshall McLuhan's theories on media."

In Toronto, McLuhan's home, the library of the Board of Education publishes a continuing bibliography of writings by and about him, while Ontario's Department of Education has published a booklet of comments on the new educational technology which includes a recording of his speculations on the future of the child in school.

The McLuhan movement offers the sociologically-oriented observer an opportunity to watch an intellectual fashion in the process of formation. Whether the new fashion will become a new style of thinking is debatable, though to my mind McLuhanism has the feel of a long-term movement which might represent a major shift in our way of looking at the world. I will pay only scant attention to the content of McLuhan's ideas and will avoid any discussion of the truth or falsehood of his statements; instead, I shall offer a "McLuhanesque" interpretation of the public man as medium and a possible explanation of his role as legitimator for apparently inferior things and activities, and as transformation-artist for our sensibilities.

Before the rise of McLuhan, an enterprise such as this one would have been part of the somewhat obscure academic subdiscipline known as "the sociology of knowledge." Today, with McLuhan at the helm, whether he knows it or not, the sociology of knowledge has suddenly become fashionable, though its many practitioners usually do not know that this is the name of the game they like to play.

McLuhanism is primarily a cultural fashion. Yet it might turn out to be a long-term revolution, since it bears many of the earmarks of other revolutionary beginnings in the social, political and religious realms. Moreover, it conforms in a most satisfying manner to the archetypal myth of the hero. In this myth, the charismatic leader living in a province remote from the heart of empire attracts to his side a small band of disciples whose prime role is to spread the word of the master even though they suffer ridicule in their own country. Meanwhile, those who guide the destinies of empire are gripped by a feeling of *malaise* and disquiet that all in the empire is not as it should be. They search for wonders, signs, oracles. They hear of the new master with a new word to preach. They invite him to the capital and shower him with honour and glory. Only then do the master's compatriots in the remote province recognise their native son.

Max Weber once observed that the successful charismatic leader is frequently a provincial because in the provinces he is less constrained to think what everybody else thinks in the major centres of empire. Without our suggesting that all these revolutionaries are of equal value, we may recall that Jesus lived in Palestine, a remote province of the Roman empire, Marx lived in London, in exile from most of

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the centres of continental Europe, Hitler came from Braunau in upper Austria, Freud spent his first years in Freiberg, Moravia, and McLuhan comes from Brandon, Manitoba.

THE SUCCESSFUL REVOLUTIONARY LEADER offers a new world-view which he and his disciples claim will replace the old, "conventional wisdom" about how the world is supposed to work. As Weber pointed out, the saying of Jesus, "It is written, but I say unto you," is typical of the revolutionary leader's point of view. The new outlook is often expressed in slogans and poetic metaphors which are easily remembered. Jesus said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and he urged his followers to "turn the other cheek" to their enemies instead of striking them. Marx reinterpreted history as "class struggle" and prophesied the "withering away of the state" under communism. Hitler spoke of "the mission of the master race." Freud described the war between Eros and Thanatos, the life instinct and the death instinct, contending for mastery in the psyche of every human being. McLuhan tells us that "the medium is the message," that "the electric media" are "retribalising" the human race into one "global village," and that the whole of technology consists of "extensions of man." These are all powerful slogans and phrases designed to reshape our ways of thinking and feeling about the world and our place within it.

Behind the slogans and the phrases a complex network of ideas constitutes a framework for replacing an old ideology with a new one. The new ideas are rarely presented or received as a set of logical propositions, for once a set of ideas is logically justified it has lost some of its fresh-minted quality. Logical justification must come after the creative discovery.

It was not particularly logical for Jesus to ask his followers to love their enemies, since enemies are by definition precisely those whom we do not love. Little obvious logic was present in Marx's revolutionary interpretation of all history as class struggle, since the notion of class was highly abstract, people could see that they were not continually in conflict with each other and when they were it was more "logical" to believe that individuals rather than classes were contending for mastery. When Hitler called on Germans to conquer the world, it was not logical to expect a recently defeated people to take his call seriously. Nor did Freud's contemporaries see any logic in the notion that civilisation is the product of repressed or sublimated sexual energy working mysteriously in the deepest recesses of the unconscious mind. Today, McLuhan's notion that the forms and styles of "media"—the alphabet, print, radio, television, painting, the urban environment, the computer, and anything else he chooses to regard as a "medium"—are more profound in their psychic and social consequences than the content of the medium strikes many people as not only illogical but also absurd.

The slogans and arguments of a prophet must appear to his contemporaries the height of absurdity and extremism. In order to gain a hearing for the new truth, the prophet exaggerates the force and application of his concepts until they seem capable of re-ordering the experience of his listeners and giving it new meaning and justification. His followers are usually those who feel out of step with the main drift of their society, who, as one critic has put it, "experience a real or apparent loss of wealth, power or prestige."

IT IS NO accident that today's secular prophets either come from academe or are uneasily allied with it. The university in North America, and increasingly throughout the industrialised world, has replaced the church as the main source of prestige and legitimation for any occupation in which intellect is an important component. Timothy Leary may have been excommunicated by Harvard for participating with his students in experiments with LSD. He went on to found his own church among whose followers may be found many members of universities. McLuhan, though he also participates in the mass media which he studies, has not been defrocked but has been elevated to an Albert Schweitzer Professorship at Fordham, at least the equivalent of a bishopric. Paul Goodman, another current secular prophet, maintains an uneasy alliance with academe which is under his almost continuous attack, yet he is also the recipient of academe's persistent courtship and flattery. The ways of the university, the new established church, are indeed strange. Why was Leary thrown out while McLuhan has gone on to a position of greater strength? Which was the greater threat to academe's values, TV or LSD? Perhaps the difference in treatment of Leary and McLuhan reflects a more trivial distinction of status. Leary was a comparatively junior member of Harvard's faculty whereas McLuhan has been a full professor in Toronto's English department for many years.

Before his recent rise to international fame, McLuhan was a fairly obscure English don known only to his fellow academicians for essays on Renaissance and Victorian literature and for studies in contemporary poetry. His interest in popular culture and "media" flowed underground, surfacing occasionally in such articles as "American Advertising" which he

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wrote for Cyril Connolly's *Horizon* in 1947. Then, in 1951, this underground stream reached the surface like a torrent when McLuhan published *The Mechanical Bride: Folklore of Industrial Man*. In that book, what is now generally regarded as his personal approach to problems of social and cultural change was first fully revealed.

> Because of the circulating point of view in this book, there is no need for it to be read in any special order. Any part of the book provides one or more views of the same social landscape. Ever since Burckhardt saw that the meaning of Machiavelli's method was to turn the state into a work of art by the rational manipulation of power, it has been an open possibility to apply the method of art analysis to the critical evaluation of society. That is attempted here.

In a recent interview with Gerald Stearn published in this journal,[1] McLuhan said, "Years ago, before I wrote the *Bride*, I had a moralistic approach to all environmental facts: I abominated machinery, cities, everything except the most Rousseauistic." The *Bride* may be regarded as his attempt to rid himself of the naïve Rousseauistic approach and the complete unveiling of what for better or worse is now commonly called McLuhanism.

As an undergraduate at the University of Toronto in the 1950s, I had a ringside seat to watch the development of McLuhan's circle and the spread of his ideas, though I never became one of his students nor did I participate in any of his seminars.

Shortly after the *Bride*'s publication, McLuhan and his friend E. S. Carpenter, then an anthropologist at the University of Toronto (and who also had some of McLuhan's charisma), received a Ford Foundation grant to support a seminar in what they then called "culture and communication." "Communication" as a concept was then very much in the intellectual air. Norbert Wiener had published his technical book on cybernetics subtitled "Control and Communication in the Animal and the Machine" in 1948. Two years later he brought out his popular version, *The Human Use of Human Beings*. Claude Shannon and Warren Weaver had published their *Mathematical Theory of Communication* in 1949. The papers read and discussed at McLuhan's seminar applied some of these ideas, often as metaphors and analogies, to problems of cultural and literary analysis. These papers became the raw material of the journal *Explorations* published by the seminar.

Each issue of the journal bore this legend, a kind of manifesto which could also be applied to the seminar members:

> *Explorations* is designed not as a permanent reference journal that embalms truth for posterity, but as a publication that explores and searches and questions. We envisage a series that will cut across the humanities and social sciences by treating them as a continuum. We believe anthropology and communications are approaches, not bodies of data, and that within each the four winds of the humanities, the physical, the biological and the social sciences intermingle to form a science of man.

Within university circles, this manifesto had wide appeal, but only to those with certain characteristics. Either they were students who felt cramped by the conventional boundaries between different clumps of knowledge, or they were scholars not firmly entrenched or completely trained within their chosen academic discipline. McLuhan himself had studied engineering as an undergraduate. Carpenter had been a mining engineer. Jacqueline Tyrwhitt was a historian of town planning, a discipline not firmly entrenched and accepted within the university. Carl Williams, a psychologist member of the group who designed an experiment on the relative efficacy of different media in learning, later became a university administrator rather than a scholar. Thus the members of the original group may well have felt marginal to the whole academic enterprise as conventionally understood. From the viewpoint of the orthodox academic, they were second-class citizens interested in "trivia" or second-rate phenomena, just as the students themselves were often seen as second-class citizens in the groves of academe. When I was seriously contemplating graduate studies in anthropology, a highly respected professor of English reproved me for my "trivial" interests and said, "You know anthropology's just a load of crap."

The McLuhan/Carpenter ideas at first spread through an underground composed of those who experienced what sociologists like to term "relative deprivation." But this concept is not sufficient to explain McLuhan's appeal. Among many students and scholars, the massive growth of the university enterprise and its fragmentation into disciplines and subdisciplines had for long appeared like a series of isolated empires, out of touch with each other. The total effect of this almost baroque proliferation had been to alienate men from an understanding of the huge framework of knowledge which they had helped to gather. McLuhan and his coterie seemed to have discovered some magic key which could unlock the gates between the academic empires to allow "the four winds to intermingle and form a science of man."

[1] Gerald Stearn, "Conversations with McLuhan," ENCOUNTER, June 1967.

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THE INITIAL EXCITEMENT was not confined to the academic underground. McLuhan, Carpenter and their colleagues were in touch with other "second-class" intellectuals, those outside the university, in advertising, the press and the broadcast media, many of whom who eagerly subscribed to *Explorations*. Within two or three years, the first issue of the magazine was in such demand that copies changed hands for as much as $20. In a typical issue, you could find cheek by jowl David Riesman on Veblen, Dorothy Lee on Bidney's theoretical anthropology, Lord Raglan on social class, McLuhan on the mass media as art forms, Jacqueline Tyrwhitt on utopian city planning and Robert Graves on the myth of the white goddess. To the non-registered and non-ordained intellectuals serving their time outside the academic church, this kind of "media-mix" became a justification for their efforts.

Few North American academics before McLuhan and his circle had paid equal and serious attention to the forms and styles of cities, literature, psycho-analysis, and mass media. For the first time, a fully enfranchised academic in a fully reputable discipline was advocating the study of popular culture without apology, prior judgment or condemnation. Those who helped to make and distribute the artifacts of that popular culture were no longer required to feel, as Lewis Coser has put it, "systematic alienation and frustration." They could stand a little taller when they met their university colleagues instead of adopting their usual apologetic and humble stance. It is not surprising that McLuhan and his ideas should become world-famous in a relatively short time.

UNLIKE the historical situations of Jesus, Marx, Freud or Lenin, McLuhan's rise to fame as charismatic leader from obscure beginnings has not entailed very much of either struggle or martyrdom. At the most, his more conventional colleagues who are repelled by his slogans and poetic analogies make weak jokes about the medium and the message, but they have not subjected him to the hostile indifference or withering scorn with which Freud was first greeted.

Why should McLuhan be treated differently? First, he has paid attention to those phenomena whose makers and distributors have easy access to the publicity mill. These second-class citizens of the republic of letters outside the academy are flattered by his attention. They pay in kind, a hundred-fold. Second, most other intellectual leaders have not had waiting for them a world-wide network of communications media to spread their gospel "at electric speeds," in McLuhan's Whitmanesque phrase.

When the *Bride* was first published it did not generate great interest. Perhaps its withdrawal from circulation by the publisher, due to alleged copyright infringements, was to blame. Meanwhile, McLuhan himself led a relatively conventional academic life teaching English courses at St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto. At the same time, he led his seminar in culture and communication and published the occasional literary article in little magazines (*Shenandoah, Sewanee Review,* and *Renascence*). *Explorations* continued its sporadic appearance while McLuhan also wrote articles such as "The Age of Advertising" for *Commonweal* and "Myth and the Mass Media" for *Daedalus*. In Toronto during the '50s, the circle around McLuhan and Carpenter seemed to be generating most of the intellectual excitement.

During this period, McLuhan published a small mimeographed pamphlet called *Counterblast,* available at only a few Toronto bookshops and magazine stands. The title referred to Wyndham Lewis' earlier *Blast,* and the pamphlet consisted of a poetic collage which included this delightful line observed on a sign in Quebec *"The elevators will not run on Ascension Day."* The work displayed a lively poetic sensibility which played with fragmented words and sentences as the futurists and the cubists had played with images, and as artists in the '60s were going to play with light, sound and action in happenings, light shows and multi-media performances. To those who were attuned to the contemporary literary tradition, *Counterblast* owed even more to James Joyce than to Wyndham Lewis. Indeed, McLuhan continually pays homage to Joyce and claims that *Finnegans Wake* is the key to the 20th century.

It was not until 1962, the year of publication of *The Gutenberg Galaxy,* that McLuhanism began to spread into even wider circles. The book received much greater attention than the *Bride*. Reviews appeared in magazines representing many different interests: English studies, books, the fine arts, printing, commercial art, education, anthropology, journalism and Catholicism.

SOME IDEA OF THE ATTENTION which this book generated may be gained by comparing newspaper coverage of McLuhan in 1961 with 1962. In the previous year, Toronto papers had devoted only 4½ column inches to him, but in 1962 the coverage jumped to 214 column inches. In the next year, Toronto papers showed a moderate increase in their coverage, 239 column inches, but in 1964, the year of publication of

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Understanding Media, local coverage reached 1,223 column inches.

The *Galaxy* increased McLuhan's influence in international intellectual and scholarly circles, but though like *Media* it was about "media technology" as a prime cause of historical change, this fact was not so obvious to the general public. The *Galaxy* did not become the badge of those who wished to be thought intellectually fashionable. *Media* did. The *Galaxy* seemed to be primarily "about" literature, a corpus of subject-matter which most North Americans had "turned off." But *Media* seemed to be obviously about everything. Moreover, it looked as if it could explain and make sense of it all. The reader had only to scan the first page to find this sentence:

> After three thousand years of explosion, by means of fragmentary and mechanical technologies, the Western world is imploding.

Further down the page, the casual browser would find:

> Rapidly, we approach the final phase of the extensions of man—the technological simulation of consciousness, when the creative process of knowing will be collectively and corporately extended to the whole of human society, much as we have already extended our senses and our nerves by the various media.

Such sentences convey urgency through the mixture of science fiction, military metaphor, and eschatology. A free translation into the language of King James would yield the following sentence: *"The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel"*: but the McLuhan version is even more exciting since no act of repentance is required of the believer.

Media is the published version of a study which McLuhan was invited to undertake for the U.S. Office of Education. Mimeographed copies of that study circulated hand to hand in the early '60s. At the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in Toronto, officials offered to supply editorial assistance in order to make the report more "comprehensible," but McLuhan, probably wisely, declined the offer.

The kind of editorial function which McLuhan's friends at the CBC would have supplied might have defeated his purpose. It would have removed his work from the context of discovery and placed it squarely in the context of justification. It would have changed the process of enquiry into a product, an artifact just like all the other printed artifacts (books) whose limitations McLuhan wishes to transcend. The conventional book has a "made" quality as a shrine for what McLuhan has called "sacred opinions." His own procedure, on the other hand, he admits as being that of the poet:

> ... classification is not the beginning of the study of a problem—it's the end. For me any of these little gestures I make are all tentative probes. That's why I feel free to make them sound as outrageous as possible. Of course they *sound* very dogmatic. That doesn't mean you are committed to them. You may toss them away.

Part of the key to his burgeoning popularity is contained in this quotation. Among the cognoscenti of literature and the visual arts, the idea of the artist as a person who reveals the process of making art as part of the artifact has gained ground. In New York galleries, objects sometimes contain a tape recording of the sounds made when the artist put the object together. In England, the satirical television programme *That Was The Week That Was* revealed the confusion of the normally backstage areas of the studio with its monitors, control room, and hundred of yards of spaghetti-like cable. In similar fashion, McLuhan does not present an apparently authoritative, finished ideational artifact in the usual scholarly style, but his work invites the participation of the reader to sharpen the points on his "tentative probes" and to smooth out the giddy jumps in his brilliant, analogical thinking.

For those intellectuals who are comfortable only with "finished," propositional prose, McLuhan's writing and speech can be totally disorienting since they upset most of the usual expectations that accompany the role of reader and listener. In San Francisco, for example, a speech of McLuhan's was reported this way:

> Dr. McLuhan said, "I often meditate on what would happen if there were no coverage of Viet Nam. How much war could you have with no coverage? Not much."

To which George Bain, a columnist in Toronto's *Globe and Mail* replied: "Sometimes I meditate on how much Marshall McLuhan there would be without coverage." Though Mr. Bain was upset by the notion that even wars today might be partially created and maintained by the mass media, he nevertheless understood the idea and could see that interest in McLuhan and his ideas had possibly been created by Bain himself and his numerous colleagues.

Bain's rejoinder to the whimsical remark on Viet Nam appeared on 25 November 1966. On the following day, the *New Yorker* carried a gently vitriolic "portrait" of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scull, New York's leading collectors of pop art, who were preparing a party in McLuhan's honour to follow his sell-out lecture

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at the YMHA Poetry Center. The profile is a revealing document on the link between slogans, ideas, publicity and status-climbing:

> "Well, you never know," she replied. "But I must say I think I sounded very intellectual. I said, 'As Marshall McLuhan so brilliantly put it, jet planes and pop art and discothèques are all an extension of our central nervous systems.'" Mrs Scull thought for a moment, and added, "I wanted to wear my new Carnaby Street bell-bottoms, but they shrank in the washing machine."
>
> 'That was good—I mean getting McLuhan in," Scull said.
>
> "Well, anyway, lovey, it was great publicity," Mrs. Scull said.
>
> "What the hell do *we* need more publicity for?" Scull asked.

EARLIER I SAID that McLuhan had become a legitimator for all those who feel that their activities are not quite legitimate when judged by standards appropriate to the traditional academic enterprise. It so happens that all the objects mentioned by Mrs. Scull (as reported by Jane Kramer)—jet planes, pop art, discothèques, and Carnaby Street bell-bottoms—are generally regarded as trivia by the high priests of high culture and as threats to their traditional values. Jet planes are so noisy. Pop art was immediately accepted by collectors, before it had been authorised by museums and critics. As Lucy Lippard writes in the introduction to her book on Pop, "raised eyebrows and indignation were accompanied by a profound disappointment on the part of many artists and critics." Any art so easily appreciated, without the apparent difficulty of most contemporary art, threatens to eliminate curator and critic as culture-brokers and middlemen. No wonder it was suspect. As for discothèques and bell-bottoms, these were the rock-bottom of leisure's trivia and beneath both notice and contempt.

UNTIL MCLUHAN came along, anyone with pretensions to "high culture" maintained a peculiar, split-minded attitude to the things and fashions of our mass-consumption civilisation. The academically-oriented intellectual uses washing machines, television sets, bell-bottom trousers, jet planes, mini-skirts, cars, Kleenex, telephones and typewriters just like anyone else, but a little apologetically as it were. Such split-minded attitudes are especially evident in Canada, McLuhan's native "backward country" where the popular culture is inevitably American in flavour and feel. The "high culture," especially that part of it with a strong literary stress, still looks towards England. When the University of Toronto added a new graduate college paid for by a grant from the Massey Foundation, it was for men only, a grace in Latin was intoned regularly at the dinner table, and its principal, called the Master, posted topics suitable for meal-time discussion on the college notice-board.

Before McLuhan, no fully enfranchised academic had paid impartial attention to the things and processes of both popular and "high" culture. Mass cultural things, though used almost every minute of every day by intellectuals and non-intellectuals alike, existed in a kind of psychological vacuum. We all knew how to feel about the natural landscape, books, hand-made paintings and sculptures, symphonic music, or scientific and philosophical theories. All these phenomena had a long history which dated from the pre-industrial, pre-megalopolitan, aristocratic past. They were the things of conventional education in school and university which taught us the appropriate structures of attitudes and feelings to accompany their use. But the newer things that fill our existence if discussed at all by academics were treated harshly.

In their book *The Intellectual Versus the City*, Morton and Lucia White trace the history of intellectual anti-pop-cult in the United States from Jefferson to Frank Lloyd Wright. For the American intellectual, over a two-hundred-year period, the city and its objects were the source of evil and ill. Even Henry Ford, no intellectual himself, had fully absorbed this anti-urban prejudice. He once said, "We shall solve the City Problem by leaving the City," presumably at the steering wheel of a Model T.

The result of such long-term prejudice was to invest the makers and users of urban cultural products (mass or pop culture) with feelings of inferiority and second-class citizenship when they compared themselves and their culture with the supposed high-quality, hand-made goods and ideas of the agrarian past. No legitimate institution had shaped a positive sensibility or orientation towards the material things and processes of the urban present.

In the light of this tradition, we can easily understand that McLuhan would be taken up not only by students and intellectuals who felt marginal either to their field of study or to the whole academic enterprise, but also by the businessmen who as much as any other group have helped to make our society what it is today. The U.S. businessman has assuaged some of his guilt about his "robber-baron" past through massive endowments to philanthropic foundations and universities. But legitimacy cannot be bought. The businessman had not yet received the attention from the university world that he could rightfully feel was his due. Business schools within the academic church, even those

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as highly placed as Harvard's, were really only the equivalent of side-chapels dedicated to some minor saint. The university business school may legitimate individual business careers, but it still leaves the whole institution of business in a kind of secular limbo. It does not connect the business world with the rest of the values preserved and transmitted by the university's humanistic tradition. Only an intellectual with a secure place at the heart of that tradition could accomplish the symbolic act which would finally bring the trader out of his limbo and into the centre of our common culture.

> It is only today [McLuhan observes in *Media*] that industries have become aware of the various kinds of business in which they are engaged. When IBM discovered that it was not in the business of making office equipment or business machines, but that it was in the business of processing information, then it began to navigate with clear vision.

This passage suggests to the business-reader that *Media* might contain nuggets of wisdom to be mined for practical profit. Its embedment in a text replete with quotations from Shakespeare, Whitman, Pope Pius XII, Toynbee, and Locke also implies that if IBM can be mentioned in the same breath with these generally-acknowledged brand names of high culture, then perhaps the whole business enterprise is after all one of the valuable things in our cultural heritage and not a mere instrumentality.

UNLIKE MOST OTHER literary intellectuals who sometimes pay attention to business, McLuhan does not despise it, disparage it or knock it to the ground, neither does he advocate any politically radical action against the business élite. His attitude to business is similar to his attitude to formal education: its leaders cannot be blamed for their ineptitude since they do not understand what they are doing. They "are hypnotised by the amputation and extension of their own beings in a new technical form." Unlike the usual posture of intellectuals in the secular, radical tradition who thunder against the makers of popular culture, McLuhan, perhaps because of his Catholic convictions, is more charitable and not so quick to judge.

It is this attitude of tolerant charity combined with a hard-headed yet poetic intellect which distinguishes McLuhan from so many other critics of contemporary culture. Without any such intention, he provides the partisans of consensus politics with a non-partisan, non-political ideology with which anyone, Left or Right, may agree. He strips away from Marxism its intimate link between class consciousness and the relation of men to the means of production. He leaves only the relation of persons to their technology. From Freud he strips away the super-ego and its role in social control as a censor of socially undesirable wishes and activities, and leaves only the relation between the body and its senses and the "patterns of information" perceived and "processed" by that body.

Many commentators have criticised this excessively simplistic notion of the link between the human person and the characteristic style of a society's technology in any given period. No doubt these criticisms are justified. But McLuhan's work, unlike the comparable attempts of a Toynbee or a Spengler to explain everything, is not presented as finished thesis but as running commentary on his own thought processes, as one side of a great conversation in which anyone may take part. "I'm perfectly prepared to scrap any statement I ever made about any subject," he told Gerald Stearn, "once I find that it isn't getting me into the problem."

Revelations like this one help to make him popular among non-enfranchised intellectuals and among the general public. They also make him unpopular with his academic *confrères*. In conventional scholarship there is an accepted style of presentation which may be studied in any journal devoted to the ideas and research of any academic discipline. In that style, articles are written as if even tentative findings are part of an objective body of authoritative knowledge completely detached from the person who did the research and wrote the article. This feeling of authority and pseudo-objectivity is conveyed through avoidance of the first person, through exaggerated use of the passive voice and through over-indulgence in modifiers and verbs which transmit feelings of hesitancy and lack of personal commitment. In that style, I could never say that I fasted for a whole day and felt very hungry. Instead, the subject reported that he went without food for twenty-four hours. It appears that at the end of this period the subject reported that he experienced somewhat severe hunger pangs as a result of food-deprivation.

Contrast this conventional style with McLuhan's: "The old belief that everybody saw in perspective, but only that Renaissance painters had learned how to paint it, is erroneous." The phrase "but only that" is clumsy, and "wrong" would be better than "erroneous," but otherwise the sentence conveys commitment, conviction, and incisive strength. It also communicates McLuhan's impatience with the more usual style of scholarly presentation which often appears more concerned with the preservation of trade secrets and priestly

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mysteries than with the clear transmission of information. In his writing and public talk, he does not abide by the union rules either in his mode of presentation or in his habit of crossing the traditional boundaries between fields of knowledge. For this, the more conventional academics cannot forgive him. Still less can they forgive the implication that through his style of work he calls into question much of the make-work, feather-bedding and "stretch-out" that together compose a large part of traditional formal education and scholarship.

WHETHER McLUHAN INTENDED the delightful irony or not, his Centre for Culture and Technology in Toronto consists only of his book- and paper-filled office, himself and his secretary, and the occasional student or collaborator. No computers, no bureaucratically-organised ranks of research assistants, no luxuriously-printed reports of research completed or of research in process. The Centre must be a great disappointment for those who embark on pilgrimages to visit the prophet. With their minds' eyes securely fixed on a vision of a massively-endowed institute, they must expect at the very least an Ivory Tower, if not a Control Tower for "hotting-up" or "cooling-off" the passions and the senses of Torontonians who have experienced an imbalance in their "sense ratios" through over-exposure to the wrong media. But for those who come with a fully-developed appreciation of the ironies in contemporary literature and art, McLuhan's "Centre" must remind them of Alfred Jarry's proto-dadaist promotion of his new "science" called pataphysics or of the poker-faced humour to be found in the pages of the *Worm-runners' Digest*.

Some writers—Robert Meister, the editor of the *Journal of Existentialism* is among them—are so enraged by McLuhan's disturbance of the usual scholarly expectations and pretensions that they prefer to see all of his work as "one of the best practical jokes of all time." Even if this were true, and there is little evidence for the assertion, such critics fail to see that the "medium" of a practical joke often carries a "message" of high import which cannot simply be dismissed. The mock seriousness of Pope's *Dunciad* with its apparatus of pseudo-learned footnotes or the comic epic style of Joyce's *Ulysses* are disguises for concealing from first sight important revolutions in style and sensibility. In similar fashion, McLuhan's poetic mode of comment on urgent matters which should be dealt with by sociologists and economists barely conceals a new fashion—perhaps a revolutionary shift—in coping with the confusing fact and artifact of modern life.

If the more conventional scholars feel a sense of outrage, they have only themselves to blame. Few of them have genuinely tried to bridge the ever-increasing gap between specialist discourse appropriate to the practice of a priestly craft and a widely understood public language.

Sociologists seem to be especially hurt by the fact that McLuhan has galloped all over "their" territory and found it wanting. They have answered his incursions by silence. One may immerse oneself in the scholarly sociological journals published during the last few years and emerge almost completely unaware that a man named McLuhan has been indulging in a fascinating exercise in intuitive sociology. Among the orthodox academic psychologists, one will find the same indifference, even though one might have thought that McLuhan's speculations on the relation between technology and psyche would excite some comment and, at the very least, one or two experiments.

Yet, despite the neglect by orthodox scholars in the social sciences and by the brand-name literary journals, perhaps even *because* of this indifference, McLuhan is seen as intellectual hero by almost any intellectual or artist who feels not quite respectable when judged by the standards of the academic church. McLuhan is the legitimator of profane objects, activities, attitudes, and thoughts. His appointment as Albert Schweitzer Professor at Fordham University in New York may be properly understood in this framework.

The Catholic universities are usually viewed as second-class institutions by non-Catholics for two main reasons. Gerhard Lenski and Thomas O'Dea are just two of the commentators who have noted that Catholics in the United States do not do as well in scholarly activity as Protestants and Jews. The result is that Catholic universities, justly or unjustly, are generally regarded as being inferior in their intellectual achievements. The second reason is that Catholic universities are reputed not to accept the detachment of intellectual enquiry from moral values characteristic of secular intellectuals throughout the Western world. McLuhan's Fordham appointment can therefore be understood as a kind of rhetoric which implies that Catholic intellect is not second-class (though McLuhan himself is Catholic by conversion, not by birth), and that intellectual enquiry can also be moral enquiry.

Lewis Feuer has remarked that the founders of the Royal Society were impelled by a "hedonist-libertarian" ethic which "restored science together with the life of the senses." In a similar manner, McLuhan seems to have found a way to restore social enquiry not only with the life of the senses but also with the life of the morally-committed intellect.

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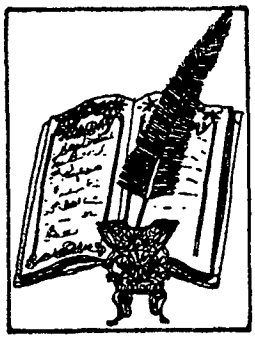

Column

FUTURE historians, examining the causes of the Second World War, may finally conclude that it all occurred because the two most powerful states of Europe were each under the absolute domination of a madman. Could it really have been as simple as all that? The answer seems to be that it could have been, though this is not a fashionable view among historians today. A. J. P. Taylor has used his great talents to try and convince us that Hitler, far from being a madman, was a calculating politician, like any other, and like any other politician was capable of making mistakes. But Mr. Taylor relied for his evidence on diplomatic documents and state papers and these do not often mention that the Head of State is criminally insane. Equally, there are plenty of historians, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, who tell us that Stalin, despite his colossal crimes, was a great national leader and statesman who deserved well of his country.

Historians, however, have always been fascinated by the exercise of power, and the greater the power the more they incline to think there must be some justification for it, however monstrous the results; Genghis Khan, Cesare Borgia, Ivan the Terrible, Napoleon, have each found their defenders, all anxious to persuade us that in the case of men like these we should suspend the moral judgments we normally apply to our fellow human beings and that all belong in the disagreeable historical Valhalla where only the powerful are in the right and only the helpless in the wrong. It takes a Burckhardt or a Tolstoy to remind us that, by even the most primitive moral standards, they were common criminals, unless insanity justifies a plea of diminished responsibility.

Criminals, of course, have always abounded in history. The remarkable feature of the 1930s was that there were two of them at the same time, Hitler and Stalin, both driven by daemonic compulsions of such violence that in any rational society they would have been unhesitatingly committed to a home for the incurably insane, and both, within the confines of their own country, possessed of such absolute power that they could, in an instant, translate every ferocious whim into reality and for every delusion of persecution conjure up a victim. Either, in the position he occupied, would have been difficult for other countries to cope with; two at the same time was too much for everybody, and particularly for the other leading statesmen of the day, who could never quite bring themselves to believe that these were men in whom it was impossible to place any kind of faith or trust, simply because they were morally irresponsible. Chamberlain believed, or hoped, that he could come to terms with Hitler; Roosevelt flattered himself that he could handle Stalin. It was just about as true as if they had been dealing with Caligula or the Düsseldorf mass murderer.

I AM DRIVEN to such reflections by reading Robert Conquest's book *The Great Terror*, a subject about which he has already offered some of his own comments in ENCOUNTER. It is a book which, I think, should finally put an end to any illusions (and how many there have been!) about the nature of the dictatorship exercised by Stalin and of the state over which he had absolute power. I say that it should because the vast amount of evidence Mr. Conquest has collected and analysed about the purges seems to me to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that, even by the standards of National Socialist Germany, Soviet Communism under Stalin was as immoral a form of state as any that has been devised in modern times. But in such matters should doesn't mean will, and I have no doubt that Mr. Conquest will be exposed to the criticism of all those who still cling to the shadow of that Utopia, that New Civilisation once applauded by the Webbs, which they believe to have been realised in the Soviet Union. I notice that even in *The Times*, in an otherwise laudatory article about the book, Mr. Iverach McDonald reproaches Mr. Conquest because much of his material is based on the evidence of defectors. Where else would Mr. McDonald expect such evidence to come from? From Soviet sources? It is as if one complained that much of the evidence about Nazi concentration camps came from Jews.

But one can leave Mr. Conquest to look after himself; he is well equipped to do so. I feel sure that in the long run his book will have a profound and permanent effect on public opinion with regard to the Soviet Union. Even those who are ideologically opposed to him may in the end, however reluctantly, accept his evidence, because his critics may say to themselves that what Mr. Conquest has written is after all only history, even ancient history, something which has long been over and need not concern us very much any more; though it is fair to say that such critics would be the

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last to recommend such an attitude in respect to National Socialism.

But one should be wary of it in the case of the Soviet Union as well as of Germany. One of the frightening aspects of Mr. Conquest's book, with its evidence of murder, torture, genocide, the moral and physical annihilation of literally millions of human beings, is that the Soviet Union as we know it today is the direct lineal descendant of the state created by Stalin and still bears upon it the stamp of his creation. Moreover, the men who have power in the Soviet Union today are, for the most part, the same men who, when thirty years younger, received their political education under Stalin, and prospered and advanced their careers by the methods which brought success under his régime. They still carry around with them the smell of the blood of his victims and all the perfumes of de-Stalinisation cannot sweeten their little hands.

Blut ist ein ganz besonderer Saft, says Goethe: *Blood is a very peculiar juice.* Those who drink it do not easily shake off its effects unless they undergo some very radical and painful cure, like alcoholics drying out from their addiction. The politicians, bureaucrats, and technicians who rule Russia today have never undergone such a cure and cannot rid themselves, even if they want to, of the habits they have inherited. In this respect, of course, there is a notable and obvious difference between the histories of Hitler's and Stalin's dictatorships and of the peoples which endured them. The crimes of National Socialism were punished, one would like to say atoned for, by defeat, and by the immense suffering this entailed; and defeat was followed by the execution of the major criminals, and the conviction and imprisonment of thousands of minor ones. No one would claim that the process was complete, but de-Nazification did involve a radical *épuration* of German public life, even if it could not, for practical reasons, be carried to its logical conclusion.

But Stalin's crimes were crowned by victory; he himself, and his régime, shared, and rather more than shared, in its spoils, and the benefits of his dictatorship were extended to other peoples, under the rule of men who were star pupils of Stalin's. It is true that Stalin's death was followed by a process of de-Stalinisation, but no one could for a moment pretend that this represented a radical break with the past, a total transformation of the state, such as defeat brought out in Western Germany. None of Stalin's accomplices have been tried; none have been executed, except illegally, by the same methods which they themselves used; and I feel sure that today there are many former commandants of slave labour camps who, serene and blessed among their grandchildren, enjoy whatever paradise the Soviet Union reserves for the aged who have deserved well of the state.

SHOULD ONE THEREFORE conclude that the Stalinist inheritance with which the Soviet Union is still burdened is so heavy, and so bloodstained, that it is quite impossible for its leaders ever to be free of it? I think the answer should probably be yes. After all, what Mr. Conquest's book shows most clearly is that the fundamental principle of the Stalinist régime was that force, in its most naked, violent and savage form, exercised on the mind by every means of mass-communication, and on the body by every means of physical torture, is the most powerful lever of human progress. As events in Czechoslovakia show, there is no reason to think that, in principle, the leaders of the Soviet Union think any differently today, even though they may sometimes be puzzled because their methods seem to work so clumsily and inefficiently.

But if this is really so, then I think we must, for the foreseeable future, surrender all those hopes, in which so many have recently shared, of a gradual *détente* in the relationships of East and West which might finally lead to a genuine cooperation between them. In that case, the West really is faced with an agonising reappraisal of its relations with the Soviet Union. To anyone who feels inclined to such a task, I would commend a passage from George Kennan's *Memoirs,* describing his feelings when in Moscow at the height of the purges.

> Much as I admired the Soviet leaders for their courage, their determination and their political seriousness, I could experience only disgust for other features of their political personality; their professed hatred and rejection of large portions of humanity, their abundant cruelties, their claims to infallibility, their opportunism and unscrupulousness of method, their disregard for truth, their conspiratorial secretiveness, and especially the love of power that so often and so obviously lurked behind the pretence of high-minded political conviction.
>
> Holding these views, I came without false hopes or illusions, in the mid-'30s, to a more intimate acquaintance with the phenomenon of Stalinism at the apogee of its horror. But no one, of course, could have been fully prepared for the reality. If in the earlier stages of the development of Soviet power there had been vestiges of belief that society would be genuinely benefited by all the cruelty and suffering, here in Russia of the purges was cynicism, shamelessness, contempt for humanity—all triumphantly enthroned. Here was a great nation helpless in the toils of an unbelievably cunning, in many

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ways great, but monstrously ruthless and cynical man. So insistently were the evidences of Russia's degradation borne in upon me during the years of my residence in Moscow—so prolonged and incessant were the hammerblow impressions, each more outrageous and heartrending than the other, that the effect was never to leave me.

It is the merit of Mr. Conquest's book that it enables us to share something of the experience which so profoundly influenced Mr. Kennan; one hopes that it will help to persuade public opinion that, as Mr. Kennan himself has always advocated, strength combined with restraint and a certain sceptical detachment is the only proper formula for relations with the Soviet Union.

*

I WAS PROUD to count myself a friend of Joe Ackerley, both because of his personal qualities and because of the great admiration I had for everything he wrote, from *Hindoo Holiday* to *We Think the World of You,* both of which I think are minor masterpieces. But though he was the most sympathetic and affectionate of friends, he always had a certain reserve which made one feel that there was some mystery about him which one could never quite penetrate, without entering into a greater intimacy than he was prepared to allow; and his beautiful manners on all occasions only made his reserve all the more inviolable. His public career only enhanced the mystery. He once told me that he had spent the greater part of his life walking between his rooms in Hammersmith or Putney and his office at the B.B.C.; and somehow, with his air of self-deprecation, he managed to give the bare statement an indescribable sense of dinginess and monotony. Why, one asked oneself, with all his quite exceptional gifts, and so brilliant a start to a literary career as *Hindoo Holiday*, should he have been content (or if not content, at least consenting) to spend so many long years as Literary Editor of *The Listener*, which gave so little scope to his creative talents. He was indeed an admirable editor; and yet he had a slightly detached and sceptical attitude towards literature which made one feel that his work could absorb very little of his emotional life.

Some years before he died he told me he was writing a book about his father and talked about it sufficiently to excite my intense curiosity; but when I asked him later how it was progressing he said that it had come to nothing and that he had laid it aside. But now, posthumously, it has been published, under the title of *My Father and Myself*, and it seems to me to be one of the strangest, saddest and most remarkable stories of English life that has ever been written. And certainly it helps to dispel something of the mystery which for me always surrounded Joe. The account of his father, the ex-trooper of the Life Guards who rose to be the Banana King with an income of £12,000 a year, and of his feckless, pretty ex-actress mother, who only married twenty-four years after Joe was born, provides so surprising a background to Joe's later life that one quite understands why one should have thought there were things in him which never came to the surface; but it also breathes so rich and heavy an Edwardian air, redolent of the aroma of his father's post-prandial brandy and cigars, so dense an atmosphere of mingled sex and domesticity that it is in itself a very remarkable feat of re-creation. One wonders where one has breathed that air before, and, surprisingly, one thinks of the thick, plush texture of the *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, all the more because Joe here is playing the part of a detective, trying to solve the riddle of his own past and unravel the clues which tie him to his childhood. *The Case of the Banana King* would have been very much to Holmes' taste.

But brilliant though this family portrait is, the most surprising and disturbing revelation is that of the child who watched it all and of the man he became, for Joe is hunting not only his father but himself, and trying to discover whether the bond between them does not provide some explanation for his own life. One had known that Joe was homosexual because he took no trouble to conceal it; but how could one have known of the agonies of frustration, loneliness and pain this had involved for so profoundly sensitive a man, relieved only by chance or contrived encounters with waiters, errand boys, soldiers, policemen; just so, he suggests, must others have hunted his father, the penniless trooper of the Life Guards, in his magnificent uniform, let loose on a summer evening in Hyde Park and mounting to fortune on the shoulders of his opulent and aristocratic patron, the Count de Gallatin.

My Father and Myself is not only a detective story; it is also a *Bildungsroman*, of how a pretty boy was shaped by the crudities of life, and war and his own desires, and yet again it is the story of a quest, as for the crock of gold, which in Joe's case was for the Ideal Friend, the Not-Impossible-He, unattainable, for ever beyond his grasp, perhaps non-existent, certainly within the confines of polite society. But as in all stories of a quest it is not so much its object that matters, which after all may be an illusion, but the details of what happens on the way;

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in this case they are the physical details of Joe's sexual adventures and these he sets down with a scholarly, clinical exactitude, which to some readers may seem shocking but to others an extraordinary *tour de force* in telling the truth as it really is.

The road to love lies through blood and dirt, says Kafka, and I think Joe would certainly have agreed. Yet the story ends with an ironic twist which only life perhaps, not art, could have provided. Joe never did find the Ideal Friend; what he did find was the Alsatian bitch he celebrated in *My Dog Tulip*, most feminine of beasts and with all the attributes, emotional and physical, which he would have found most distasteful in a woman. With her, in his late forties, he settled down in almost perfect domesticity. No longer did he haunt the pubs or prowl the streets and the parks: "I was positively glad to be rid of it all, the anxieties, the frustrations, the wastage of time and spirit.... She offered me what I had never found in my sexual life, constant, single-hearted, incorruptible, uncritical devotion, which it is in the nature of dogs to offer.... From the moment she established herself in my heart and home, my obsession with sex fell wholly away from me."

So the quest had a happy ending. *My Father and Myself* is a painful and yet also, because of the art with which it is written, an exhilarating book. Yet it seems to me a triumph of life as well as of art. Joe's frustrations produced a great deal more, both in the way of personality and of writing, than all those instant fornications which have become the set pieces of contemporary fiction. Why this should be so I don't know; it is yet another of the mysteries in which Joe's life was so prolific and I only wish he was still here to help solve it for us.

R

The Rivals

All, all of them, wanted her.
I watched them, ready to frustrate
Whatever strategy they used,
Doubly armed with fear and hate:
Prince Mincing and Lord Bulge were there,
Paul Profile and Lance Glitterteeth,
Sir Timothy Tarmac, hand on hilt
And golden blade half out of sheath.
I blocked her view when they came flaunting
Their wealth, fine clothes, virility,
Firm jaw, white smile of dancing master;
I showed my own agility.
But there was one whose gaunt appeal
I had not reckoned with. She fell
For him, the one I'd overlooked,
She, with her dainty sense of smell,
Fastidious ways, she fell for him,
The bony one with stinking breath
And sergeant's stripes, the clever fellow
In whose small room she lies beneath
A stiff cold quilt, without a pillow.

Vernon Scannell

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MUSIC

The Design of Culture

And the Afro-Asian Revolution — By CLIFFORD TAYLOR

OUR WORLD is in cultural crisis; of that there can be little doubt. The writing on the wall may be read as clearly in the art of our time as in any other single phenomenon.

The world, till now, has been identified to a large degree through the eyes of what may be called a Western culture; that is, the culture spawned in the Judaic religion, based on the philosophic and political order of Greco-Roman life, and transformed from the ancient civilisations by Christianity, which must be considered as both a religious and political phenomenon. But eventually the world will no longer be thus dominated or identified, for the non-Western section of it will challenge the cultural orders and, by mutual interpenetration, reorganisation, and dissolution of each, create yet another distinctive and enlivened world culture in the constant chronology of history.

Of all the cultural phenomena of this century, no single expression has been more vivid in its effect and its message of crisis than that attitude towards music which the Western world has labelled "jazz." In its early days, it simply offered to the schooled musician—the musician trained in the European musical tradition of Western culture, whether in America or in Europe—a freedom from responsibility to that tradition. Instead of being required to surrender himself to the established disciplines of music he was offered the alternative of using music for the purpose of his own self-expression, by means of improvised melodic patterns which evolved arbitrarily around an essentially and almost exclusively rhythmic metamorphosis of the old disciplines.

Rhythmic expression as a singular phenomenon irrespective of harmony is unquestionably foreign to Western tradition. Melody is also essentially foreign to Western musical art. Harmony, that totally intellectualised system of control imposed on music by Western cultural developers, was the only vital factor of music in Western thought prior to the 20th century, just as the political influence of the early Roman Church was the determining factor of social growth and the source of the essentially intellectualised control of society which defined Western life. Therefore, harmony, as a musical intellectualisation, is to music what the intellectualised abstraction of the Judeo-Christian religious and political order, politically evolved out of the Roman Christian Church, is to the social character of the Western world. Rhythm and melody, that is, melody independent of or with no recognition of the existence of harmony, defines the soul of what is called the non-Western world.

"JAZZ" IS AN ATTITUDE to musical expression. It is an attitude erroneously or unfortunately rooted in the world of entertainment, the bar, the night club, the old brothel, the honky-tonk. This is because it was originally the exclusive property of the Negro people of primarily African and secondarily Caribbean origin and derivation. Not only was "jazz" their exclusive property, but by being so called it encouraged a totally misleading and unnecessary attitude.

The total cultural expression of the Negro people has its firmest roots in the African continent. The dimensions of this fact and its detail must be left to the ethno-musicologist, whose task is now possibly the most important of all tasks in the musical discipline. But what is known of the Negro's cultural expression in the United States is known only relative to his relationship to the white civilisation into which he was forcibly introduced against his will. The

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true culturally-based religion of the Negro is not Judeo-Christian, despite the Church's efforts to make it so. White civilisation does not know the true nature of religious experience for the Negro. All that white civilisation does know is the Negro expression—or translation, to use a better word—of the Judeo-Christian concept into the Negro's own terms, a translation which had to be made by him under the most adverse conditions possible. Without benefit of large-scale or mass education, he was given a Christian religious premise by osmosis, and he made out of it what he could. For the most part, it could only serve him in the most superficial and childish way.

LISTEN to the Negro gospel singers. The words they are singing may be about Jesus, heaven, salvation, the physical reality of heaven conceived in terms of gold, but these words are insignificant compared with the vibrant rhythm of the accompanying song or religious service. Nor does the American Negro identify such singing with "jazz." He regards it as religious in nature and communication, although the form of expression is essentially rhythmic.

"Blues," another designation of white inspiration, even if coined by the Negro, which in all probability it was not, emerges out of slavery: the cry of a suppressed people. It is social in nature and communication and the experience is essentially melodic. Both gospel singing and "blues" are impure, because both are thoroughly saturated at their roots by that exclusive intellectualisation of Western music, harmony, just as the Negro people are saturated by the social phenomenon of the Judeo-Christian experience, to which they have no cultural orientation as free men.

"Jazz" is essentially the experience of white civilisation. That which the white man could not understand about the captive Negro's expression of his Christian experience, and of his social condition—namely, the vibrant rhythmic and melodic expression—had to be allocated, to be attached to, to be categorised by, to be defined by association with the cast-off, disreputable and culturally unacceptable forms of entertainment epitomised by the brothel, the night club, the bar, or the honky-tonk. "Jazz" then is really the invention of a white civilisation, and it did give the Negro a place in society as entertainer. But rhythm, Negro rhythm, can find no acceptable place in the church of a white civilisation. It is presumed to express experience which is base and disreputable, partly because of its associations but also because it inspires both bodily and nervous excitement. This is considered vulgar in relation to Judeo-Christian and particularly Protestant-Puritan standards—a conclusion which is, of course, to some extent unavoidable but quite unfortunate when seen in the total social context of the Negro and his developed culture.

AT LEAST before Western "culture" was introduced extensively, the religious base of the Negro culture in Africa depended on ritual. So does, of course, the religious premise of many cultures, including Christianity in Western life, which includes a form of ceremonial or ritual dance. But the exact nature of such forms depends on the biological make-up of a people and their particular natural environment. Ceremonial action may be more physical and less symbolic, or *vice versa*, depending on environment, biology, and the character of a people's conceptual imagination. The greater the symbolic character of a people's imagination, the greater the degree of artistic rendering, and the less physical the ceremonial action. The Christian Mass is minimal in physical movement and extensive in dramatic symbolism; yet it is a ritual performance. With its preoccupation with the self—*i.e.*, self-love, which then presumes love of God, brotherly love, and other forms—the Western world developed a conceptual imagination which required much more symbolic than physical action, gradually diminishing in Protestant ceremony to almost exclusively rationalised philosophy. Because of biology, environment, and imagination, non-Western peoples seem less concerned with self and more concerned with the essential mystery of life itself.

Where these basic characteristics are congenial, as with the Negro peoples in Africa, ceremonial action is as much physical as symbolic and perhaps even more exclusively physical. If we assume their needs to be different from our own and to demand concentration on the essential mystery rather than on self, we are not justified in concluding that one ceremonial form is more or less developed than another, nor one culture more "advanced" than another. Primary attention to the essential mystery is a more fundamental basis of culture, while concern for self establishes an ambivalence between a heaven on earth and an absolute physicality of Heaven—Heaven in this case symbolising the essential mystery of death rather than life. Hence, this personal concern supplies the basis for an extra-cultural abstraction made up of interacting social (*i.e.*, intra-individual) needs, and practical knowledge (*i.e.*, science), the point of which is the conquest of death.

Rhythm, therefore, affirms ceremonial action which is strongly physical rather than symbolic, and is relatable to the essential or inevitable

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mystery of life: procreation, realised through sexual activity and erotic love; essentially, fertility rites. This rhythmic experience defines life, as opposed to death. Melody, considered, in its varied degrees of complexity, as that which emanates from any life form capable of producing sound (possessing rhythmic and pitch patterns) is also so relatable to life, but in a more oblique way. The basic energies of what may be called the Id impulses—*i.e.*, the sexually defining impulses of male and female, including particularly, because of the multiple structure of love, the female capacity for maternal love—assume some consistency of form in every social organism, and in every civilisation whether of light- or dark-skinned peoples.

THE INEVITABLE evolutionary development of life, from animal beginnings to human ones, might, in a sense, be charted as follows:

(1) Sexually defining impulses and self-preservation; (2) religion; (3) philosophy; (4) social action; (5) knowledge; (6) art.

But the Christian experience, particularly in its Protestant and Puritan forms, has tried to reject this basic evolutionary order. While minimising or attempting to eliminate as "sinful" the base of human existence in all forms of experience, it has created instead a rationality of social order that is a purely extra-cultural abstraction without appropriate evolutionary foundation. Developed Judaic thought does, admittedly, allow "sin" to be seen as the disparity between a man's vision of his ultimate potential and his subjective knowledge of himself. But even in this conception, the fundamental life impulses are regarded as possibly detrimental to what the Western world has come to know as "character," or the aspiration to self-identification. Judaism's traditional belief in memory, in keeping the record and in showing reverence for history, does little to differentiate it from Christianity, except in so far as it stresses a particular orientation to reality that the Christian (with his more prominent concern for death) may tend to minimise. But generally speaking, both Christian and Jew live in the abstract view of life that has been built on Greco-Roman civilisation, the Judaic culture, the Roman Church, and the effects which these have had on philosophy, law, and social organisation.

AS EARLY AS the late 19th century, a desire for a totally new experience of the relationship of the basic life mystery to the evolution of culture made itself apparent in the popular flowering of what white civilisation called "jazz." White people found this novelty acceptable because they were prepared to accept the Negro both as a worker and an entertainer. By accepting him only as such, they both provided him with a social function after the Emancipation Proclamation, and provided themselves and their cultural abstraction with protection against a foreign intrusion.

And yet, by then, the old white order was already dead. Would Wagner, otherwise, have had to create a new hierarchy of gods out of Teutonic legend—a new, but fatally destined, abstraction which was intended to replace the Judeo-Christian one but was finally forced on the world in the form of the Aryan race image under Hitler? Of course, it was thought that the Jew was the real source of the dethroned abstraction and, as such, had to be eliminated; but this view was as absurd as the new abstraction itself. The erroneous image that resulted was the final death throes of the gigantic abstraction that had sprung from the Judeo-Christian experience, the working of which had been put in the hands of a politically-minded priestly caste or rabbinical order, in order that they should construct and maintain a secure and satisfactory social organism.

Western culture is a culture only in terms of what it calls progress; therefore, it is not a true culture at all. It is based simply on the concept of progression from "bad" to "good," each of these being an absolute, either of a social kind or relative to realisation of the physicality of Hell and Heaven. The conflict between a heaven on earth, *i.e.*, a mutually satisfying and secure social organism, and a Heaven and Hell as absolutes has produced an ambivalence in the Western mind in that it has confronted Western man both with the need to satisfy his inescapable singularity and his duty to serve his social organism. While he recognises both, neither governs his life. He achieves his heaven on earth not by following his singular needs but by way of "concern for others," which is little more than a way of saying that he is dependent on others. His singular needs may be in this way guaranteed but must await satisfaction until he reaches the truer Heaven whose joys he cannot experience until after he is dead. Social action is predicated on interacting, not on acts of singularity inspired solely by singular motives and needs—which is a prime reason why the Western world of today has so little real art. The motive behind all social acts can only be the hope that they will be reciprocated by others and thus satisfy the singular needs—an abstract hope that has none of the activity which is present when the singular need inspires a singular act.

We call the Western conception of action "collectivism." But need requires many mul-

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tiples if it is to be fulfilled, and the "one" who is in need must disregard precisely his own "one" in order to fulfil the "one" of another person. The multiplicity that results from this destroys all possibility of an authentic culture, because by destroying all possibility of each man understanding his fundamental part and place in nature, it destroys that out of which a culture must grow. Thus, an abstraction of multiplicity must serve in place of a culture, and to function within this abstraction means to misunderstand singularity, to discard it, and to embrace, as a way of life, the ambivalence created by the Judeo-Christian experience.

THE PRESENT WORLD CRISIS centres on the inevitable and necessary emergence of the peoples of the non-Western world and the recognition of their cultures. These are vastly different in scope and character from what we call culture in Western civilisation. The Negro, the Asian, the Oriental bring to the world a revitalising impact of "culture" in its true sense, a realisation of man's singular identification with and relationship to nature.

In a most significant statement made on the subject of the Negro in America, John Oliver Killens has written:

> Just as surely as East is East and West is West, there is a "black" psyche in America and there is a "white" one, and the sooner we face up to this social and cultural reality, the sooner the twain shall meet. Our emotional chemistry is different from yours in many instances. Your joy is very often our anger and your despair our fervent hope.... My fight is not to be a white man in black skin, but to inject some black blood, some black intelligence into the pallid mainstream of American life, culturally, socially, psychologically, philosophically. This is the truer, deeper meaning of the Negro revolt, which is not yet a revolution.... When we fight for freedom, we mean freedom for us to be black, or brown, and you to be white and yet live together in a free and equal society.... The American Negro, then, is an Anglo-Saxon invention, a role the Anglo-Saxon gentleman invented for the black man to play in this drama known euphemistically as the American Way of Life. It began as an economic expedient, frankly, because you wanted somebody to work for nothing.[1]

The meaning of contemporary art, specifically contemporary music, lies in the symbolisation of the crisis and its solution. "Jazz" has given us the most extensive indication of the nature of a foreign culture, and even though this indication has been partly spurious for the reasons given, it has at least managed to point out in a broad and indiscriminate way some primary characteristics of the non-Western experience. It has, of course, been consistently conditioned by the fact that it has been necessarily based or constructed on that abstraction of Western musical art, harmony, and the harmonic system. "Jazz" only exists in relation to the "Westernised" art song in its popularised form and to "blues," both of which are primarily based on harmonic progression, an essentially non-melodic phenomenon.

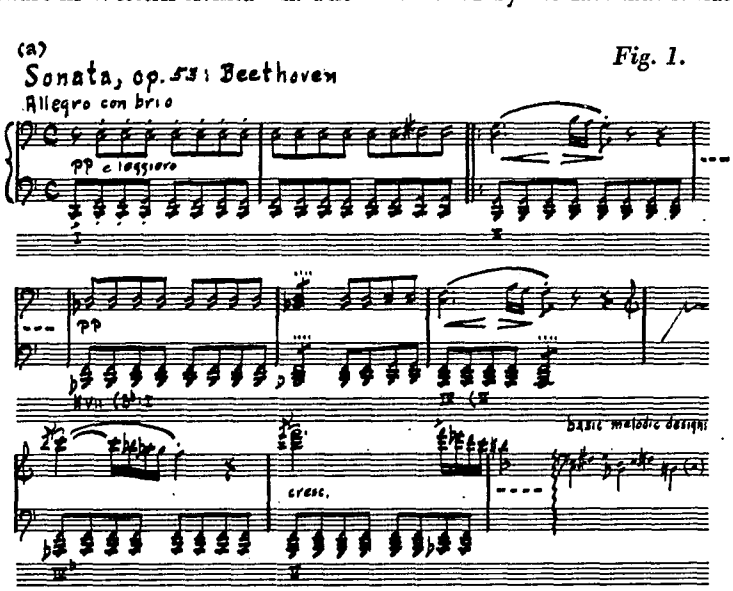

Fig. 1.

Harmony is a system of control based on the intellectualised premise of counterpoint. As such it limits melodic and rhythmic expression to such a degree that both become (at best) unavoidably pallid in character and impact, and (at worst) of no significance at all. The harmonic schemes known as "songs," with their notable succession of top-most pitches as primary melody, permit little true (*i.e.*, motivated) melodic and rhythmic expression. The same is true of "blues" singing in the forms it took after its original inception in work songs and hollers. These original "blues" were almost totally divorced from harmonic practice

[1] "Exploration of the Black Psyche," *New York Times Magazine*, 7 June 1964.

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because of the technical limitations of the singers who created them.[2]

The rhythmic base of jazz is the plain beat of the march, the pulse beat itself being a necessary feature of the "jazz" attitude because this attitude syncopates and otherwise alters or varies rhythmic patterns relatable to the beat. These rhythmic and melodic experiences are modest because of their inseparable relationship to the harmonically conceived forms on which they are dependent. Much more attention is paid in contemporary jazz to a freer evolution of melodic-rhythmic expression divorced from harmonic progression, but still with no scalar tradition to which to refer as a source. The Negro was unfortunate in being exposed to the controlling device of harmony, and we must know him through his African musical expression to know him at all.

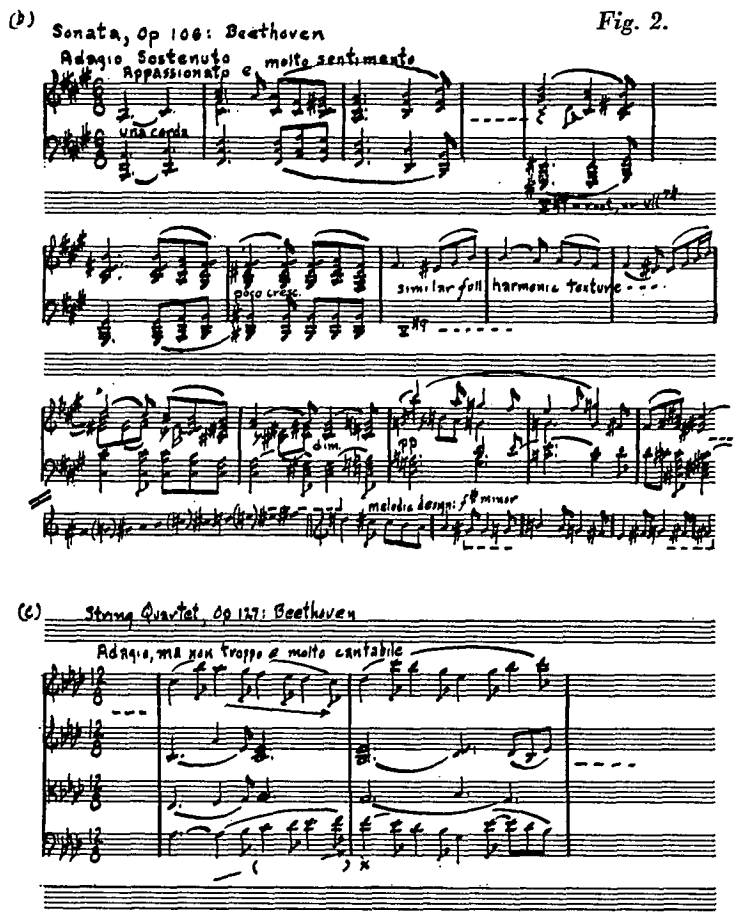
THE ASIAN COUNTRIES stand in a different relationship to us, never having been forcibly subjected outside their own land to foreign experience. The music of India, for example, is totally melodic and rhythmic in the most highly developed sense of those musical properties. The foundation of the musical experience is the scalar condition of the *raga* tradition. The *raga* is not a technical, mathematically constructed intellectualisation (particularly not in the terms of Pythagorean proportional frequencies), but a cultural phenomenon emerging out of an ancient tradition of cultural experience, *i.e.*, man's singular identification with and relationship to nature. Other Asian musical experiences may differ in emphasis, but are similar in fundamental character. The beauty of these experiences lies in the unawareness of "collective" multiplicity, and in the unalterable experience of a culture as here defined.

Beethoven was one of the first Western composers deceptively to begin a circumvention of what he knew to be unessential: the classical harmonic system of tonality as a control of melodic-rhythmic impulse.

The example of tonal divergence shown in the *Waldstein Sonata*, Op. 53, by Beethoven (Fig. 1), considered necessarily with regard for Beethoven's orientation to the tonal tradition of Haydn and Mozart, describes a purely dramatic gesture at the very outset of the first movement. The principal tonality of C major is immediately extended in a bizarre and highly dramatic manner to include the extensive dramatic contrast between the opening C major principal chord, its tonic, and its dominant, and the restatement of the motive in $B^{\flat}$ major, or on the lowered 7th degree, with its dominant. The $B^{\flat}$ major dominant then serves as subdominant of C major again and the tonality is reaffirmed, but by a noticeably circuitous route.

Melodically, the uppermost pitches describe a somewhat modal design, as illustrated, when considered by themselves.

[2] On-the-spot recordings of all forms of work songs, hollers, blues of all periods and locales and by all kinds of singers, as well as all forms of the "jazz" attitude applied to songs are available now through various recording enterprises, most notably through Folkways Company recordings.

Fig. 2.

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In the second example, from the *Hammerklavier Sonata*, Op. 106, the prolonged concentration on the dominant harmony in measures 4 through 11 of the above example causes the harmonic effect to become somewhat less important than the melodic-rhythmic design of the uppermost pitches almost independent of the harmonic condition. (Fig. 2.)

The chromatic variation of the f♯ minor scale in measures 12 and 13 is created by lowering the second degree of the scale to *g* with a chord built on that note. The subdominant chord, in relation to the harmony built on the root *g*, requires other variation of the scale on tones *c* and *e*. This particular interjection of chromatic alterations suggests a noticeable extension of the tonal spectrum and makes possible a melodic line in the uppermost pitches not comfortably within the f♯ minor tonality.

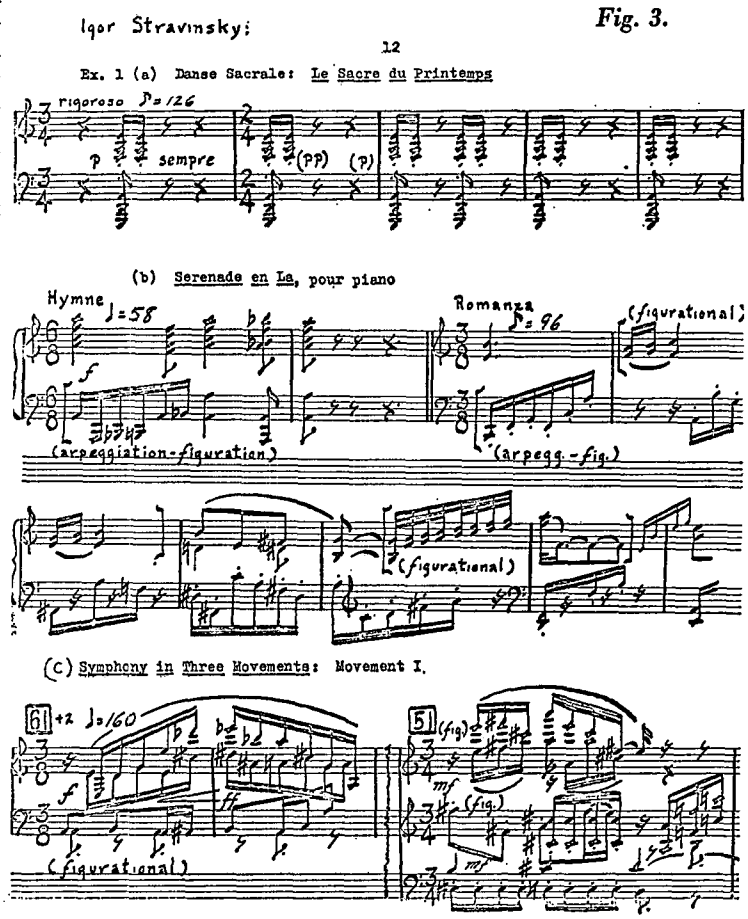
In the *String Quartet*, Op. 127, the sheer melodic-rhythmic flow of the top and bottom lines necessitates some disregard (or expansion, certainly) of the harmonic condition of the music, particularly at the point indicated beginning the second measure, but also slightly during the last half of the first measure as well.

Stravinsky's handling of harmony in *Le Sacre* is of two kinds. First he establishes static harmonic conditions, a chord or a modal pandiatonicism over a specific period of time, which in a sense eliminates the harmonic consideration in the total invention. Moreover, all musical effects are subordinated to the rhythmic articulations: *i.e.*, rhythm becomes the near-totality of the musical expression. Secondly, he uses harmonic method to create complex polytonal and chromatically inflected harmonic effects, usually in an arpeggiation-figuration of some sort, unusually potent and demanding of the orchestral combination by which it is projected. The melodic effect and value of Stravinsky's figurational arpeggiation is of far greater significance, incidentally, than his modal invention is to melodic effect. (Fig. 3.)

The work of his later periods has served to further denude his primary form of expression, his rhythmic thought, of its unnecessary harmonic burden, modest though this may be, in *Le Sacre*. Whatever complexity might seem to exist in the rhythmic make-up of his neo-classic

Since Beethoven, Western composers have paradoxically prepared the Western mind and senses to comprehend the nature of alien musical cultures, simply by the process of exhausting the traditional harmonic and tonal system, without redefining it. But until the 20th century, the effort was misunderstood or unrecognised for what it was even in the work of Wagner, Richard Strauss, Débussy, Scriabin, Moussorgsky, Schönberg, Stravinsky. However, though we cannot speak of Stravinsky and the "jazz" attitude in terms of a real relationship, we can refer to the essential importance and meaning of their conjunction.

The impact of the "jazz" attitude has been projected efficiently. In *Le Sacre*, with its image of pre-Christian pagan Russian fertility rites, Stravinsky becomes the first European to speak so exclusively of a thoroughly non-Western civilisation. This programme may be less important than its music, but

Fig. 3.

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and serial works is essentially little more nor less than that found in *Le Sacre*, but traditional harmonic system has been more successfully and increasingly dismissed in these later works.

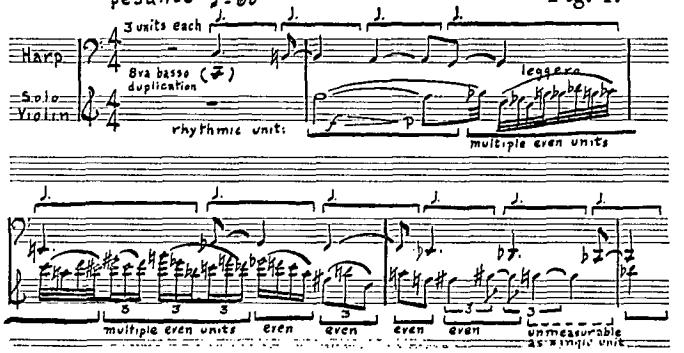
In Schönberg, on the other hand, no such *gradual* departure from harmony as a system of pitch control is evident. The decision is made more distinctly and abruptly. Harmonic control is discarded once the serial process has been decided upon, though only because this newer system of control seems self-evident and agreeable to him. The continuity of the Judeo-Christian abstraction and the inevitable multiplicity in the forms of action it spawns and sustains is thus preserved in Schönberg's musical symbolism. Stravinsky may have seemed to have taken the risk of dismissing harmonic control without a newer system to replace it, but the risk was justified, since it permitted his rhythmic thought to become ritualistic, as any purely rhythmic expression must; and this is the logic that lies behind the programmatic background of *Le Sacre*. It creates its own, somewhat metaphysical, morality by which all apparently disconnected or disoriented musical phenomena are, in effect, totally oriented by a visionary or fervent singular morality. In such a music, the "one" is bound inextricably to the group without ceasing to be entirely singular. In its morality and mystique it is also pure to the point of asceticism. Schönberg's serialism (and Anton Webern's too, despite his more pronounced stress on rhythmic expression) is still symbolic of the Western abstraction, whereas Stravinsky's contains the possibility of a fundamental detachment from it.

Stravinsky actually tried to translate the vitality of rhythmic expression found in various non-Western cultures, including that of the American Negro and his "jazz" or "ragtime," into a statement acceptable to Western culture and its traditional Judeo-Christian doctrine that limits the rhythmic stimulation of bodily movement. The "genteel tradition"[3] in American history has always required some watering-down of any clearly rhythmic expression of a non-Western character before a work can be taken seriously within the concert hall or other institution preserving Europeanised, Western cultural patterns.[4] Stravinsky has been more successful probably than any other composer in effecting this translation while experimenting with truly rhythmic expression and thought.

The greater universality of contemporary work derives from the awareness of and concern for these larger problems. While the work of a large number of contemporary composers worthy of mention is determined by and large by some form of serial or internal (motific) ordering, their rhythmic expression has developed variously and is certainly the more crucial and revealing aspect of their respective achievements, despite the fact that, at this point of time, a modally oriented, non-harmonically motivated melodic thought is not really possible. This is because no melodic tradition—comparable in any sense, for example, to the immense tradition of the Indian *raga*—yet exists apart from harmonic control in Western thought. The problems have been resolved to whatever extent is possible, in rhythmic terms primarily, although there is certainly no independent tradition of rhythmic expression in any way comparable to music of African origin or the Indian *tala*.

Elliott Carter, Variations for Orchestra (Var. 2)

Fig. 4.



A scalar condition is clear in the harp part of the example in Fig. 4, and an embellishment process at work in the violin solo, but could these designs yet be defined in terms of any actual modal tradition of melodic-rhythmic thought? Some form of motific pattern would be more likely, but the use of the term *modal* in an enlarged context such as would be required in the above, to include not only chromatic movement but microtonal movement as well, could indicate the possible emergence of a melodic-rhythmic tradition apart from the harmonic condition and might in turn suggest a

[3] Gilbert Chase, *America's Music* (McGraw-Hill, 1955).

[4] Such rhythmic expression is taken seriously by ethno-musicologists and presented in concerts of ethnic orientation. But not alongside Mozart.

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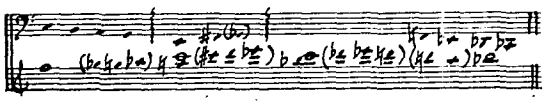
considerably enlarged definition of culture in the possible synthesis of Eastern and Western thought. Both lines (Fig. 4) are subsidiary parts, however, and it is more likely that they indicate some sort of motific process of interval pattern. (Fig. 5.)

Fig. 5.



SINCE THESE problems are far beyond the interests and understanding of mass audiences we have what may be called an "18th-century" condition at the moment. We see this in the exclusiveness of the problematical work, its reliance on highly specialised patronage, through the foundation or private investment, in the "universality" of style (*i.e.*, varied degrees of dodecaphonic orientation), and finally in its innate dependence on the educated musician as final arbiter in all matters (particularly financial investment). A "universal" style is almost inevitable under such conditions, as it was in the 18th century, because the criteria established by the educated musician are based on what is inherently most valid in terms of the medium, and what most completely and adequately reflects the subtlety of the problems with which the more developed imaginations are concerned. This is indeed an élite art or manner, as was that of the 18th century prior to its transformation into the Romantic vision.

This condition is paralleled socially by a similar revolution of the "underprivileged" peoples of the non-Western world. Like its musical counterpart, this revolution is tightly and irrevocably, but inauspiciously and deviously, controlled by Western society, and this control is both maintained and masked by the collective enterprise itself.

The position of the educated musician within the élite core of the faintly flickering social life of our "artistic" condition is such that the problems become, inversely, more and more open to solution. The sense of impending needs is of course in conflict with the surviving characteristics of "art," *i.e.* the sensitive definition of Western life. In this period of transition, some form of serialised practice would seem absolutely necessary, even if it provided nothing more than a single interval as a design element, in the absence of the kind of cultural repository characterised by the Indian *raga* tradition. It is not necessary for us, of course, to want precisely such a repository; but it is essential that our awareness of the traditional existence of one should teach us how to distinguish between a true culture and an abstraction. What the true "blood and intelligence" of not only the Negro, as Killen says, but of all the non-Western peoples will bring into the world can only serve to reaffirm and offer to us a necessary new dimension. They, in turn, will assimilate—*i.e.* both discard and adapt—varied aspects of the "collective" abstraction, though they will do so to satisfy desires quite different from those that have motivated the Western world for so long.

THE CRISIS WE FACE stems from the inevitable emergence of non-Western culture and non-Western thought into significance in the world, and the inevitable effort of the Western world to preserve the extra-cultural abstraction on which its life has been based for longer than the 2,000 years of the Christian Church. The crisis must be resolved, of course, by some sort of synthesis, but the likelihood of this resolution depends on the vision and comprehension of the problem. Aesthetically, in the symbolic forms of music, the problem lies in rhythmic and melodic versatility and, more important, in an absolute genuineness of motivation for melodic and rhythmic forms, distinct from the intellectualisation of controlling systems. What happens in the composer's mind must be reproduced without conscious or intellectual—that is to say, harmonic—control and without any other impediments. What happens in the mind must be rooted in culture, rather than in the abstraction by which life can only be conceived in terms of multiplicity. If "collective" actions are necessary, and if constructions relative to "collective" multiplicity develop, they must exist with the complete understanding that they are unessential to culture in its truest sense, because since they emphasise man's concentration on his opposition to nature, they are antithetical to his position within nature. Inevitably, idea must assume its authority and predominance over all forms of structure and action.

As Martin Buber has written:[5]

"Do not be vexed at your delight in creatures and things! But do not let it shackle itself to creatures and things; through these, press on to God. Do not rebel against your desires, but seize them and bind them to God. You shall not stifle your surging powers, but let them work at holy work, and rest a holy rest in God. All the contradictions with which the world distresses you are only that you may discover their intrinsic significance, and all the contrary trends tormenting you within yourself only await to be exorcised by your word. All innate sorrow wants only to flow in to the fervour of your joy. But this joy must not be the goal toward which you strive. It will be vouchsafed you if you strive to 'give joy to God'. Your personal joy will rise up when you want nothing but the joy of God—nothing but joy in itself."

[5] Martin Buber, *Tales of the Hasidim* (1947).

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Nicholas Snowden Willey

In Memoriam Nobody

Who is that old man moving with a lamp
Through the overgrown garden? Quietly
The night grows. Is he still there? Quietly
Night grows. Who is this old man moving there?
Is he looking for something? Is he there
To stare into the garden or to stare?
Has a dead girl told him he should not sleep
Until he's seen where in the Summerhouse
No light infiltrates through the shutters
And sets the dust vacillating?
Does he intend to push the creaking door,
Discern the Autumn lining on the floor,
Inquire if lights dance there as once before?
If he is visiting some certitude
That day will break, some implicit surmise
The day will break, I'll not watch them breaking.
Has certainty ever to dark gardens led?
What certainty brings an old man from his bed?
There's something purposeful in his tread.
Has the moon with light bathed his dry head?
What has moon's grotesque imagination said?
That she left him to dance with brutes instead,
Dancers whose shrieks betray where they have fed?
That she found the frisson of feathers?
That she found the friction of fur?
But I know another story and one
With sunlight and calm credences of sun.
Near and clear, appear into sight, bright heights of light.
A man walked by a lake and that's not all,
He walked beside a lake and more beside,
He witnessed the well-grounded world confide
A bewilderment, a double contingency,
In that irresolute deepness of water.
Here the strenuous and substantial world confides
A bewilderment in that deepness
Where all is under way and irresolute.
A man was taking the air beside a lake.
Each gesture of their fins dissembles
All these bemused and fuddled reflections.
In the depths shone shattered memories of height;
But the heights have forgotten it all; in the heights
Shafts of distraught and distracted light
Move in longing's imperious rhythm,
Love aspiring to desire, that sovereign rhythm,
Those shafts of light, those high distracted beams
That make a flicker of the proud impassioned man,

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The proud man rushing down the warm and fluid aisle,
Rushing to consecrate the moment of desire
On the cloaked altar of generation;
And always another story for whose sake
A man will pace the margin of a lake
Where in the depths shine memories of height;
But the heights have forgotten it all; in the heights
Shafts of light scatter the metaphor of days and nights,
And scatter the atmosphere's god-fearing atoms,
For proud impassioned lovers know one moment of desire,
The ice of heaven broken and opened by the spire,
And reflection is burnt out, reflection burnt out,
The holy spirit melts into the white salve of time,
Life's omens smeared in the vagina of the mind.
For proud impassioned lovers know one moment when they hear
The wild laughter, that wild laughter,
The hysteria of eternity.
A young man threads his way beside a lake,
Some gravity to give, some air to take,
And a dead girl reminds him to forsake
The homing circles that the ripples make;
But her voice is like the laughter that no human mind can bear
That tells of no human dignity nor the gravity of care.
Though this story takes time in the telling,
It is no magical repetition,
No spell, no spelling out of persuasion;
There is a way to tell of meagre men
With generosity; there is a way
To tell of a young man's skin-deep notions
With deep presence of mind and of water.
The lodestone of solitude is a phrase
Mindful of strong and high-spirited days
Of companionship; to wake from dream
Is the eternal terminal of dream,
And the wild immortal watchman of wake
Falls asleep in the margin of a lake;
And here for the great family is home
And a stronghold; for under the wet loam
The mortise of metaphor holds the bone.
And if there's a paradox that still amazes
After the heat haze and the snow's dazzled hazes,
That paradox is there when a young man gazed
Into the sunlight and was darkly dazed.
Blinded by that light enlightens all that meaning meant
Into that blindness that is out of light, and even the phrases
Of a Summer's day will not rephrase it, for impassioned girls frequent
The spectrum of eight and twenty phases.
But what shall remain, what lastingly amaze
If the rushes by the pool in their growing ways
Cover the moving surface of reflective days?
For burning is turning learning into yearning,
And loneliness is crystallising forms against the stream,
And the heat of influx is turning
The brittle ice into the fluid of a dream.
And then the young man seemed to sense the treacherous motion
That sucks the day's footprints and returns them to the ocean.
Why does the young man turn away from what is just begun?
Does he turn? Or on some orbit is he turned and spun?
Or has he foreseen men swimming into dream
Are dumb while the fishes slide and scream?

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And the wind will conclude what dreams have begun.
Drowned men surface and float under the sun.
And the gravity of human need pulls down the dreaming one,
And when thought's bubble bursts the play is done.
A flurry of bubbles; then some circles there.
A lifetime's thoughts return to the air.
The beast's wheel turns; and then the young man turns.
His eyes are two ponds concealed by ferns
And he thought for a moment that he heard the sound
Of streams where two ponds converge underground.
A young man threads his way a lake beside,
Some thoughts to think, some time to bide;
The trees are creaking in a drowsy lull of a day;
There's fear in that sound, wild trees in a calm close day;
In that creaking is the terror of nothing left to say;
The circles on the lake seem ciphers that remind
A young man where to find a home for his mind.
And is that creaking the cracked laughter of love gone by?
Or is that creaking the charred rafters above the sky?
There's a tremor on the surface tension of the mind,
A ripple of premonitions, circles that remind
A young man where to find tonight's lodging for the mind;
And who will tell him that for all the thoughts he's thinking
The circles on the lake come from a dead weight sinking?
And he was to say he was disillusioned.
But here was none of disillusion's insight.
The quiet pond bode him no harm nor good.
Why had he thought it would? Why had he thought it would?
In that quietness what was it that seemed a young man's bane?
Trees bend where the wind shall list. Girls wax when the moon shall wane.
The repetitiousness that blesses the repetitious bane,
Wherefore his vanity was vain, his modesty mundane,
While the quiet pond is blessed with rain.
And so he made his way across the smooth green lawn
Toward the house where he was smoothly greenly born.
Here he would find a room where evening seemed
Less an insinuation than normal
For lately days went with an even tread,
An even tread that left no further world
Possessed of such an otherworldliness
As this: he stood still in the curtained room,
Listened to the legions of fallen leaves
Rustling their plumes beneath the black trees.
He stood still: the great insinuation
Of evening became a few thin sounds
Beyond a curtain; the day dying down,
A few thin sounds, something scratching the pane,
And in the unfrequented spareroom
He stands still: something at the window pane.
It was that a young man had walked a lake beside
And he had turned then away and come inside;
Or was it also that the sunlight trembling there
Was the brightness that beats down on the calm deeps of care;
For there is a brightness of surface tension only;
Under the brightness that is of tension only
A creature is moving, bewildered and lonely,
Troubling the calms; and in the curtained room
The young man is still; yet for all he would believe
There's the whirring sound of that towering dark loom
That weaves the frayed flags of days into a deeper weave.

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Inside the curtained room it starts again,
The sound of scratching at the window pane.
What whirl of wind spins the mind's weather-vane
Between the curtains and the counterpane?
The young man is still: the green counterpane
Is crumpled where Nobody's head has lain;
And that strain is only some tree out there
Moving in its sleep as sometimes in sleep
The lashes rustle the windows of pain
And Nobody looks out and takes it in.
As cracked days seem pieces in a day of days,
As words rearranged into a peaceful phrase,
As a great dark peace cradles the day's alarm,
At length the young man's breath is even and calm.
He parts the curtains: light steals through the dark air.
The young man starts, his breath caught unaware.
A girl is secretly sleeping there,
Her white nape blessed by her fine black hair.
In her dark dreams she wore white hair,
A bony crone blown here and there
By the unreasonable seasons;
As light enters she turns within her sleep
And the dark desolation of her dream
Is flooded with light; and so this story
Is flooded with a quiet glory,
For from the way the light was there,
Suddenly streaming through the air,
Making highlights in her sleek black hair,
She received an impression that prevailed,
That the unseasonable reasons of careless care
Are lit up sometimes here and there
By the way the light is in the air,
And its old indifferent glory there.
To watch over someone who oversleeps
Is almost to love: and this does not mean
Some instinct of migration into sleep,
For all that's meant is that when he may look
On one who oversleeps, then he reflects
The relentless compassion of the sky,
And rests in certain glad quietude
Under the sky: to watch over someone
Who oversleeps is almost to love.
In her dark dreams she wore white hair,
She paced the corridors of care;
A young man parted the curtains by chance
And in a clearing she is asked to dance.
He leaves the room and as he retraces
Preoccupied steps across the green lawn
His face lights up as to the manner born.
There is another journey for the journeyman,
But not as the gaping homecoming of the revenant.
Here and now there's night and day; hereafter
The wide-eyed visitant runs windswept into laughter.
There is another journey for the journeyman
But not as some night-time a-travelling into day,
For the journeyman's eyes are grey from staring at the sea,
But not as those tenants of the grey House of Where;
Their landlord is Nobody they know; wherefore they wait, wherefore they stare.
There is another journey for the journeyman
But not as some night-time a-travelling into day,

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For the eyes of the journeyman are gay;
There is another journey for the journeyman
But here and now no other roam for him to roam.
He shall build here no makeshift home from home
But find his home between the night and day;
And knowing this the Beast is at bay.
Against the stones and rocks and bones the mind breaks in spume and spray.
When you know this is the Beast at bay?
There darts the starling; there lurches the baboon;
Tightening and loosening the great cocoon.
The tendrils and the leaves surround the pod,
And keep their secret from the wild eye of God
And the mockery of the stars.
Somewhere in anywhere a light goes out
But someone cannot sleep. Nobody cares.
I met Nobody once. I forget where.
Nobody's eyes were swept with careless care.
And I remember where I heard his name,
On the wet lips of a sleeping girl-child
Feeling of womanhood the secret hood,
She spoke this as in terror yet she smiled,
"Nobody loves me with a love so wild."
The winds keep her vow. In the upper air
All the sounds travel past the last reef of care,
The bird-witted laughter of nobody's daughter,
The consonants of a dead girl born on the air,
The complaint of an animal born over the water,
The meanings brought home to the great sense of air,
Webs where feet were, and feathers for hair.
What of that old man moving with a lamp
Through the night beyond the rhododendrons
Where the spiders unwind their strange beliefs
And the ground breeds incidents and grass?
He is an old man, lately was asleep
And joints grown stiff in the service of hope
Loosened, eased by warm waters of a dream
Where light enlightened him and let him float;
But he woke in his chamber in the dark
And outlines of the old house were severe.
His puzzled eyes regarded the dark room.
Why darkness there? Who trespassed? Him or it?
He closed his eyes, heard the sound of water
As if beyond a cullice choked with leaves,
A cullice in the skull and out of bounds.
What of the old man floating through the light?
And what was the strange familiar room?
How had the brightness turned into the night?
And whose inhuman habitat was this?
He lit the lantern; made his great resolve,
Went out to the great garden through the dark.
He passed the Summerhouse, the sleeping lake.
At last he stood before the stone sundial,
And anxiously inquired whether the day
Had stalked abroad in the robes of the night:
And I would not say there was madness there,
But there was sadness, and more than sadness
Of a sort: if you had seen his face
Cast into relief by that light,
Never sound would you sleep
Nor find relief in the night.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from New York

Turning Points

By Anthony Hartley

AT THE BEGINNING of November the American people will go to the polls to choose between two Presidential candidates for whom few of them appear at present to feel much enthusiasm. Their voting will come after a year of shocks that included the murders of Martin Luther King and another Kennedy, the political surprise of the New Hampshire primaries and the consequent McCarthy campaign, and finally the scenes of violence on Michigan Avenue during the Democratic convention. Now, the electorate has nothing more interesting to choose between than the unexciting claims of Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey—except for those millions who intend to maintain the drama of the year by voting for George Wallace.

In these circumstances anti-climax is probably inevitable (though it is permissible and possibly even wise to wonder nervously whether 1968 has not still a shot or two left in its locker to disconcert political commentators). The disadvantages of Mr. Nixon hardly need emphasising. They are probably best summed up in a remark made about Governor Thomas E. Dewey during his second attempt to become President: "You can't make an omelette rise twice. . . ." As for Vice-President Humphrey, his tragic clown face as he goes joylessly through the routine of selling his "politics of joy" is hardly calculated to inspire the Democratic faithful in what most of them seem to regard as a Republican year. The politics of joy, in fact, seems to be a sort of political Coué-ism, but it is doubtful whether its effect will be to assure the voter that every day in every way things and getting better and better, even though, in terms of diminishing poverty and rising standards of living, it would seem to have the statistics on its side.

Mr. Humphrey's joyful message is the lineal descendent of the square deals and new deals and great societies of the past, but, unfortunately for the messenger, there are other and more divisive issues this year than that of continued economic expansion, which, in any case, does not appear to be seriously threatened. These issues are Viet Nam and Law-&-Order—Mr. Nixon's great theme, behind which lurks the racial problem, however prudishly he may strive to cover it up—and neither of them permits that confrontation of the man in the street with sinister (Republican) business interests which would give Mr. Humphrey's programme its relevance and chance.

For the moment, indeed, the negotiations going on in Paris seem to have taken some of the electoral dynamite out of the Viet Nam war. But this surface calm is certainly delusive. For one thing it does not appear very likely that the Paris talks, as at present conducted, will end in agreement. For another, Americans are still being killed along the Demilitarised Zone, in the Central Highlands and the Mekong Delta. The war has been temporarily quieted, and both candidates have combined to play it down as a campaign issue. But its profound effects on American life remain—those effects which gave the impetus to Senator McCarthy's campaign and forced President Johnson's decision not to run again this year. The relative absence of controversy between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Humphrey betrays an uneasy desire not to play with fire rather than any feeling that the fire itself is extinct.

THE VIET NAM WAR may come to be regarded by historians as the moment at which the gulf between the thinking of the élite who, over the last twenty years, have made American foreign policy and their fellow-citizens became too great to be bridged. The intervention in Viet Nam, for which at least three administrations (and not least that of John F. Kennedy) bear responsibility, was dictated by a calculation in power-politics difficult at any time to convey to the man in the street—and practically impossible to express in the moral categories which have traditionally been the public language of American diplomacy. And since it began, the gap has only been increased by a lack of military success which, for a people accustomed to good causes receiving their due reward of victory, was bound to cast doubt upon the moral imperative of the whole enterprise. The result was revulsion and the condemnation of the foreign-policy makers by another section of American intellectual opinion—what might be called the intellectual clergy of the United States, drawn from university, church, and study—who felt passionately the need to bring the international practice of their country back to more tradi-

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tional and, it seemed, more prudent simplicities. Their cry has been that of an earlier intellectual, William Vaughan Moody, faced with the aftermath of the Spanish-American war:

Lies! Lies! It cannot be! The wars we wage
Are noble, and our battles still are won
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
And scramble in the market-place of war....

In that cry have been mingled the nostalgia for lost innocence, an abiding horror of anything resembling imperialism, a disappointed desire to spread American ideals, and a consciousness that something has gone wrong in a world where wars can neither be won nor honourably lost.

It was this mixture of feelings that was expressed by supporters of Senator McCarthy and which endowed his campaign with its attractive appeal to an earlier style of American politics, aristocratic in its detachment, honourable in its intentions. It is a mixture which could easily turn into a form of isolationism (and was seen to do so in the Senator's own disastrous remarks on the invasion of Czechoslovakia), but which will durably influence American foreign policy in the sense of a reluctance to undertake further commitments. The experience of Viet Nam has undoubtedly changed the interpretation put upon "Manifest Destiny" in the late twentieth century. It does not seem very likely that American marines will be seen in the near future either in the halls of Montezuma or on the shores of Tripoli. But the weakness of this rejection of power politics, which has recently found such powerful advocacy in America, is that it offers no very sure guide as to how the United States should actually conduct itself in a world where to be let alone is one of the commonest and most difficult of national aspirations. Senator McCarthy's detachment could border on passivity, and it was perhaps the perception of this which prevented the remnants of the Kennedy men—activists as they were—from rallying to his camp after Robert Kennedy's death.

THE MCCARTHY CAMPAIGN, moreover, bore the marks of its origin. Stemming from the intellectual dissent of an élite, it occupied little of the ground usually deemed essential by American political strategists. It had no position among organised Labour, the poor, or minority groups. It existed independently of party machine and pressure groups alike. In fact, although the mood for which Senator McCarthy made himself a

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spokesman could strike the common chord of a profound national desire to be done with Viet Nam one way or another, it is not sure that it accurately reflects the feelings of the mass of Americans even when they want the war to be ended. A majority of Americans certainly wants this, but a majority also supports President Johnson's policy of continued bombing behind the Demilitarised Zone. To withdraw tomorrow might well meet with immediate popular approval—and be heartily condemned six months later. In other words, the mass of Americans are confused over Viet Nam, unhappy with the war, but not devoid of the normal nationalistic reaction to it. It is this that makes its political effects so unpredictable. For the time being all that can be said with assurance is that any future President will be liable to find himself under heavy attack either for continuing, or ceasing to fight, in Viet Nam. Meanwhile, candidates can only throw out hints that peace may yet be possible on acceptable terms or, like Mr. Humphrey, sigh for the wings of a dove—an aspiration that has perhaps become less politically necessary since the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia.

THE LAW-&-ORDER theme is of more immediate political impact and far more obvious effect. Whatever Mr. Nixon may mean by these words, which have become his principal talking-point, it is quite clear that for many of those who listen to him they signify putting the Negroes firmly in their place. When Mr. Wallace pronounces them, there is no doubt at all about what *he* means. And this racial overtone to the issue must be taken in conjunction with the discovery in a recent poll that over 80 per cent of Americans believe that law and order no longer prevails in their country. Many of them, too, would welcome strong measures to restore it. After the demonstrations at Chicago 56 per cent of those polled approved of the way Mayor Daley's police dealt with the situation.

Here there is no split in the governing American élite. The South apart, most people in positions of authority in the United States recognise that the process of ensuring a political and economic fair deal for the Negro must be pushed forward rapidly, that bad education, slum housing, ghetto unemployment must be tackled. On this, liberal Republicans and Democrats are united with those less numerous experts who have actually studied the problem. However, between this body of informed liberal opinion and the grass-roots of American politics there is now appearing an ominously widening gap. Mr. Wallace, who has proved himself a powerful demagogue and is at present given 21 per cent of the vote in the Louis Harris Poll (the June figure was 13 per cent), is making inroads into the industrial states of the north-East and mid-West. In New Jersey, Michigan, Wisconsin and Ohio his appeal to the factory workers who would normally vote Democrat seriously threatens the position of the Humphrey forces.

The reasons for this are, of course, simple and unpleasant. As a "high official of the United Auto Workers" (UAW) put it recently, "the men in the plants want to zap the Negroes by voting for Wallace.... And I don't see how anyone can stop them." (*New York Times*, 13 September). White backlash, in other words, has made its expected appearance on the American political scene, and no amount of reasonable consensus among the educated élite has served to lay to rest the suspicions and animosities on which it feeds. Dislike of racial integration, reaction against "favouritism" of Negroes by the authorities, rivalry for jobs, fear of outbreaks of violence within the ghettoes—these are powerful emotions among those who, living on the borders of the decaying cities, find themselves faced in their daily lives with the consequences of social disintegration without having the ability to analyse its deeper causes. Here too, as in the case of the war in Viet Nam, there is a credibility gap between the governing élite and a large section of the population, between "Them" and "Us." The most obvious gainer from this situation is Mr. Wallace, but Mr. Nixon, by putting the emphasis on "law and order" rather than on the need to abolish the social causes of violence, has also profited. To the Negro community, "law and order" looks like a repressive policy aimed at them. To the middle-class America of the suburbs, however, it appears reassuring and, incidentally, a far cheaper way of dealing with the problem than a whole-sale reconstruction of the urban environment. In Connecticut or New York State many comfortable middle-class voters will be able to vote for Mr. Nixon with a clear conscience, but their profound reasons for doing so will not necessarily be very different from those of the Polish steel-worker in Indiana who supports a candidate whom they would consider beyond the pale. It is also true that the fragmentation of the Negro leadership and its tendency to overestimate its own strength have played into the hands of the apostles of "law and order." Every manifestation of the Black Panthers is a gift for them.

IN ALL THIS there is little of the "new politics." The main issues in this campaign are burdens from the past. The lines which divide élite

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from masses, region from region, white from black, young from old were drawn long ago. Under the pressure of each new crisis in American society the cracks in national unity, which every leader of so huge a nation must do his best to cement, spring into new prominence. In the rifts which at present bedevil the Democratic party it is possible to see the continuation of the tensions which, between the Wars, opposed the Southerners to the politicians of the Northern cities. Now the Southern forces are no longer so important, and the clash is between new liberal reformers (many of whom were assembled under the McCarthy banner) and the old practitioners of the party machine. The Republicans this time have managed to paper over the gap between North-Eastern liberals and Western conservatives, between Mayor Lindsay and Dr. Max Rafferty, but the careful reserve of Mr. Nixon's utterances on practically every significant subject shows how fragile the construction is.

YET "NEW POLITICS" of some sort is what America needs, and, in the present conjuncture, it is not very easy to see from what direction fresh inspiration is to come. There are of course, the New Left and the Radical Student movements—for the moment stranded without a candidate for whom to cast their votes. But while many of the criticisms of American life heard from this quarter are just and, in so far as they deal with cultural matters, cogent, the movement's emphasis has been placed on an anarchic inner liberty which provides no guidance for anyone trying to run a modern state. The bitter divorce of these intellectuals and university students from American society should be a matter of concern, but it is this very separation which is likely to prevent them having much immediate influence on the political future of their country. They now seem bent on a *politique du pire* which, apart from its effect in damaging Mr. Humphrey, can only make of the "new politics" an "anti-politics" of a familiar kind, confined to small cliques and splinter groups, endlessly riven by doctrinal dispute, seeking expression in the sporadic violence of demonstration, but only achieving still greater isolation.

It has been said that every new American President has, in some sort, to re-make the Republic. He must be at once an architect and a reconciler, merging differences, melting down the cold slag of regional politics to shape from it some new creation of the national genius for change. The President who will take office in January will find his raw material very scattered

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this time and the fires of national optimism very low. For the moment Americans have been left with a sense of failure which has cast doubt on traditional methods and called in question the adequacy of the political system of the United States. Can Mr. Nixon or Mr. Humphrey restore their self-confidence? To think so requires confidence in the virtue of an office that has made men more often than it has destroyed their reputations. Certainly, the social scrofula is there, awaiting the touch of the republican ruler's fingers. Looking out above the roof-tops of New York, over what has become an immense urban disaster area, the city seems at times a microcosm of the country—full of violence, suspicion and fear, but expectant above all, energetic and able to save itself from its demons if given a lead.

Lord Hill's Libel

> *"Though some make slight of* Libels, *yet you may see by them how the Wind sits: As take a Straw and throw it up into the Air, you shall see by that which way the Wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a Stone. More solid Things do not shew the Complexion of the times so well, as Ballads and Libels."* JOHN SELDEN, "Table Talk" (1689)

A LIBEL (or pamphlet, in 20th-century diction) has lately been put abroad by the B.B.C. under the title "Broadcasting and the Public Mood." I say "put abroad" because I cannot quite say "published." It is printed, but carries no price, and the senior servant of the B.B.C. who officially supplied me with my copy did so with a certain formal reluctance: the document, he said, was not confidential but was being given "a limited circulation." Its author, or onlie begetter, is popularly believed to be Lord Hill, though the subtitle "A Note by the Governors" hints discreetly at collective responsibility. Its readers from Shepherd's Bush to Fleet Street are gloomily confident that the document does indeed "shew the Complexion of the times" in the Corporation, and that the times are evil. According to this interpretation, one middlebrow politician (Mr. Wilson) appointed another middlebrow politician (Lord Hill) to take the sting out of the B.B.C. in time for the next election. Lord Hill, after tasting a new kind of power in his redistribution of commercial television contracts, could not be expected to tolerate as Chairman of the B.B.C. the freebooting independence asserted by the existing Director-General, Sir Hugh Carleton Greene. Sir Hugh was accordingly kicked upstairs to a seat on the board of Governors. Mr. Charles Curran, an able administrator and reliable suburban church-goer, was appointed in his stead, but without the same editorial scope and powers. Further, less-public purges may be expected. The excuse, it is assumed, will be that the public is in revolt against the "permissive" temper of the past five years, and that the B.B.C., if it is to keep its revenues, privileges, and duties unimpaired, must watch how the wind sits.

This account may sound melodramatic, and Sir Hugh has explicitly repudiated it. But melodrama is the food of an institution like the B.B.C., which is so large that not just individuals but whole cliques and schools of thought—*dicasterie,* in Vatican terminology—contend in its labyrinthine corridors for the ear and favour of its chief executive. Of course, the Counter-Reformation has not yet taken place. Nothing may ever take place that is susceptible of external analysis. The giant squid in Langham Place will merely emit a cloud of ink, shimmy sideways, and extend or withdraw one of its tentacles. None of us will be any the wiser until, years hence, we wonder at the shortage of *causes célèbres,* like the transmission of *TW3* and *Up the Junction,* or the suppression of *The War Game,* and are forced to conclude that enterprises of this kind have been quietly strangled in their infancy.

So because profound changes in the B.B.C. are barely definable matters of style, tone, and personality, the critic is thrown back on the documents through which the relevant personalities seek to justify their own actions. A comparison between "Broadcasting and the Public Mood" and Sir Hugh Greene's article in the *Listener* series on "the B.B.C.'s duty to society" (17 June 1965) is particularly rewarding. In each of the paired extracts which follow, the B.B.C. Governors are cited first, Sir Hugh Greene second.

> B.B.C.: "Should we ourselves actively promote an acceptance of certain moral standards? The answer must be that, even if we so wished, we are not equipped to define such standards for others. On the other hand, it is no part of our responsibility to appear to deride, or despise, or destroy, merely because they are traditional or conventional, the moral standards to which sections of the public are attached. There are people

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who are deeply hurt by the intrusion into their homes of what they believe to be the B.B.C.'s amoral or anti-moral attitude. We should take care not to offend such people needlessly. If we do not pursue a traditional line, we should not cultivate or appear to cultivate a 'permissive' one. We cannot be neutral on moral values. We know that hatred, cruelty, intolerance, and indifference to human misery are bad, and that love, kindness, tolerance, and truthfulness are good."

GREENE: "The presentation of varying views does not mean that the B.B.C. merely seeks to foster an equivocal attitude towards all that it broadcasts; to attach a ubiquitous, unanswered question-mark to everything it touches, in religion, culture, politics, or education. But it does mean, in my opinion, that the B.B.C. should encourage the examination of views and opinions in an atmosphere of healthy scepticism.... It follows that in its search for truth—indeed, in whatever it undertakes—a broadcasting organisation must recognise an obligation towards tolerance and towards the maximum liberty of expression."

B.B.C.: "The problem is particularly acute in sexual matters. No aspect of human behaviour is surrounded by more sensitivities. Whenever we deal with it we must somehow reconcile the dramatist's need to express himself with the nature and susceptibilities of our audience, a large proportion of whom are deeply offended by overt references to or portrayals of sexual behaviour. Total licence is impossible and few would wish it otherwise. The question is at which point the line should be drawn. Among the many factors we must consider are the necessity and validity of the action or reference within the context of the play."

GREENE: "The attempts at censorship come nowadays also from groups—Hoggart calls them the 'new populists'—which do not claim to be 'guardians' but claim to speak for 'ordinary decent people' and claim to be 'forced to take a stand against' *unnecessary* dirt, *gratuitous* sex, *excessive* violence—and so on. These 'new populists' will attack whatever does not underwrite a set of prior assumptions, assumptions which are anti-intellectual and unimaginative."

B.B.C.: "The very fact that the B.B.C. will inevitably cause some offence at some time in doing its job properly makes the giving of gratuitous offence through needless errors peculiarly regrettable. In the past, quite minor, thoughtless slips have caused irritation and damage to the B.B.C.'s reputation. Moreover, they have disproportionately offset the good effect of programmes of distinction.... A fully responsible producer or editor is one who, by reason or instinct, recognises and eschews anything that involves a risk of damage disproportionate to the importance of the objective."

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> GREENE: "Why should we be more wise than outside censors? I don't suppose we always are more wise. But—here we come to another of my personal convictions and one which I think one can support from the experience of history—it is better to err on the side of freedom than of restriction."

A relevant gloss to this comparison is provided by a *Sunday Times* opinion poll, taken before the rape of Czechoslovakia, which indicated that the British public had taken "a great leap to the Right" on a number of socio-political issues: for example, State direction of industry, access to unemployment benefit, the prospect of civil war in Rhodesia. Where does this estimate of the public mood leave the Governors' insistence that "it is no part of our responsibility to appear to deride, despise, or destroy, merely because they are traditional or conventional, the moral standards to which sections of the public are attached"? (Audible offstage purr from Mrs. Mary Whitehouse.) Substantial "sections of the public," indeed on this showing a majority, believe with moral fervour that criminals and the unemployed are treated too leniently, and that Rhodesian whites are more deserving of support than Rhodesian blacks. If the Governors know—as they say in the next sentence—that "intolerance and indifference to human misery are bad," they may on issues like these be opposed to the British public, and should expect to have to fight for their beliefs, just as they have to fight the Treasury for transmitters when they want to export in foreign languages the truth as the B.B.C. sees it.

FIGHTING SPIRIT, however, is not a quality for which "Broadcasting and the Public Mood" is notable. In style and method of argument, it might have been composed over a few glasses of madeira by a firm of family solicitors in, say, Evesham, with the senior partner supplying the on-the-one-hands and the (slightly more liberal) junior partner the on-the-other-hands. At no point does it fit the authors' own description of themselves: "... a Board of Governors with insight into the nature and implications of the creative processes of broadcasting, its feet firmly planted in 'the outside world' and its heart in the B.B.C." (It almost makes one pine for Lord Reith, with his feet firmly planted in the B.B.C. and his head somewhere in the empyrean.) Take, for instance, these sentences:

> It is difficult to assess at any time exactly what is and is not good taste. Nevertheless, the B.B.C. has a definite obligation to the public not wilfully or unnecessarily to depart from a standard of good taste.

Is it rude to enquire what standard? Or rather, who sets it? Dr. Gallup? The Archbishop of Canterbury? The editor of *Woman's Own*? Or the little blackcoated worker on the fourth floor of Broadcasting House? It is really very difficult to know what is intended.

But perhaps the ambiguity is purposive. Uncertainty makes men anxious. In the sub-culture of the B.B.C., the anxious man is known by the frequency with which he "refers"—refers up the hierarchy, that is, for a more authoritative decision. Mr. Huw Wheldon puts it crisply in his note on "Control of Subject Matter in B.B.C. Programmes" (presented last year to the Joint Parliamentary Committee on Censorship of the Theatre, and subsequently published by the B.B.C.):

> Reference is obligatory in matters of serious dispute or matters of doubt, and the wrath of the Corporation in its varied human manifestations is particularly reserved for those who fail "to refer."

No self-censored organisation can do without reference up. A national newspaper, in this respect, is exactly like the B.B.C., because although a newspaper has the right to an editorial opinion and the B.B.C. has not, they are in practice publishing similar material. A feature is prepared on, say, North-country strip clubs: the producer/editor concerned knows that it will offend a few viewers/listeners/readers; a senior executive (or in particularly hysterical organisations, the chief executive) decides whether or not to damn the consequences.[1]

THE POINT IS that if executives who work for self-censoring organisations are given ambiguous guidance, which makes them neurotic about the limits of their responsibility, they tend to avoid ticklish situations, and if cornered, to take absurd or illiberal decisions. On a news-

[1] The detail of the actual decisions taken on occasions like these is apt to sound comic afterwards. A predecessor of mine on the Features desk of *The Guardian* was once ordered to remove, with the help of the process engravers, the testicles of a ballet dancer from an action picture on the arts page, an operation which can only have confirmed public convictions—deeply held in Chorlton-cum-Hardy—about the preponderance of hermaphrodites at Covent Garden.

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paper, this malfunction is often self-correcting in the long run. The sensibilities of those readers who *prefer* illiberal decisions can be weighed for the circulation and purchasing power which they represent. It is possible that a majority of the *Times* readers who enjoyed the moral tone of Sir William Haley's leaders disliked the changes recently made in Printing House Square. They are articulate people, prone to correspondence, but they could safely be disregarded once the *Times* had set its sights on an untapped reservoir of potential new readers. The *Guardian*'s opposition to the Suez adventure, though an act of editorial courage and commercial foolhardiness at the time, subsequently seemed inevitable if the paper was to succeed in shifting the basis of its support from north-western businessmen to the scattered progressive salariat. Everyone knows that the market mechanism as it affects newspapers has its ugly side, and also that a genuinely popular movement to the Right, if sustained over a long period, could not be withstood by most editors even if they wanted to. But the mechanism at least ensures that the young and comparatively inarticulate, who do not write letters to the editor but pay their sixpences like anyone else, cannot be disregarded.

On the B.B.C., enjoying the near-total independence derived from its Charter, these market forces do not operate, though self-respect in the face of competition has made its executives more concerned with audience-ratings than they once needed to be, and the need to approach the Government of the day for permission to raise licence fees has proved to be the Achilles heel which is vulnerable to Mr. Wilson's sneaky arrow. However, the B.B.C.'s insulation from the market used to give its chief executive protection from the accidents which happen to Fleet Street editors, and in the hands of professional journalists, the director-generalship offered a power and scope for restricting or expanding public freedom such as no newspaper has enjoyed since Northcliffe's *Daily Mail*. Now, this office—and the clear line of editorial authority which ran from it—appears to have been diminished. In Sir Hugh's time, most bucks stopped with the Director-General. Now, no one in the Corporation can be quite sure which master he is sworn to serve, Lord Hill's notion of the public will, Mr. Curran's, or his own. John Selden, from his 17th-century stance, would have enjoyed watching the conflict of loyalties.

Christopher Driver

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The Struggle Between Founders & Sons

Letter from Israel — By AMNON RUBINSTEIN

THE GENERATION GAP, that malaise which afflicts modern societies, is seemingly a luxury which, like migraine, only the well-to-do can afford. Or is it? Israel, a country which is neither prosperous nor without some external difficulties, has nevertheless managed to have its own particularly bitter share of the general malaise. The 6-Day War has highlighted this gap, which had plagued the country before, but which is not generally known outside Israel.

In his book, *The Road to War, 1967*, Professor Walter Laqueur discusses the internal crisis in Israel which preceded 5 June:

> In many ways this was a clash not only between two concepts but between two generations: the six-day war was the swan song of the old generation of Zionist leaders: the names of Ben Gurion and Nahum Goldman were only seldom mentioned, those of Eshkol and Golda Meir often with bitterness. The people obviously wanted a leader who did not belong to the second or third *Aliyah* [i.e., to the two waves of early 20th-century immigration which came to Palestine from Eastern Europe].

Whether it was really a "swan song" remains to be seen. Mr. Eshkol is still Prime Minister. But there can be no doubt that the pre-war May crisis has brought into sharp focus the growing gap and friction between young and old. While before the war, one could hear bitter complaints in the elderly *Knesset* about the "nihilistic, careerist, cynical youth," now one hears more often bitter recriminations against *hazkenim*—the "Old Ones," the old-timers, the old leadership which has grown out of the turbulent pre-State days. The word *hazkenim* is not uttered with the fondness or nostalgia—which, for instance, accompanied the Germans' referring to Adenauer as *"der Alte"*—but with undertones of exasperation, resentment, and even despair. Israel's leading humourist, Ephraim Kishon, expressed this feeling by saying that the young generation in Israeli politics has no chances: "Biology is against them—the old ones will outlive them." And Dosh, one of Israel's top cartoonists, often uses the word *hazkenim* as a derogatory term, the one label which signifies everything that is negative in Israeli public life.

Where does this outspoken animosity spring from? As everybody knows by now, during the pre-war crisis, the military high command clashed with the cabinet and with Mr. Eshkol over the question of what to do and when. While the government was hopelessly split between doves and hawks, Mr. Eshkol managing to be both dove or hawk (or neither), the Army wanted fast decisions and action. It was not merely a divergence of opinion. Here were two worlds. On the one hand were the generals, most of them born and bred in Israel, speaking in terms of facts and figures, familiar with the army and its men. Across the table sat elderly politicians, innocent of any military knowledge, unfamiliar with the quality of the army, staggered by the sudden responsibility which fell upon them. Of the 18 pre-war cabinet members, only two have served in the Israeli army (in the present cabinet: 3 out of 21). These two, Mr. Y. Allon, Minister of Labour, and Mr. Moshe Carmel, Minister of Transport, have advocated from the start immediate Israeli action against Egypt's aggression. The point has been made that in a country which is virtually one vast army of civilians, the elderly cabinet remains singularly unrepresentative. That point was dramatically illustrated in the anxious days of May 1967.

The conflict between the cabinet and the army ran so deep, and the exasperation with the government's dithering tactics was so profound, that many Israelis believed at the time that post-war Israel would undergo deep political changes. "There were two losers in the 6-Day War," ran a common quip, "Nasser and Eshkol. . . ." The fact that this did not happen, and that Mr. Eshkol has not only remained as Prime Minister but has also succeeded in uniting the three Labour parties under his leadership, is a measure of the resilience and political acumen of *hazkenim*. But it also explains the exasperation and the sense of futility which underline the word.

THE "GENERATIONAL GAP" in Israel has not produced the noisy repercussions associated with this term in Western society. The fight for survival consumes every iota of energy and the Israeli student, who not infrequently does two months' military service in one year, has little

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time for the sport of his American and European brethren. And yet, the quiet scene should not mislead the uninitiated. In some respects, the Israeli gap is wider and deeper than in any other Western country (with the possible exception of Western Germany). While in the West it divides the generation of the 1940s from that of the '60s, in Israel the gap separates the present generation from that of the beginning of this century.

The rift is immediately noticeable. First, there are the statistics: Israel is a young country and yet its leadership is one of the world's oldest. The average age of the *Knesset* (Parliament) members has been progressing steadily: in 1949 it was 43·5; in 1955—51; now it is 58 and still going strong. In the cabinet there is no member under 50 and the average age is over 60. The Prime Minister is 73; the President, 79; the Mayors of Tel-Aviv, Ramat-Gan and Haifa are all above 70. Indeed one can think of not a single person in the Israeli Establishment, including leaders of the opposition and heads of the Histadruth, who can be considered young. Mr. Moshe Dayan, sometimes considered the most representative figure of younger Israel, is 53 and a grandfather. There is no under-forty in any important post, and the under-thirties are expected, like good children, "to be seen, not heard."

This contrast between the country and its leadership must strike the foreign visitor. He sees around him young people; he hears them, perhaps too loudly, everywhere; he senses an atmosphere of youthful vitality, of noisy exuberance; he may be captivated, irritated or repelled by its boisterous crudeness. Yet official Israel is represented by elderly people whose way of life is totally different from that of most Israelis.

MOST OF THE PASTIMES favoured by Israelis are foreign to the elderly Establishment. Israelis are avid cinema-goers: every Israeli over 15 goes to the cinema on the average once in two weeks—one of the highest rates of attendance in the world. The country's most popular sport is football and every Saturday tens of thousands cheer, boo, swear and sometimes fight for their favourite teams. Summer sport is swimming: literally half of the population crowds the beaches on the sultry Saturdays of August. Young Israelis are great fans of pop music: the Beatles, for instance, are immensely popular; their songs are heard everywhere, hummed, danced to, and even translated into Hebrew.

In this atmosphere, the old-time politicians are singularly isolated. They are hardly seen at the Stadium, the cinema, or on the beach—unless there in some official capacity. In this isolated world in which the Establishment lives,

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popular music is scorned and modern dances are suspect. In a pre-war debate in the *Knesset* on "the State of the Youth" one elderly female member delivered an indignant homily against the corruption of Israeli youth by a dance known as the Letkiss. It is more than probable that the honourable lady never saw the corrupting dance and in her imagination saw a wild orgiastic frenzy. Mr. Mordecai Bentov, leftist Minister of Housing, has ridiculed, in the *Knesset,* "modern drama"—whatever that may mean—and members of the *Knesset* often clamour for more censorship, speaking against the "corrupting influence of the cinema." As to the Beatles, the Government in effect barred them from the country. An Inter-Ministerial Committee, which grants the foreign currency permits required in such cases, decided that the Beatles "lack a sufficient artistic and cultural standard." It added, with characteristic pomposity, that the four lads from Liverpool "will not be able to contribute to the moral and cultural life of youth in Israel." A few members expressed the opinion that "in their performances, the Beatles arouse sexual instincts." This decision was approved "with great satisfaction" by the Cultural and Educational Committee of the *Knesset.* This kind of decision is shrugged off, laughed at, or simply ignored by young Israelis. They have resigned themselves to the fact that their leaders are divorced from the world in which they themselves move.

The estrangement between young and old is immediately recognised in their respective manners of speech. While the young Israelis speak the simple vernacular of the *Sabra,* their elders usually talk in an acquired flowery Hebrew inevitably interspersed with Yiddish, Russian, and Polish phrases. Their well-intentioned sky-soaring expressions infuriate young impatient men. It is no exaggeration to say that many young people sometimes fail to understand their political elders. This is not merely a matter of different "languages," but of different temperaments and attitudes.

THE OLD GENERATION in general and its leadership in particular have traditionally been involved in the stormy party politics which have characterised Zionist history. The young generation has developed a strong reaction against politics and parties. Their political affiliations, if any, are tenuous. All parties complain of a flight from politics. Party Conventions usually resemble, in spirit and appearance, veterans' associations and Israel's political bodies resemble old-age homes: the young are noticeable by their absence. Very few new politicians join the ranks of the old parties. Indeed, party politics is generally despised. Government crises, political bargaining, mutual recrimination and bickering, unions, splits and reunions have stigmatised politics. This mood has alienated young people not only from parties but also from political activity. The campuses of Israeli universities are characterised by political indifference and apathy, all the more noticeable by students' unrest in other countries.

Behind this flight from politics lies also a growing rejection of ideology. No aspect of life in Israel demonstrates this better than the attitude to economic matters. Here the pragmatism of the young, encouraged by professionally trained young economists, runs contrary to the entrenched ideology of the old-timers. This ideology has traditionally been hostile to "cold-hearted" economics. Costs, profit, feasibility have been generally disregarded, the usual retort being "we have not built this country according to economic theory and we shall continue in the same way." The unsatisfactory results of this attitude have driven many Israelis to reassess traditional thinking. More and more voices are heard advocating a new, sound approach to economic matters. It is no coincidence that these voices belong to young people. They are not content with the "vision"; they want this vision translated into terms of balance of payments. For these people, the sight of a new factory, which delights the hearts of the old-timers who recall the wasteland that Israel was once, is just not enough. They want to know how much this new factory costs, whether its products will sell abroad and what its profits will be.

THE RIFT between the generations in Israel is more than the inevitable difference between fathers and sons. The fathers happen to be also the founders of the new State. In their personal story lies the history of Zionism and of Jewish settlement in Palestine. It is a tale of stubborn idealism accompanied by a militant sense of mission.

As I have already pointed out, the Establishment is still dominated by the people and ideas of two early waves of immigration from Eastern Europe. They came to Palestine after the abortive uprising of 1905 in Russia and after the revolution of 1917. Every one of the Prime Ministers, two of the three Presidents, and most of the Ministers which Israel has had until now, came with this group. Its effect on the political climate of the country is still deeply felt. These immigrants grew up in a period of vehement social revolution. They brought with them all the passion, the beliefs, the self-dedication of revolutionists. They came to a country which was virtually desolate. They had to fight

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disease, poverty, and an indifferent or hostile foreign rule; their success is a measure of the superhuman effort and self-sacrifice involved. Their asceticism, the notion that one exists for the community and the conviction of their own righteousness, clothed these early settlers in a religious aura. Indeed, in many ways, each of the parties, organisations and institutions of the Jewish community in Palestine had a religious quality and resembled religious orders. Each political party fiercely believed in its own exclusive truth and demanded total identification of members with its ideas. In the absence of self-rule, political parties and organisations in Palestine had to take on non-political functions. They established their own settlements, health services, economic corporations, newspapers, even schools. They had their own "missionaries" and set up their own funds and appeals in Palestine as well as in Jewish communities abroad. Their devotion excluded humour and their effort drained them of sophistication. Like all true revolutionaries, they lacked tolerance and soon found themselves at each other's throat. The history of the Jewish community in Palestine is full of internal discord, strife, and even violence. Again, one is reminded of religious struggles. The existence of a common enemy and the hostility of the British Government did not lessen these struggles. In much the same way as the Jews fought each other in the besieged Jerusalem of 70 A.D., the common enemy outside strengthened each faction's conviction of its own true path to redemption. Thus, while Jews were gradually exterminated in Europe, Jewish underground movements in Palestine fought each other and the official underground, the *Hagannah*, even went so far as to hand over its captured opponents to the British Police. This internal friction did not cease even when the small under-equipped Jewish community was forced to fight for its life against the invading Arab armies.

THUS, THE FOUNDERS' CHARACTER was forged in a turbulent, revolutionary period. Their power and weakness, their virtue and vice stemmed from the same traits: belief, devotion, and a basic irrationalism. Indeed, it was seemingly irrational to believe in the return to Zion, in the possibility of making farmers of East European Jews or in a successful revolt against British rule. In the economic sphere, too, rationalism had to be disregarded. New settlements, new crafts, new industries had to be established regardless of cost. The main thing was to act, to build, to create *faits accomplis* as quickly as possible. The question of cost and profits was naturally of secondary importance.

In 1948, suddenly, everything changed: Israel

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became an independent State, the hostile British régime disappeared, the Arab armies were defeated. The newly acquired independence required a radical transformation in the institutions and attitudes which governed the pre-State community. Gone was the need for militants, self-supporting parties and organisations; gone were also the causes which were responsible for the establishment of many of the old political parties. Instead of the pre-State irrationalism, independence required a new economic approach and a careful use of the country's resources. It was no longer a question of "action at any price," of "establishing facts." Economic considerations had to be faced. A new mood, too, had to be taken into account; despite the continuing Arab threat, a degree of normalisation has been achieved. After years of austerity, a feeling of relaxation, accompanied by an emerging materialism, was inevitable. Rationalism had to replace to some extent the old rigid dogmas born in the years of fervour; in fact, the new situation required new people, new attitudes, new institutions.

Naturally, such a transformation cannot happen overnight. It must be a gradual evolutionary process, and in some spheres, transformation has succeeded: the Army has replaced—not without dissent—the underground movements; separate leftist schools have been abolished; party-dominated labour exchanges have been nationalised. But these are exceptions to the rule. Basically, the old system has remained intact with its old ideologies, old animosities, old institutions. The semi-religious orders have shown a remarkable durability in the face of new circumstances. And for the time being, have even survived, albeit somewhat weakened, the 6-Day War.

Occasionally, the dangers of such a breach between past and present are recognised by some of the founders. As Isaac Ben Aharon, 61, one of the leaders of the Ahdut section of the Labour party, ex-Minister of Transport, member of the founding Constituent Assembly and of five consecutive *Knessets*, has said:

> The fact that we have grown without a State, under foreign rule, half-starved, persecuted, with a tremendous Messianic belief in the white and blue (Zionist) flag as well as in the red (Socialist) flag, made us what we are. It is ludicrous to use value-judgments like "We were better, more progressive." When I catch myself saying that, I know I have reached old age.

This sincere confession leads Ben Aharon to reflect on the need for change:

> We have really become old. Our social and political élite is very old. It lacks the necessary flexibility and psychological latitude. . . . Even if young people have nothing new to say, their very energy and willingness to take risks, is important. . . . Mr. Ben Gurion, as well as the Prime Minister, Mr. Eshkol, are not the future of this country, but the past of its leadership. . . . The necessary change awaits the young generation. . . . Young people must enter the public arena. It is necessary to bring young men into the service of the people, into the political sphere.

In order to encourage this process he has recently suggested that no person over seventy should occupy executive posts, a suggestion which naturally infuriated the over-seventies.

But why should Ben Aharon speak of "bringing" young people into politics? Why should they not come of their own accord? Why have the sons failed to gradually take over their elders' posts? Why should there be a need for a statutory provision for compulsory retirement of politicians? These questions baffle foreigners as well as many Israelis. The survival of the old religious orders astounds students of political theory. After all, the old generation is now a small minority in a population composed largely of new immigrants and Israel-born (the latter constitute over 40 per cent of the population, but only 23 per cent of *Knesset* members).

The survival of the founders is not so surprising as it may sound. The very difference in temperament between the two generations works against the sons, for the political determination of the founders gives them a natural advantage over young Israelis who are less committed. Political experience proves the advantage a determined minority has over an inactive majority. Moreover, one must take into account the peculiar electoral system in Israel. This system in effect perpetuates the rule of the Establishment and so prevents any new blood from being injected into the political body. The electoral system is completely proportional, the entire country being a single constituency. No voter votes for, or has recourse to, a particular member of Parliament. The voter is faced only with various party lists which vie for his vote. The lists are made up by inner-party committees; the voter has no say in the composition of the lists, he can either take it or leave it. If a *Knesset* member dies or resigns, there are no by-elections; his place is taken by the next candidate on the list. In other words, the composition of the *Knesset* is really in the hands of party nomination committees. The members of these committees are themselves part and parcel of the old leadership, and are united by common memories and experiences of the old days. They form a fraternity which regards the existing leadership as the only true repository of political wisdom. To introduce any major change into the parties' lists would be a brutal

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rejection of lifelong friends, in favour of "unknown" youngsters (and, in Israeli politics, anyone under 50 is a mere babe). A change would mean virtually that the party leadership would have to dissect its own body. Indeed, the average Israeli politician, having no side interests, clings to his job with the tenacity with which one clings to life. The Mayor of Tel-Aviv, Mr. M. Namir, aged 71, has been partially incapacitated by a stroke, and works only half days. It has been suggested that he should give up at least his *Knesset* membership or, alternatively, resign from the all-powerful Defence and Foreign Affairs Committee. The notion was brushed aside as offensive and as "hurting Mr. Namir's feelings," and he still occupies, at least nominally, the three important posts.

Consequently, when, as rarely happens, a veteran member is rejected, this is considered an "impeachment," nothing short of betrayal. Needless to say, the result is political self-perpetuation. Once elected to the *Knesset* or to any public post, a person regards his seat as a right of tenure; usually, he will depart from it only if he chooses or when he dies. Retirement is rare. Of the 120 members of the founding Constituent Assembly, who were elected on 25 January 1949, 30 members are still members of the present *Knesset*. They have lasted through eighteen years and six general elections. Twenty-six members of the original Assembly have died, in most cases while still in office. Of the remainder, about 20 occupy major posts, including those of President, Mayors, senior civil servants, party and Histadruth leaders. The numbers alone testify to the amazing durability of a conservative system in a dynamic society. It also explains the disillusionment of young men with politics.

THE RIFT BETWEEN founders and sons divides generations which grew up in totally different circumstances. Each is right within its own terms. The founders cannot understand the new point of view of the young Israeli. The sons tend to disregard the feat of their elders in making Israel a true and stable democracy in the face of external danger and internal difficulties.

It is, perhaps, a measure of human fallibility that the founders, who fought for and achieved the seemingly impossible, demonstrate an insensitivity to changing circumstances. For them Israel is still a miracle. For their sons, it is a fact, a reality into which they were born, and for which they have to fight and even die. But, to them, Israel is above all a place in which they live. Not a bad place at that, but one which could be improved.

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1914: the Beast in the Jungle

Dr. Fritz Fischer's Thesis — By GOLO MANN

FRITZ FISCHER'S thesis is all of a piece. In a huge tome he supports it with a vast mass of evidence gathered from the archives at Bonn and Coblenz, Potsdam and Merseburg, Vienna, Stuttgart and Munich. Indeed, his book is little more than the analysis of documents, which (so our historian claims) add up to a frightening series of interconnections which have never before been clearly seen, never admitted, but which can no longer be concealed. *Der Griff nach der Weltmacht*—now translated into English under the deadpan title of *Germany's Aims in the First World War*[1]—caused a considerable sensation.

Here we have a policy which, long before 1914, aimed at making Germany a "world power," if not in Eastern Europe—only the most undisciplined among the Pan-Germans thought of that in those years—then in Africa, in the Middle East, on all the seas. Here we have a policy which, long before 1914, pursued aims the achievement of which ultimately demanded force. During the crisis of July 1914 the advocates of this policy behaved with what—if we suppose that they wished to preserve the peace—would be such indescribable clumsiness that it seems a great deal more likely that they were not so much clumsy as anxious to provoke a war and that they achieved exactly what they wanted and were bound to want. This suspicion is confirmed by the ghoulish quarrels that broke out later between Austrians and Germans, in which the former stressed that it was not they alone who started the war. No sooner had the war broken out than this same policy, through the pen of the man responsible for putting it into effect, was embodied in a programme of war aims which was maintained for exactly four years, was modified and for the most part expanded in the light of the changing fortunes of war, but never abandoned: annexation of parts of France and Belgium; Belgium's political vassalage; France's economic vassalage; a united central European, almost pan-European economic area dominated by Germany and administered in the interests of German industry; a broad colonial empire running right across Africa. That Eastern Europe was not treated here with the same breadth of vision is explained by our historian on the grounds that at this time peace seemed near in the West, but not in the East. The plans for the East, by comparison with which those for the West came to look modest, were worked out soon enough. They were not the programme of the "Pan-Germans," of the later Hindenburg-Ludendorff army command, the "Fatherland Party." They were the programme of the "*Reich* leadership," the Government itself. Such differences as existed between what they wanted, what the industrial confederations, the bellicose publicists, professors and pastors wanted, and what the extreme Right wanted, were at most subtle distinctions which weighed little by comparison with their basic agreement. Subtle distinctions, too, were all that differentiated the imperial aims of the *Reich* from the slightly more modern, slightly more sober ideas of the worldly economists like Rathenau, Robert Bosch, or Ballin. They all wanted "Central Europe"; they all wanted "safeguards" to the West and East; they all wanted the great colonial empire, the imperial

PROFESSOR GOLO MANN, *who is a son of the novelist Thomas Mann, taught for many years in California. He now lives in Zürich and his great history of Germany in the 19th century (an English translation of which was recently published by Chatto & Windus) is perhaps the most widely-read contemporary work on the subject. He is also the author of a study of Friedrich von Gentz, entitled "Secretary of Europe" (1947) and is at present completing a book on Wallenstein.*

[1] *Germany's Aims in the First World War.* By FRITZ FISCHER. Chatto & Windus, £5 5s.

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state, which was to be the only imperial state between Russia and Anglo-America. For four years the *Reichstag* majority was a war-aims majority running from the Conservatives to the Centre. The majority for the "Peace Resolution" of summer 1917 was an episode devoid of consequences. Imperialism had its supporters even among the Social Democrats. The vast majority of the nation was behind it. In 1916 and 1917 the chance of a peace that would have meant renouncing "safeguards," at least in the West, was sacrificed to it. For its sake Wilson's peace moves were torpedoed. The incitement of a broadly-based revolutionary movement in Islam and in Russia was carried out for its sake. As Kaiser Wilhelm wrote in January 1918:

> The Germans' victory over Russia was a precondition for the Revolution, this was a precondition for Lenin, and he was a precondition for Brest! The same applies to the West! First victory in the West with the collapse of the *Entente*; then we shall lay down the conditions which they must accept. And they will be drawn up solely according to our interests. . . .

Where this imperialism could be advanced by a treaty, as at Brest-Litovsk or Bucharest, this was done to the full. No sooner were the treaties signed than Germany went beyond them once more, to Finland, the Black Sea, Transcaucasia. The autonomy granted to the peoples "liberated" from Russian dominion was a tactic of the moment, a cynical game. The front against Bolshevism no less. Imperial Germany was the instigator, the saviour, the protector, the financier of Bolshevism from the beginning, because it thought that it could do the best business with Bolshevism. Faced with the choice of whether it wanted a bourgeois restoration or Lenin & Trotsky in Russia, Germany regularly decided in favour of the latter so long as it had a choice. The idea of offering itself as the "defender of European order against Bolshevism," and so perhaps making common cause with the West, did not occur to Germany until autumn 1918 when it was already too late.

Pre-war policy, war aims of 1914, war aims of 1918 formed a unity just as the war aims of the various groups, parties, classes and individuals formed a unity. This did not exclude transformations and differences in individual instances. The economists thought primarily in economic terms. The military thought primarily in military terms and wanted to draw the frontiers in such a way as to afford the optimum starting-point for the *next* war; and, in spite of all the old and new defensive and offensive pacts, they based their plans on the expectation that the Habsburg monarchy would be one of the probable enemies in the next war. Essentially, however, the distinction between the evil

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military and the good civilians is nothing but a myth. As for transformations: an imperialism that was originally still predominantly Prussian and dynastic changed even before the war (and even more clearly during the war) into a nationalist or *völkisch* imperialism. The Tirpitz-Ludendorff party, which opposed an agreed peace not least because it would have meant democratisation within Germany, also threatened the monarchy from the Right in the manner of a republican Caesarism, a foretaste of things to come (*Deutschland erwache!*). On the other side, there were the National Democrats like Friedrich Naumann and Max Weber, who were none the less imperialists because, following the British model, they wished to drive the wheel of imperialism with the water of democracy.... Or again, the appetite in the East grew with the conquests there; possibilities emerged in this area which before 1914 no one had seriously envisaged. But Germany did not on their account give up either her Western European or her extra-European aims. The unity of the "grasp at world power" evolved during the war years; there were changes of accent, shifts of emphasis; it never broke up.

THIS IS THE PROCESS—which is scarcely a process, since very little changed between September 1914 and September 1918—as described by Professor Fischer. He supports it with a plethora of documents, of quotations which one can only read with amazement. They create the impression that during this period the nation, throughout almost every class, every shade of opinion, was truly insane. But what is written here in black-and-white cannot be denied. And if Fischer contributes nothing new to our knowledge of the actual outbreak of war, he makes out a good case for the argument that anyone who waged war for something which he believed justified the immense sacrifice, for the attainment of "world power," must also have started the war: that the aims and the cause of the war were one and the same thing. The look which Fischer takes at Germany's curious behaviour in July 1914 confirms what is in any case probable. Did not certain German politicians bluntly declare, during the war, that what Germany wanted could not have been achieved without war?... Who can still doubt?

AND YET I DO DOUBT. Fischer's whole work seems to me fundamentally a failure: that is to say incomplete: a failure in so far as it claims to be complete. As an assembly of evidence it would suffice, but then a simple volume of documents, which in fact we are promised, would have been better still. As a history of German policy during the First World War it is unsatisfactory.

Documents—records of meetings, secret memoranda, letters, notes of conversations, imperial marginalia—are indispensable to political history, and are one of its pillars. But only one. The work based mainly on documents lacks not merely the breath of narrative, it lacks an absolutely essential part of the reality which it sets out to understand and portray. Events, the formation of attitudes, moods, pressures do not all become the material of documents; not everything that is in documents possesses historical importance. Even highly placed personages, when they are under stress and carried away by emotion, can say stupid things. Pressures and passions are not things that operate only from one side or only on one side. They operate from both sides, against each other, intensifying each other.

But the other side, the *Entente*, hardly appears in Fischer's work at all. Of 672 pages 671 are devoted to German war aims, one single page to the war aims of the Russians, British, and French with the comment that they were aims in accord with the spirit of early 20th-century imperialism. Indeed they were. But the Germans were also living in this same period, and what they were striving for cannot be justly judged without reference to what their enemies were striving for. One such comparison, as far as pre-war policies are concerned, would have shown that German imperialism was not *essentially* different from French, Russian, or British imperialism, that Germany was merely a late imitator of its more fortunate competitors. It would admittedly have shown that during the period of the war itself German aims were qualitatively different by virtue of the difference in quantity. The Western Powers and Russia, even if they had fully achieved their aims, would have remained basically what they were before. Germany, which beforehand was not yet even a fully-fledged national state with a toy-empire, would have become in Europe, the Near East and Africa one of the three or four world empires—an aim which (so Fischer says, and I agree with him) Germany was not in a position and did not possess the means to achieve and which explains its double failure. A comparison, therefore, would have made the differences as clear as the similarities. Its omission leaves us with a picture of which large areas are blank.

IT IS NOT MERELY comparison that is missing, but also the dialectic interaction of each party upon the other, the extent to which each party to the conflict reduced the other's freedom of movement. The drama is missing, even if it was

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a drama acted by many fools and many blinded, over-excited, ignorant men. They were all this; but so evil, so consistent, so methodical and grandiose as Fischer makes them, they were not.

He pours justified scorn upon the "ideas of 1914," upon the German attempt to give the war a meaning it did not have, upon the alleged struggle between two attitudes to life, the Germanic and the materialistic Anglo-Saxon, in which Germans believed they were engaged. What wretched nonsense this theory was! In Germany during the war there was plenty of "*Mammonismus*," as the sharp-sighted Crown Prince of Bavaria warningly called it. But was it not Allied propaganda that first foolishly ascribed such a meaning to the war? Did not they, too, wish to wage war against an enemy *sui generis*, to wage the last war of all for Democracy and the right of Self-determination, against Teutonic autocrats and Barbarians? Had not the spokesmen of the *Entente* got their teeth so firmly fixed in this concept of a new kind of enemy and a world court of judgment that it was just as hard for them as for the Germans, and for similar reasons, to accept a peace by agreement? Were there not, behind these intellectual reasons on both sides, others of a more substantial nature? The awareness that they could not go back to the *status quo ante* which had given rise to all these difficulties, that peace by agreement would produce the most dangerous internal unrest, that the question, "Who is the stronger?"—which the war itself had raised—would now have to be put seriously to the test, and that to go on fighting was fundamentally the simplest thing?

Perhaps Germany could have had an agreed peace in the years 1916 and 1917. That the German leaders, with Ludendorff at their head, believed that they could have it at any moment by renouncing the planned annexations in the West, does not at all prove the possibility. These people, who were wrong about everything, were wrong here too. In September 1918 they were still unaware of the terrible hardening of their enemies' will and the fatal situation into which they had manoeuvred their country. To have halted the violent assault which the two opponents had launched, and to persuade them mildly to return to the point of departure, would have required enormous, truly transcendental statecraft. This certainly did not exist in Germany. Did it exist anywhere else?

The vague presentiment, which occasionally made itself felt, that a "Hubertusburg peace" was out of the question should have been taken into account in understanding German war aims. The more unrestrained became the war, which was self-intensifying because it could not be stopped, the more fantastic the conquests

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which the war brought with it, the more immoderate grew the war aims. Everyone in Germany wanted much, much more than they possessed, because what they possessed had not been sufficient to prevent the catastrophe, which they did not want to go through again, and because the enemy was not prepared to leave untouched even what Germany had possessed before—Alsace-Lorraine, the Army and the Army tradition and probably also East Prussia. That this German offensive, despite all its immoderacy, should have considered itself "defensive" is psychologically not so totally incomprehensible; and the continuity between the aims inspired by the triumph, intoxication and sufferings of the war and German pre-war policy is far, far less close than Fischer makes it appear.

IN FISCHER'S BOOK the true Devil among the devils is a man whom one would never have credited with this role, the *Reichskanzler*, Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg. The "philosopher in the Chancellor's chair," if Fischer is to be believed, was as incorrigible an annexationist as the others. He criticised the gentlemen of the "war aims movement" not so much because he disapproved of their aims as because he disapproved of their usurped influence on affairs of state and did not wish to have his hands tied by intruders from outside. His own views are only too clear from a memorandum of September 1914 (here analysed for the first time); they are confirmed by numerous later utterances. The fundamental difference between them and the extravagances of the Pan-Germanists, of which the hypocritical statesman in his memoirs sought to convince the public, simply does not exist.

The question here is how a politician is really to be judged. By the general ideas which he attached to his person in the course of the years? by the image of himself which he created, the associations surrounding his name? or by some secret memorandum to which, an honest bureaucrat horribly overburdened by history, he set his name in a moment of weakness? Historians have known Bethmann-Hollweg pretty well for a long time. I don't think that after Fischer's publication we know him radically better or differently. He was conciliatory and weak, too weak to be entirely genuine, good-natured and eager for applause. He wanted to remain on top and please everyone. In accordance with the political structure of the German *Reich* he was not a party leader, but the representative of the monarch and the spokesman of the nation; in conformity with his policy of maintaining internal peace, he felt that he had to draw a "diagonal" between the craziest demands of the Pan-Germans and the most reasonable demands of the Social Democrats. That this diagonal was a monstrosity, that he was seeking to reconcile the irreconcilable, that he was vacillating and, too clever by half, fought shy of precisely those binding declarations which true statecraft would have led him to make—we knew all this long ago. And, of course, Bethmann thought in strictly monarchic and traditionally Prussian terms and, like most politicians in most countries in his day, was not always opposed to changes of frontier by war-like means. But an *Eroberungsbestie*, a "beast of conquest," he was not. We would refuse to believe this even if a letter came to light in which, some time or other, Bethmann-Hollweg had recommended the Germanisation of the planet.

In the whole of the Austro-German dialogue of July 1914—in telegrams, in the minutes of meetings, in the most secret documents—there is not a single reference to Germany's imperial aims. There are references to ending the intolerable situation on Austria's southern frontier, to the need to shore up the tottering ally because he was the only one Germany had left. There are references to the fact that, if war could not be avoided, the present was a more favourable moment than later. In very rare instances, in the most intimate conversations, there are hints that if everything turned out well, the "ring round Germany" (the Franco-Russian alliance) would be broken or at least weakened.

Then, from the moment when Russia began, at first in secret, to prepare its war machine, there was talk of the danger of an undisturbed Russian mobilisation put into operation while Europe was still at peace. And this overwhelming fear dwarfed everything else and was the ultimate deciding factor. Not a word about imperial aims. Naturally it might be said that these people were keeping their most secret thoughts to themselves. In fact they did not do so. At no other time did Wilhelm II let himself go in his incredible marginal comments to the same extent as precisely in July 1914. If the thought had been in his mind—we need war because we want to conquer territory—he would have been the last person not to have it in writing. During the war itself he truly never hesitated to write or say the craziest things along these lines. It was quite different during the pre-war crisis.

THESE ARE ALL questions of judgment, of historical tact and interpretation. On individual points Fischer's interpretation is at times too much in the service of his thesis. When two representatives of the "War Committee of German Industry," Stresemann and Rötger, unfolded their annexation plans to the Chancellor

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in December 1914, Bethmann agreed "in essentials," an attitude only too easy to believe in in the light of the documents. It so happens that Egmont Zechlin recently published the relevant memorandum by Stresemann. I cannot see that it reveals "agreement in essentials" between Bethmann and the stupidities of the industrial associations, especially not when we take account of the fact that both the writer and the recipient were concerned to blur the differences so far as they could. In spite of this double desire for conciliation, the abyss between the cautious, colourless, well-meaning Bethmann and the snarling industrial imperialists is as clear as daylight. The military situation, Bethmann stresses, is unclarified and as long as it remains so we cannot commit ourselves. "For preference I would rather not have a single square yard of any foreign-language area." He was particularly anxious to spare France, which was Germany's most chivalrous opponent and least to blame for the war. He thought "finally to put an end to the centuries of quarrelling between France and ourselves" was one of his main tasks. But undoubtedly the gentlemen's efforts were to be valued. . . . "By and large our views were not vastly divergent." It seems to me that it depends very largely on how you read a remark like that.

The personality of the politician Bethmann-Hollweg was a far weaker, far more contradictory one than appears in Fischer's book. The whole history of German foreign policy in the time of the Kaiser, during the First World War and in the Weimar Republic is more contradictory, less methodical, less rational and unitary.

The play of causes and effects, of motives and counter-motives is more complex. It seems nonsensical to say that in August 1914 all the parties to the war believed that they were merely defending themselves. For where everyone is defending himself no one is attacking, so that, logically speaking, no one need defend himself. But things are not as logical as that, or at least were not in 1914. By comparison 1939, when things were logical, when really only *one* side was attacking, is an extreme exception. Bethmann's question in the *Reichstag* whether Germany, "wedged in" between enemies, should have waited till she was overwhelmed by them, sounds sincere. In general the Chancellor had little gift for lying. And again, the idea that the state which believed itself to be waging a preventive defensive war nevertheless developed expansionist aims (and indeed had been pursuing them beforehand) is something to which the logician will raise objections, but not the historian. Russia was in the same situation. Russian guilt appears if anything even greater because Russia's Balkan policy was of an unnecessarily artistic, freely chosen kind and had nothing to do with its vital interests (as Austro-Hungary could claim in the matter of Serbia). If, then, the creators of German foreign policy during the war believed that they had to free themselves once and for all from the nightmare of Russian pressure—was that mere stupidity? If Germany played a cynical game with the principle of national autonomy at Brest-Litovsk, was the game which the Bolsheviks played with it any more honest? Did not the early fate of the Transcaucasian republics, as later of the Baltic, prove that Germany was not alone in the East European jungle?

The jungle must be seen in its entirety and not merely one of its beasts of prey.

WHAT FISCHER seeks to impose upon the reader by the sheer mass of documents is the theory of a continuity between 1900, 1914, 1918, 1925, 1939. Bülow and Bethmann, Stresemann the foreign minister, Hitler —they all pursued fundamentally the same policy and the First World War was begun exactly like the Second, that is to say by a power that wanted war in order, through war, to found a world empire. This, in truth, is Fischer's thesis; I have merely simplified once more what he himself has already greatly oversimplified. It is a view of German history that comes surprisingly close to A. J. P. Taylor's, even to the nuance put forward by Taylor in his controversial *Origins of the Second World War*. The complex ambiguity of the attempt to salvage Hitler's place in German history, undertaken by an English historian in this book, has not been fully understood. If Hitler had pursued exactly the same policy as Stresemann, then Stresemann pursued exactly the same policy as Hitler. If Hitler had merely pursued and continued the normal, the only possible German foreign policy, then conquest and domination on the Continent would be the only possible German foreign policy. Is it perhaps still the only possible policy today? British critics of the Federal Republic are inclined to think so. In Fischer's study they could find food for their suspicions. Didn't the German war aims politicians of 1917 also want to achieve a "Common Market"? Bethmann-Hollweg, Stresemann, Hitler: one step further in this game with continuities and Konrad Adenauer would be the fourth in the series.

Fischer certainly never thought of him. But once having started the game it will be impossible to prevent others from playing it *ad absurdum*.

Continuity—who would deny it? It is always there. Obviously, within certain spans of time it

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is denser than at others. That there was a connection between the two "German wars"—a particularly close one between the last and most chaotic phase of the first and the beginning and continuation of the Hitler adventure—we have always known. Ludwig Dehio devoted a classical study to it. Fischer's merit is to have illumined it even more sharply; his research and his readiness as a German historian to engage in ruthless national self-criticism deserve every respect. That German imperialism of 1917 was merely the affair of a thin upper crust, that it had no roots in the past, that the nation in its breadth and depth had nothing to do with it, is something which in future no one will be able to claim, if anyone ever did claim it. In this sense historians will not be able to ignore Fischer's achievement. But they will first have to make of it what he himself did not wish to make of it.

India, between Pangloss and Cassandra

By Michael Edwardes

We can put much of the blame on Nehru—the magician who created so many of the illusions about modern India that still feed the optimism of some commentators. And the disillusion out of which emerge so many of the currently fashionable forecasts of doom. We can even put a date to the death of faith—Sunday, 17 December 1961. Towards midnight on that day, 50,000 Indian troops invaded the Portuguese territory of Goa on the west coast, just south of Bombay. Appositely, Nehru had just returned from a tour which had included a visit to the U.N. in New York where he had proposed an International Year devoted to peaceful cooperation! For the naïve, the Goa affair was a startling revelation and one productive of much more than ill-informed comment. It is not too wide of the mark to say that from it grew the pessimism of American planners over the possibility of building up India as a countervailing force to Communist China and, consequently, the depth of the American involvement in Viet Nam. For others, India ceased to be a rosy horizon and became an area of darkness. The weak-stomach school took over, fastidiously skirting the human excrement in Indian streets and holding their noses—a posture not altogether suited to critical objectivity—judging a country by the state of its lavatories as once Fascist Italy was judged by the punctuality of its trains. Then came the journalists, some of them with more reasoned arguments for their dark view.

Not that the optimists are not still with us. On the contrary, some of them at least are more optimistic than ever. Most of them are academics. In Britain, where fundamentally no one really cares about India, they can do little harm except to their students. In the United States, however, where there is the most intense academic interest in India, the possibility in face of the Viet Nam experience of a return to official Indolatry could well have serious consequences.

Fortunately, it is in the United States that there are vague indications that optimism is at least being hedged with a qualification or two. The cause of this seems to be the results of the 1967 elections in which Congress lost control of half of the state governments, and the apparent disintegration of the parliamentary process which has followed. Some academic optimists overreacted by insisting that the fact that an anti-Congress vote had been registered at all was really a tribute to the vitality of democracy in India. But even this unexceptional, though limited, assumption tended to receive less and less support as uneasy coalitions fell apart and Delhi was forced to take over the administration of a number of the states.

I do not know to what extent, if any, the U.S. Administration is influenced by its academic advisers. Among its consultants on South Asia, the optimists seem to have had an edge. Myron Weiner, in spite of the usual academic claim to objectivity, has always struck me as a Pangloss at heart, yet his latest book[1] displays some sensible doubts. Even his publishers were apparently struck by a lack of faith, as the full colour illustration on the jacket is not of some appropriate monument to Indian democracy but of the pleasant Victorian-looking building which houses the University of Chicago Press. Freudian undertones apart, Professor Weiner has much of interest to say in his study of the organisation and performance of the Congress party. Professor

[1] *Party Building in a New Nation: the Indian National Congress.* By Myron Weiner. University of Chicago Press, $12.50, 112s. 6d.

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Weiner is concerned with accounting for the success of the party as a *party* and has tried pretty adequately to keep normative judgments about the quality of Congress *government* out of it. He examines the party at work—recruiting, organising, creating leadership and coping with the Indian disease of factionalism—in five widely separated parts of the country. In doing so, he shows us the Indian political system functioning at its most important level, that of village and town.

One of the most interesting conclusions drawn by Professor Weiner from his research is that there are great and meaningful similarities between the party organisation in these five scattered districts. Most analysts faced by the immense diversity of India, by its ethnic and linguistic differences, refuse to make generalisations. But it is certainly time that it was realised that the peoples of India may have more in common than that which divides them. Similarity in the organisational structure of political parties reflects similarity in the social, economic and attitudinal milieu. Professor Weiner's research undoubtedly demonstrates this. It would seem then, on the strength of Congress example, that the creation of another country-wide party, the essential factor still missing from the Indian democratic equation, would not be difficult. Yet not even the Communists have been successful, and certainly it has not been for want of trying. The explanation is one of great consequence, because it is just this absence of a democratic alternative to Congress which tends to justify some of the pessimism about India's future.

THE SUCCESS OF CONGRESS as a mass, all-India party has often been explained by either the "great man" or the "legacy" thesis, or the combination of the two—the great man being Nehru, and the legacy that of the successful nationalist struggle against the British. Undoubtedly, these factors were important, that Nehru chose to exercise leadership in support of a parliamentary system particularly so. But these theses are far too simple even though the death of Nehru and the relegation to history of the freedom struggle offer convenient explanations for the apparent failures of Congress since 1964. Even the existence of an institutional framework—the Army, the Bureaucracy, and a limited Parliamentary system—left behind by the British does not explain Congress performance at grass-roots level. In others countries with armies and bureaucracies and charismatic leaders, the nationalist movement has disintegrated or become an instrument of personal dictatorship. Nevertheless, all these factors have contributed in some way to Congress success. There are, however, two more pertinent ones.

The first, as Professor Weiner points out, is the emphasis upon party organisation and above all the seriousness with which the leadership at all levels observes the party rules and regulations. The second, and by far the most important, is the relationship between the party and the administration. This is particularly revealed on the level of the District Congress Committee which does not coincide with the electoral constituency but with the district administration. This underlines the fact that the primary concern of the local party organisation is with influencing the local administration. In this, Congress has been greatly assisted by Congress government. The penetration of government activity down to the lowest administrative unit has increased enormously since independence.

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Controls and regulations, the distribution of goods and services by government agencies, development projects, the emphasis on social welfare and particularly in guarantees of equity, have all strengthened the political party closely linked with government. On the real level of party strength, Congress is in effect a party of patronage but generally speaking the patronage supports the Congress ideology which sees socialism as social and economic equity. In fact, though in the 1967 elections Congress lost seats in the state administrations and in the central parliament, it retained to a large extent its control of local institutions such as District councils, school boards, the councils made up of local village heads, credit banks and other local financial institutions. The local Congress leadership seems to adapt itself to changes in local authority. It is doing so in Madras state, which returned a stable non-Congress government to power in 1967. It would probably accept without qualm a military takeover or a civilian dictatorship. However, as Congress retains power at the centre, the primary source of all patronage, it still commands local loyalty and as long as the government is able to continue a high level of development on a local level by providing such things as roads, wells, schools and dispensaries, it will retain it whatever happens, apart perhaps from drastic inflation to the *national* economy. It is this situation that has inhibited the growth of new all-India political parties for the simple reason that support for such parties at local levels does not exist. New parties cannot offer the channel between citizen and administration that the local Congress organisation has built up over twenty years of Congress rule at the centre. Indeed, the conciliating machinery of local Congress has become almost as institutional as the local administration.

Naturally, this has had considerable effect upon the party's national attitudes. Ideologically, Congress has remained vague because it depends for its viability upon those elements in Indian life—the middle peasantry, small businessmen, caste associations, and religious minorities—who are not interested in or would be repelled by ideological precision. A good deal of the fashionable pessimism, and not only among non-Indians, is due to the traditionalist nature of Congress support, to the gap between the apparently "modern" elements at the top and the apparently "anti-modern" because religious and uneducated majority.

THE SIZE OF THIS GAP can be dramatically seen in the career of V. K. Krishna Menon, the former Defence Minister and spokesman at the U.N. Michael Brecher, well known for his political biography of Nehru, has produced an

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edited version of a long series of tape-recorded interviews with Menon on a wide range of subjects, most of them concerned with India's external relations.[2] The interviews are followed by an analysis by Professor Brecher in which he attempts to relate what he calls the "empirical data" of the interviews to a theoretical frame of reference. This is followed by a "content analysis" replete with graphs and tables by Professor Janice Gross Stein. I am not qualified to comment on this "use of quantitative techniques to suggest, elaborate and refine hypotheses" about the behaviour of those who have been instrumental in shaping Indian foreign policy, but the ordinary reader will be interested to know that it results in the remarkably unstartling conclusion that how decision-makers view the world and their environment affects their decisions.

Carrying out my own unscientific content-analysis leads me to other conclusions. Either Menon has succeeded in hiding his real opinions from Professor Brecher, or there was a very different person concealed behind the rudeness with which he treated most people than everybody seemed to think. I have always considered Menon a much less influential figure than he and his enemies have tried to make out. He was undoubtedly "close" to Nehru for five or six years before his fall from office in 1962. But there was no intimacy. Menon was the only person among the members of Nehru's cabinet, most of them provincial mediocrities, to whom the Prime Minister could talk on his own intellectual level. For this virtue Menon was rewarded with a certain amount of freedom of action which did India no good, but probably no real harm either. The harm came from the very success of India's foreign policy in the 1950s—to which Menon, of course, contributed. It brought India a sense of both national and international importance, but with it came a profound euphoria which encouraged Indian leaders to underestimate the urgency of the country's domestic problems. Menon, I think, represents in an extreme form the alienation of many members of the Indian modernising élite, including Nehru. As Menon says sneeringly of certain senior military officers, they were not "abounding in passion for the indigenous." In fact, they disliked it intensely. Because of this, planning and development activity, for example, proceeded beyond the Indian people's understanding and participation.

From Professor Brecher's book, Krishna Menon emerges as rather old-fashioned and fuzzily doctrinaire, a relic of the last years of Western colonialism. Yet I am sure he thought —and still thinks—of himself as "modern" and "progressive," an enemy of the traditional India which has never liked him or his ideas. Menon is no longer in a position to influence India's future significantly. In a sense, he was created by Nehru's view of the world and was finished at the moment in 1962 when the Chinese showed that view to be false. "Modernist" arrogance still exists, however, on the highest levels of the Indian bureaucracy.

But what do the words "modern" and "traditional" actually mean? It is all too easy to assume that it takes modern men to make a modern society and that traditional men necessarily impede the process of modernisation. But it is an assumption that does not seem of great use without definitions. Yet we have no need for them at all. What we should be asking is *what kind of behaviour is more likely to facilitate modernisation*. As Professor Weiner puts it:

> Whose behaviour is more modern—the high-ranking government bureaucrat hostile to applying profit considerations even to public sector plants, or the private entrepreneur who may have little concern for the broader public interest and who may be attached to his religion, kinsmen, and caste but whose quest for profit results in the expansion of industry, the rise of production, and the growth of an industrial labour force?

THE QUESTION that should have been asked years ago was whether the Western assumption that tradition is naturally reactionary has any practical validity. Professor Weiner does not seem to think so; certainly Lloyd and Susanne Rudolph appear to be convinced that it is not, even on the strength of the title of their book alone.[3] But there is much more to it than an intriguing title. They rightly draw attention to the fundamental misunderstanding of the nature of Indian traditional structures which has led to the assumption that they are antagonistic to change. This has been almost entirely due to the belief that statements in the sacred texts were literal descriptions of social organisation and that the values expressed were real rather than ideal. It is now recognised that the institution of caste has survived not because of its practical and ideological immobility but because it was highly responsive to social change, whether induced by political or economic ambition or the long term effects of great religious movements. Changes in caste status in the past, though essentially attempted for secular ends, were expressed in the adoption

[2] *India and World Politics: Krishna Menon's View of the World*. By MICHAEL BRECHER. Oxford University Press, 63s.

[3] *The Modernity of Tradition: Political Development in India*. By LLOYD AND SUSANNE RUDOLPH. University of Chicago Press, $8.75, 79s.

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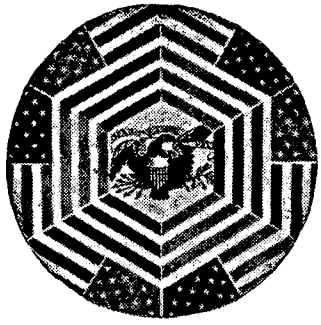

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Johnson's latest move, the attempt to have Abe Fortas appointed as Chief Justice, has been frustrated by the Senate. In the words of Jim Garrison, Fortas "helped work out for the President the creation of the Warren Commission whose findings have now been totally discredited." It was, Garrison added, "an excellent device for falsifying the truth," and one which "prevented the appointment by Congress of its own investigating committee," something that "could have been catastrophic for the government."

The Supreme Court will soon be ruling on whether Garrison is to be permitted to prosecute Clay Shaw who has been charged with conspiracy to murder President Kennedy.

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of the social and religious privileges of higher castes. Under the impact of British rule, though the ends remained the same, the expression changed to purely secular demands, *i.e.* for educational opportunities, government employment, and political representation. Independence intensified these demands and increased the number of caste associations deliberately organised for the purpose of influencing the political process. It is upon the support, and the careful balancing of such associations, that local Congress party strength relies. The activities of these associations have undoubtedly helped a peasant society to make a success of representative democracy and, what is more important, the individual to recognise the value of its continuance.

The functioning of traditional caste structures in modern politics is only one aspect dealt with by the Rudolphs. There is, for example, a particularly interesting section on how Gandhi mobilised tradition in order to create a modern mass movement, and another on traditional and modern law. Their conclusion is straightforward. There need be no real conflict between modernity and tradition. Tradition is the essential stabilising element in a transitional society. This might seem—especially to the non-specialist—to be fairly obvious. But generally speaking it has been assumed, on the strength of the history of modern Western nations, that the emergence of modern societies and democratic politics is dependent upon certain levels of industrialisation, urbanisation, literacy, and mass communication. This was accepted not only by Westerners but by the Indian modernising élite, and because India has not followed the historical experience of Western nations there has been despair. Why anyone should have supposed that history must of necessity repeat itself can only in this context be explained in terms of social Darwinism. The environment of change and innovation in the mid-twentieth-century is completely different from that of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

IF IT CAN BE ACCEPTED that the modernising process does and will take other forms than that of the Western nations, some of the criteria of both Pangloss and Cassandra become highly suspect. A great deal of faith, for example, has been attached to the fact that India has a secular constitution, that according to the optimists it really is a secular state. Conversely, obvious proof that it is not is food for the pessimist. Donald Smith's study of secularism in India[4]

[4] *India as a Secular State*. By DONALD SMITH. Princeton University Press, $3.45, 60s., paper, 30s.

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was originally published in 1963. It has now been reissued as a paperback without any attempt at up-dating. Fortunately, apart from the last few pages it still stands as an extremely valuable and well documented study of Indian government policy and of the problems facing those who see the principle of the secular state as a vital part of modern liberal democracy. In 1963, Mr. Smith was able to answer his question "Is India a secular state?" with a "qualified" yes, and was cautiously optimistic about the future. But he assumed that the forces of modernisation in India were all on the side of the secular state and that

> industrialisation, urbanisation, the break-up of the joint family system, greatly increased literacy and opportunities for higher education—all tend to promote secularisation of both private and public life.

But this does not seem to be so. What is more, we should not be upset by it. Once again, there has been the assumption that Western ideals must of necessity be superior to others. I am not convinced that religion in politics, in spite of all the evidence, is automatically harmful. In India at least it brings political practice into line with social realities.

It is perhaps unfair to judge Mr. Smith on the basis of a few pages he has not been allowed to revise. Professor Weiner and the Rudolphs, however, do reflect a new attitude towards the Indian experience which can do nothing but good. Perhaps the professional optimists and the fashionable prophets of doom should take the hint. That India is falling to pieces, is totally corrupt, inefficient, and somehow immoral, is just as fatuous as India shining white. If India can only be judged, critically but unemotionally, in Indian terms instead of in those of the West, the proper stance will turn out to be neither that of Pangloss nor Cassandra, but somewhere in between.

Ambassador Bullitt

William C. Bullitt and the Soviet Union. By BEATRICE FARNSWORTH. Bloomington, Indiana University Press, $7.50; London, American University Publishers Group, 71s. 6d.

WILLIAM CHRISTIAN BULLITT was a "Main Liner" who went off the rails and left Rittenhouse Square for the Kremlin and other resting places. Other Main Liners have gone off the rails to the profit of the United States (and of Philadelphia) like Francis Biddle

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and Joseph Clark. One of them has even, like Bill Bullitt, written a novel (Francis Biddle); and perhaps *It's Not Done* is the best thing Bullitt ever did.

Rich, highly educated, clever, enterprising, he was basically unstable and disastrously vain. He was also rancorous, as ENCOUNTER showed by publishing his absurd and vengeful attack on Woodrow Wilson with which he associated the name of Freud. He was mildly important as one of the young idealists who turned against Wilson in the Spring of 1919. Although he attacked Wilson on a wide front and was, for the moment, a useful ally to the detestable Henry Cabot Lodge, his real *déception d'amour* had come when Wilson refused to pay attention to Bullitt's alleged deal offered by Lenin. Intervention in Russia was foolish, if only because with the German defeat, not only was the ostensible reason gone, but the real force for destroying Bolshevism, the German army, was gone too. Wilson, Lloyd George, Foch saved the Bolsheviks, to Churchill's regret then—and later. To believe that Lenin and Trotsky meant what they said (if they said it) to Bullitt and other credulous "liberals" is to insult two great men. Lenin was ready to *"reculer pour mieux sauter,"* but he intended to leap as soon as the Western alliance broke up—as it did.

What Bullitt got from this episode was an unjustified reputation for perspicacity, an unjustified reputation that Dr. Farnsworth does her best to refurbish by giving Bullitt deep prophetic powers when he foresaw the ambitions of Stalin during and after the Second War. Bullitt was sent to be the first American ambassador to the Soviet Union as F.D.R., like Ernie Bevin, thought that "Left" could speak to "Left." (The same illusion sent Stafford Cripps to Russia in 1940.) At first as enthusiastic and as credulous as the Webbs, teaching the Russians polo and believing all he was told, Bullitt "saw through them" (especially Litvinov) and became as foolishly hostile as he had been admiring. This made him, as Ambassador to France, a great appeaser, a friend of Bonnet, a believer in a deal between Hitler and France, an enemy of Sir Eric Phipps, the much more intelligent British ambassador. He was the Nevile Henderson of the American foreign service. After the fall of Paris, he stayed on there, but he had helped to spread the absurd story that Weygand had fostered, that the Communists would rise (in June 1940!) and take over Paris.

There was a case for his staying in Paris. That much superior man, Elihu Washburne, had stayed there in 1870–71, but when Bullitt did something sensible or, at any rate, defensible, he justified it by absurd theories and I suspect, invented information. Dr. Farnsworth seems to take statements by Bullitt about what Bullitt said to foreign statesmen, and they to him, too seriously. As her bibliographical note shows, her archival access was limited. That is not her fault, but it weakens some of her arguments. And she should not quote Ambassador Dodd's *Diary* without a caution. After his return from France, Bullitt's official life was rightly spent "in shallows and in miseries." F.D.R. would not employ him and he had to be content to serve with the Free French.

This book has some utility and some merits if only as a cautionary tale, and Dr. Farnsworth's honesty is commendable if her acuteness is not impressive. Her English or, at any rate, her spelling is distressing. "Loathe" for "loth" and "the resulting suit for an armistice"! Perhaps all that can be said for Bullitt was that Joe Davies, his Moscow successor, was worse, more credulous, more idle, more conceited. And if both ambassadors stocked up on creature comforts in the Embassy, at least Bullitt was spending his own money, while Ambassador Davies had simply married into Campbell's soup.

D. W. Brogan

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The Fall of Prague

By Kai Hermann

Prague, in August

THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE it, any more than they'd believed the bad news of the week before. As the people of Prague woke up on Tuesday morning—the first night after the Soviet machine-guns had been silent—they were told over the illegal radio: the government delegation has left Moscow by air. They still couldn't believe it as the Soviet tanks withdrew from the Castle, as the blue, red, and white flag of Czechoslovakia was hoisted again over the presidential building.

There was a rumour in town that the party leaders would be at the parliament offices. Thousands packed the narrow Gorky Square. As the grey head of the President of Parliament emerged from a Tatra, the cheering started. Men and women burst into tears: tears of joy. They showered Smrkovsky with roses. More cheering: and then again the battle cry of the past six days: "DUBCEK! SVOBODA!"

But the man they cheered seemed to wear a forced smile. He showed himself at the window for only a few seconds. Asked by a reporter what he thought of the Moscow negotiations he said, wearily: "It is very difficult for me to answer." And he added: "I bow to this people." A few hours later President Svoboda had to tell his people a portion of the truth: the Moscow communiqué.

The Czechoslovaks listened on their transistor radios, in the streets, at their places of work. Once again, there were many who wept: tears of mourning, horror, fury. Fists were clenched; discussions began. In Wenceslas Square youths started to tear up pictures of the President who had been the symbol of their resistance (*"svoboda"* in Czech means "freedom"). Two hours later Dubcek faced the microphones of the free radio stations. But this was a Dubcek people didn't recognise. He told them untruths dictated by Moscow. Every now and then he paused. He seemed to fight back weakness and tears. The pauses in his improvised speech got longer and longer. He apologised: "I believe you understand me—you know why...."

Many understood, but not all. A few minutes after the party leader had finished, demonstrators gathered in the centre of Prague. They didn't cheer Dubcek and Svoboda when they got to Gorky Square. One of their leaders wanted them to go for the Soviet machine guns. But Polednak, a member of the parliamentary presidium, succeeded in persuading them to go home, assuring them that parliament wouldn't ratify the Moscow agreement. To the Czechoslovaks the communiqué of 27 August was almost as grave a shock as the invasion a week earlier. They couldn't accept that their victory-without-weapons over the tanks should have been no more than a six-day-triumph.

A HIGH SUMMER DAY in Prague, blue sky, sun. A few thousand, mostly young, people walk in Wenceslas Square. The girls in mini-skirts as short as any in the West, the boys with long hair. But the scenario is different. Some almost brush against the loaded tommy-guns their contemporaries in Soviet uniform are pointing at them. "IGNORE THEM!" is painted in large letters on the walls. The people of Prague obey this slogan which their legal representatives have been disseminating—through the underground. They stroll among the guns and tanks, look down the gun barrels without turning their heads, as if there were no occupiers in Wenceslas Square.

Suddenly two soldiers emerge, and a couple of youths are on the run. They stuck a wall-newspaper on one of the tanks. The Russians grab a man from the crowd, hitting out with their gun-butts and chasing him across the street towards the tanks. People stop walking, some whistle cautiously. A young Russian, his face white and distorted with (which is it?) rage, fear, despair, rushes into the crowd, aims his tommy-gun at the nearest by-stander, then raises the weapon and fires into the air. Two or three other soldiers also fire, and bullets rip the pavement, plaster flakes from the façades of the houses. Some people drop to the ground, others raise their arms.

Nobody is hurt. Most of the time the Russians aim over people's heads. People queuing for ice-cream only a hundred yards away hardly move. A soldier astride a tank plays a mouth-organ. Nearby some pedestrians stop a suspected collaborator and hand him over to the

KAI HERMANN *is the author of a book on the international student rebellions and has contributed to the April and September* ENCOUNTERS *("Germany's Young Left" and "The End of the Revolt?").*

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Czech police. Minutes later the Soviet soldiers are back in their tanks, and the people of Prague resume their promenade . . . a summer's day like any summer's day. Half-an-hour later the tommy-guns start up their monotonous rhythm again. Later, it's repeated. In the evening there are stains of blood on the tank-ploughed roadway. Neon-lights on a corner cinema advertise a new film: the Beatles in *"Help!"*

PEOPLE WERE friendly enough as I asked them for the house of an acquaintance, but they shrugged their shoulders. I showed them his visiting card. They smiled and made gestures of regret. I enquired of them whether I was in the right street; they replied they didn't know themselves. When I asked for the house number they went away. Instead, two men, still quite friendly, came up and insisted I come with them to the police. I managed to convince them that I was neither a collaborator nor an agent of the occupying forces. They apologised —without, however, showing me the house I was looking for.

A whole people went "underground." Within a matter of hours street-signs, house-numbers, and name-plates had disappeared. Nowhere could one buy a street-guide to a town. The occupying powers were totally lost. Even the *KGB* was impotent. In Prague they put a guard in front of *"Viola,"* a students' bar, instead of the neighbouring Academy of Sciences. They occupied the television office building without finding the studios.

In the old market-place of Budejovice there is a stone commemorating a student killed there in the Middle Ages. Legend has it that anyone who walks over this stone will spend the night wandering, lost, round the town. The Soviet tanks rolled over this stone.

Three days the Soviets searched for the radio station in Budejovice. Already, before the soldiers came, the building had been signposted as a kindergarten. Until the afternoon of 23 August, Radio Budejovice functioned as a free radio-station without molestation. And barely an hour after the occupation of the radio-station Radio Budejovice was on the air again. That night, one of the top broadcasters told me he didn't know himself how it was possible. Nothing had been organised, but everybody, somehow, seemed to know what to do.

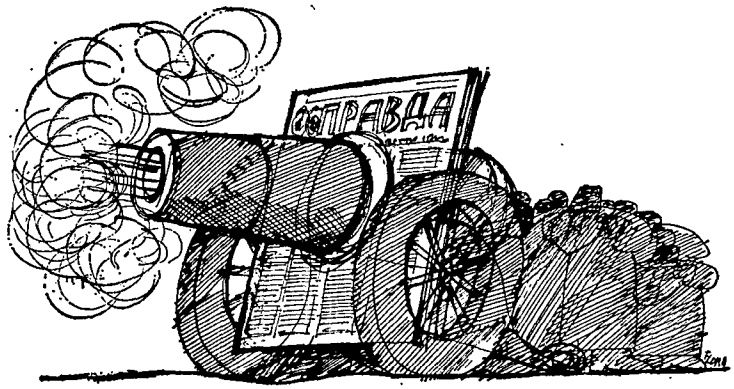
And the reaction of the occupiers? The radio-man smiled for the first and only time during our talk: "Napoleon said that the stupidity of the Austro-Hungarian officers could be relied on as if it were a law. . . ."

THE HELPLESSNESS OF THE Soviet military against passive resistance supported by the whole population could be relied on by the underground. Not only in Budejovice, also in Prague and Bratislava the radio-stations resumed broadcasting soon after their occupation. And in the evenings there was a two-hour television programme from Prague.

The Soviets sent a train with jamming equipment. The radio-men appealed to the railwaymen to look after the train. It ended up, with its jamming equipment, in a siding at Eda—blocked by two broken-down locomotives. A further attempt to get the jamming equipment to the capital by rail was thwarted, and the Russians had to load it into helicopters.

The transistor radio was the communication medium of total resistance par excellence. In streets and squares, people crowded round the radios. Batteries were rarer than meat. Without the underground broadcasts this resistance of an entire people could hardly have been organised. The continuous broadcasting was supplemented by the underground newspapers. Three days after the occupation almost all Czechoslovak newspapers had reappeared. Some were mimeographed, others printed on rotary or book presses. The editorial and printing offices were almost all occupied; yet most of the papers appeared in larger editions, and some had more than one edition a day.

In Prague alone fifteen different papers continued to be published illegally, from *Rude Pravo* to *Literarni Listy, Student,* and the sports journal *Stadion*. The large dailies managed three editions a day. Every day voluntary helpers distributed hundreds of thousands of copies, on foot, by motor cycle, by car—always in danger of arrest by the Soviets. They



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smuggled them over the heavily guarded Moldava bridges and dumped them in front of the tanks. The fire brigade, the Czechoslovak army and police helped. Under normal conditions no newspaper company could have achieved the degree of efficiency these journalists, printers, and thousands of voluntary helpers did under such conditions of emergency. They improvised with splendid unconventionality. For instance: a car with a foreign number plate disappeared. A few hours later it reappeared, and there was a note: *"Many thanks! The Czech Underground."*

The newspaper and radio journalists never allowed their emotions to get the better of them. Neither anger nor despair were evident in their work. They never appealed to the emotions, always to "reason." Again and again they called for "level-headedness." Above all else, they informed people. Though the reporting on Soviet behaviour was at times exaggerated, the Czechoslovak journalists kept astonishingly well informed by means of a secret communications system. Secrecy was so efficiently organised that often journalists working for the same paper didn't know each other's assignments or even place of work. In spite of agreed objectives the underground did not produce uniform opinions. *Rude Pravo*'s comments were always a shade more cautious than *Literarni Listy*'s. *Reporter* cartoons were more biting than those in the party organs. *Student* was the most radical in its appeals to the occupying powers.

Czech journalists practised press freedom and demonstrated diversity of opinion as if the experiment in democratic socialism continued. No outsider would have taken these papers for anything but the normal product. Legality and sovereignty were kept alive by the underground. The orders of the legal government and the party organs—which also had to work illegally at times—were published by these organisations, and the Czechs obeyed to a man. The tanks, somehow, were no more than a backdrop. The occupation was only valid within range of Soviet guns.

A THIRD MEANS of communication existed: the wall-newspaper. In Prague's Wenceslas Square or in the market-place at Budejovice there was hardly an inch of wall-space or shop-window not covered with paper. The Russians, who never left their tanks during the day, tore down the paper in the dead of the night; but they only made room for new information, for more irony and caricature.

The names of collaborators were published, and numbers of agents' cars made known. Young people in the streets mimeographed the latest news bulletin. Some wrote their comments on large sheets of paper. Between photos of party leaders there were the death notices of people killed by the Russians.

The wall-newspapers were dominated by biting satire in print or cartoon, and the drawings with Schweik figures got angrier and angrier each day. Hatred of the occupying forces exploded on the walls. Everywhere you could see a photo of a Russian tank pinned up directing its gun at a museum—over the museum entrance, "Exhibition of Twentieth-Century Soviet Culture."

In the windows of some restaurants new menus could be read: *"Brezhnev Brain in its own Juice"—"Prussian Steak with Ulbricht haut gout"—"Braised Wild Kosygin"—"Beefsteak Tartare de Kolder."* A cinema put up signs, advertising a substitute programme: "CINEMA KOSYGIN: *The Idiot*"—"DUBCEK: *Rio Bravo*"—"SVOBODA: *Nostalgia*"—"CINEMA OCCUPANT: *Alice in Wonderland*."

The old caricature of the watch-stealing Russian soldier enjoyed a revival—also the Soviet brother, who stabs the Czechoslovak in the back while embracing him—and the Russian ogre, slaughtering children and the dove of peace with his hammer-and-sickle.

And always the comparison between the Nazi and Stalinist occupation: between 1938 and 1968. Hitler decorating Brezhnev. Ulbricht with lank forelock. "USSR" written in the runic signs of the *SS*. Stalinism-equals-Fascism. The combination of Soviet star and Nazi swastika. Yet on Sunday I watched young people go into the streets and erase the swastikas. Radio and press had asked them to do this, since the occupiers might misunderstand the symbolism and take the swastikas as "evidence" of counter-revolution.

YET HATRED DIDN'T DESTROY the unbelievable discipline of the Czechoslovaks. In the first days of the occupation they still tried to talk to the foreign soldiers; they stood watch with blood-soaked flags in front of the tanks; they walked up to the guns with open shirts. Then, after the watch-word "IGNORE THEM!" had been issued, attempts at discussion practically ceased. And all actions by young people which might be held provocative were stopped, nipped in the bud by their elders. Contrary to some reports, there was no armed resistance, no evidence of snipers in Prague or anywhere else. Weapons remained in the hiding places where army and people's militia had prudently put them. One word from the legal government, though, and the Czechoslovaks would have used their arms.

Everywhere people took up work again shortly after the occupation. In Prague food

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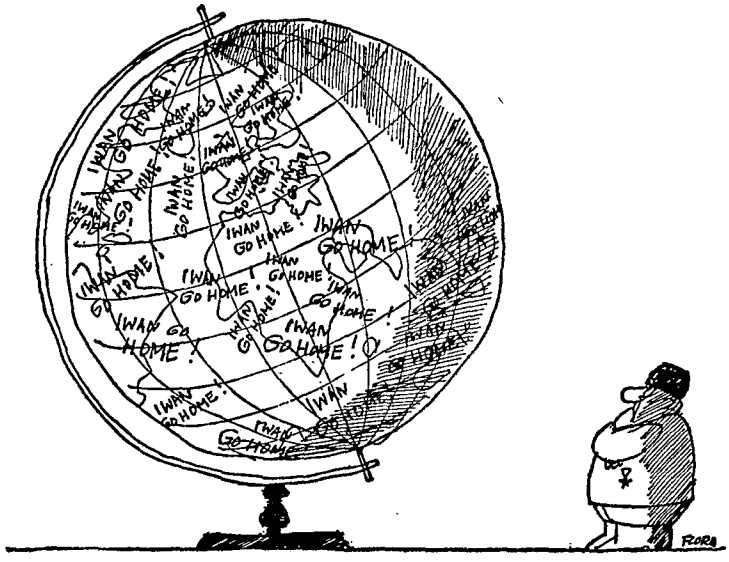
was scarce, but supplies never broke down completely. Two days after the invasion plasterers, carpenters, and painters were busily removing all signs of the Russian occupation. Trams and buses were operating on tracks already repaired. Police were directing traffic round the tank barricades. Life "underground" should continue as normally as possible.

The occupiers were clearly baffled by the solidarity and discipline of the Czechoslovaks. They sat on their tanks, over-tired, hungry, unable to grasp what was going on around them. Some of the Russian soldiers had been told that they must defend their Czech and Slovak brothers against "West German Fascism," and they thought they were in the Federal Republic. Others believed they had to defend the working class against the "counter-revolution." From their tanks they saw faces full of fear, rage, contempt, the faces of Czechoslovak workers and communists.

The Soviet soldiers suffered humiliation. Some had to steal food, drinks, and petrol. Shops put up notices in the four languages of the occupiers: *"No sales to occupiers."* Nobody offered them even a glass of water. When soldiers asked for food in the market-place at Budejovice people brought them sandwiches—and then threw them under the tanks so that the dogs could fight over them. In the street people painted up in large cyrillic letters "IVAN GO HOME." And, in German, on the walls and pavements of Southern and Western Bohemia: *"We do not need your friendship."*

There was no contact between the occupiers and the population after the first fruitless attempts at discussion. The Soviets were compelled to drop their leaflets from helicopters. They managed occasionally, at gun-point, to force somebody to pick them up. In the end they put out their very own edition of *Rude Pravo*. Only a few copies left the printers. Wherever the Soviets pinned up their paper they had to guard it with guns.

The occupying soldiers in the towns were soon demoralised and had to be replaced. In Prague a Russian committed suicide. Many of his comrades found release from the psychological strain in senseless shooting bouts. The moment the curfew started in the evening they aimed and shot at anything moving, even at Czechoslovak police and at ambulances. A pregnant woman was shot on her way to hospital. The casualty figures of dead and wounded were, however, exaggerated. In Prague the police said they had counted twenty-three dead and more than three hundred wounded in the first week.



THE OCCUPIERS were faced with an insoluble dilemma. They insisted that their invasion was a protective action and were unwilling to give up this pretence. They could only act effectively, on the other hand, if they used all the methods of an army of occupation. The collaborators they needed to camouflage their enterprise simply could not be found. They found fewer of them, certainly, than any occupation power before them—less even (and here all older Czechs are in agreement) than the Nazis after their invasion of 1938. The workers' militia, formerly feared as a conservative force, made possible the holding of the party convention. A Czech doctor working at the Soviet embassy refused to cooperate and sent back a gold watch, a present from the ambassador: to his former patients he wrote that he couldn't work for people who fired on his own countrymen.

The opportunists and the Stalinists among the population soon disappeared into even better hiding-places than the underground itself. The conservative party leaders, who had at first collaborated with the Soviets—Kolder, Bilak, and Indra—were soon seen hanging from cardboard gallows. They were very quick to issue denials about their readiness to colla-

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borate. In Czechoslovakia the name "collaborator" became an even worse name than "occupier." Chalked up on many walls I found —*"We are a people of 14 million Dubceks—do you want to murder all of us?"*

The Soviets had marched in to protect the Party against counter-revolutionaries, and they found a people that was one party. Never in the history of the workers' movement have the leaders of a Communist Party been given so much confidence, earned so much enthusiasm. The party of 1968 had reunited a people, given it back hope and self-confidence. An official of the "club of committed non-party men," who calls himself a Christian Democrat, told me how he hated and despised the communists who had put him in prison. Now he had confidence in the party leadership, like all Czechoslovaks.

A woman from a family of once wealthy industrialists told me, driving into Prague: "The communists have taken almost everything away from us, my husband has been in prison for years. But now I have given my jewellery to help a communist government...." A communist of more than 20 years' standing, who had fought against the Germans in the resistance, was once again a member of the underground; for him, Czechoslovakia had changed from a "dictatorship of the secretariat" into a "dictatorship of the proletariat." If there were any "counter-revolutionaries" they were those heretics who wrote on the walls: *"Lenin awake —Brezhnev has gone mad"* and *"Socialism yes —Occupation no."*

The so-called "agents of West German imperialism" were the members of the Anti-Fascist Organisation, of the "Association of ex-students taken to concentration camps on 17 November 1939." In many languages they sent out an appeal to the former concentration camp inmates of the world: "Help prevent a second occupation of Czechoslovakia." The journalists of *Rude Pravo* "betrayed the spirit of Karl Marx" by putting, on the day the Moscow agreement was signed, a sentence of Karl Marx as a motto above the mast-head of their paper: *"Only that nation is free which does not take away another nation's freedom."*

IN PRAGUE Moscow lost a battle. When the leaders of the Czechoslovak party who had been arrested by the Soviets returned to their offices on Tuesday, it was no longer possible to deny that the plan of the Kremlin strategists had gone wrong. It was defeated by the resistance of a people that had developed an invincible self-confidence in six months of freedom and that was unanimously behind its political leaders.

The Soviet aggressors had not reckoned with this people's power of resistance. They knew that thanks to their own support an anti-Dubcek group had grown up in the party presidium. On 21 August, the party leader would probably have been voted out of the leadership with six votes against five—if it hadn't been for the invasion. What the Soviets had to learn was that six conservative communists do not make a quisling régime. The invasion did not split the party, it brought it together.

Even the optimists in Prague knew that Moscow and her satellites would not take things lying down; the stakes were too high. Whether they took the risk of doubling their stakes in order to gain ultimate victory depended on the objectives the Soviets had set themselves.

Was it only the new line of the Prague reformers and its ideological consequences they feared? Was it only the process of democratisation they wanted to stop, and to re-introduce censorship? People close to the Hradcany supposed that Soviet aims were broader. Their fear was that the Russians took to brutal action in order to regain absolute hegemony in Communist Europe. The last session of the Moscow central committee before the invasion was apparently devoted to this subject. Finally, the Kremlin ordered three expert opinions on the Czechoslovak problem: one political, one economic, one military. The advice of the generals was taken. Realistic men from the circle of Prague reformers had predicted the Moscow communiqué even before the first news about the talks came in. They were convinced that the Soviets, after their first attack, would accept Dubcek and Svoboda as an interim solution and send them home with a compromise only barely acceptable for party and people.

With this new plan they wanted to achieve a split. Already the confidence in party leadership and government which had been so total began to weaken. Already there were people advocating a policy of all-or-nothing and calling for a rebellion against party leadership and occupiers. Wouldn't a few thousand embittered demonstrators with anti-communist slogans enable the occupying powers to talk of a "counter-revolution"? Another Hungary could be staged.

The feeling persisted that not everything was lost. The Prague central committee asked the people to "trust Dubcek." If it proved possible to maintain discipline, unity and the spirit of resistance, then Moscow would not have won the battle. If Dubcek could rely on the strength of a united people, the Soviets might have to think again.

In Prague, Bratislava, Brno and Budejovice

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I already heard a new slogan: *"Not hands up—but heads up!"*

Prague, in September

THEY HAVE removed the blue, red and white flag from St. Wenceslas' fist. Black is now the colour in the square which bears his name and which was the centre of this country—of its anger, despair, its resistance, and now of its resignation.

Young people have removed the fighting slogans from the pedestal; with razor blades they scrape off carefully every trace of their rebellion. But the front remains covered with black cloth. Below, flowers, black crosses on the pavement, burning candles. A long-haired young man and a girl in faded jeans hold up flags of mourning, motionless. Young people squat on the ground. There are "beatniks," students and young workers who used to be frowned upon by their elders (as elsewhere in the world) and are now symbols of a lost hope. Day and night they are in the square. They eat the bread, drink the water, live on the money the older people give them.

The older people form a living wall round the group of youngsters. They stare at the black cloth and the flowers, some of them trembling in that peculiar kind of silent weeping which, during the past few days, has come over people in the streets when bad news is broken, tanks sighted or death notices go up on the walls; a weeping without tears or sobs.

Some have started to move out. They queue for hours outside foreign embassies to get the proper stamp in their passport. Crowded trains, buses and cars head for Austria. Those inside don't really believe the Soviets will let them go. Once over the frontier they suddenly seem to realise they do not have a destination. They want to escape, but do not want to be refugees. Only very few ask for asylum.

A customs barrier between them and the tanks, and hope revives. They stand around in little groups, declaring they will return. The day after tomorrow, perhaps? "Coming here is like waking up from a bad dream: it can't be true," one tells me. "It is all a terrible mistake." Another—his luggage rack loaded to capacity—declares: everybody is needed at home. They intend to wait and go back as soon as things settle down. Many of them are already returning, mostly people who have watched the tragedy from outside. Some want to go back to their families, others believe they may still save something. They are more confident than those who were there when the occupation took over.

The country roads are crowded with groups of young people. Their clothes are dirty and torn; they are hungry and exhausted; they have no passports or visas, and only want to get out, somehow or other.

Between Prague and Bratislava some of them wave to me cautiously. They point to a young boy, supported by two others. He gets into my car. A student from Prague. His trousers are bloodstained. He is suspicious at first, but then he begins to talk, in halting English. He points to a hole in his trousers: the bullet is still in his thigh. He says this without any trace of heroism, wearily, almost with indifference, all the while playing with an empty cartridge case. He has escaped from hospital, because he is afraid of being arrested. I try in vain to persuade him to go to a nearby hospital where nobody would know about him. No, he has to get away. Where to? Israel. He's Jewish. And Jews will be the first to be persecuted by the occupiers. They have already hinted at that. At Cierna, Brezhnev called the Czech chairman of the National Front, Kriegel, "a Galician Jew and Zionist." He heard a report that Kriegel has disappeared. How would he get to Israel?

He didn't know, he only knew that the Austrian frontier was near at Bratislava and that he had an uncle in Tel Aviv. His intention was to cross the same night. Next morning I met him again, in Bratislava's market-place. He was sitting on the pavement along with some ragged-looking, long-haired contemporaries, mostly students. They were being filmed by Soviet cameramen as the "sordid face of the counter-revolution." They no longer cared.

MY WESTERN CAR caused a flutter of hope. A girl took an old gold coin from the pocket of her jeans and offered to exchange it for my passport; her husband was already in Austria, she said. Others gave me addresses and telephone numbers of relatives and friends: "good friends" in Austria who would be prepared to help them. They would wait in the market square.

Next day, in Vienna, the reaction of these

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"good friends" was everywhere the same: "What's the name again?—I hardly know him. Well, there's nothing one can really do, is there? . . ."

The young people who were in the forefront of this people's resistance have become the ragged symbol of its agony. Life seems to be going back to normal. In the same square the Carlton Bar has just re-opened on the orders of the town commandant. Inside, drunken merriment. Lousy beat music and then, suddenly, Slovak folk-songs—a device to force the band into silence. A few tears, before the dancing starts.

At the luxury Hotel Devin, porters and waiters stand around, as if waiting for the tourists who usually arrive to fight for the last beds at this time of the day. Maids wander down the empty corridors. I am the only visitor in this hotel, which has hundreds of rooms. The head waiter serves *à la carte* and talks about a job on the Côte d'Azur. Prostitutes hover round this last visitor from the West and chase one another off.

There are a few young couples in the restaurant. Most have Coca Cola on their table, a drink here almost as expensive as wine. Hope degenerates into the desire for one last sweet sip, made in U.S.A. The Coca Cola supplies won't last for more than a couple of days.

DURING the first week of occupation Hasek's Czechoslovakia had reappeared: a country of 14 million Schweiks. Then Kafka seemed to take over, impresario of a terrifying trial. Those who fear prosecution have disappeared. Writers and journalists live behind closed doors. Telephone calls are useless; occasionally somebody answers the phone, then puts down the receiver at once; inquiries remain unanswered and arouse suspicion. There are rumours of arrests, and then denials. The *KGB* rules, silently, by rumour of its presence.

In the streets the first few people accept *machorka* cigarettes from Russians eager to make contact. The first Czech girl allows a Russian soldier to put his arm round her shoulder. A few days ago people would have gone for her. An old man says under his breath: "The rats are leaving their holes. They will rule us." He disappears quickly. Censorship is more effective in the streets than in the newspapers.

After the days of an almost euphoric will to resist, of solidarity, and personal courage, people are left alone with their fear. What was not realised in the first flush of triumph was the loneliness of Czechoslovakia's position. Nobody seriously hoped, or wished, for somebody to come to their help with military force. But to know that one has hardly any real friends is heartbreaking.

A functionary of the party tells me, walking through the old city of Prague: "For you this

"Kafkaesque"

Bonn

EAST GERMANY *is blaming the disruptive ideas of Franz Kafka, the famous Czech writer, for having led the Czechoslovak intellectuals astray and caused all the ideological trouble in the communist bloc in recent months. Kafka is disapproved of in most communist countries as a thoroughly unsound writer, who failed utterly to grasp the importance of "socialist realism." He is particularly disliked in East Germany—perhaps because he wrote in German.*

Reverence for Kafka, Dr. Gysi, the East German Minister of Culture, said, had been "the ideological origin of all the theories and tendencies of the 'third way to socialism' in Czechoslovakia, especially the non-recognition of the power of the working class and its leading role." It was a kind of "spiritual rape," and had been "the mental preparation for those events which have plunged our neighbour-nation into the deep crisis exploited by counter-revolution."

Dr. Gysi, speaking in Weimar, compared the sublimity and nobility of Goethe's hero Faust—Weimar was Goethe's city—with the absurdity and indignity of Gregor Samsa, Kafka's hero in the terrible short story "Metamorphosis," *who wakes one morning from uneasy dreams to find himself changed into a monstrous insect.*

THE TIMES

Prague

IN THE BEGINNING *was Kafka. In an old Bohemian castle a hundred Marxist philosophers and literary critics gathered in July 1963 to rehabilitate the German-writing Jew from Prague who up to then had been for the Communists the hated symbol of bourgeois decadence.*

Marxist intellectuals like Roger Garaudy and Ernst Fischer discovered that the author of The Trial *and* The Castle *had a special message for Communists. "Kafka," Fischer said, "is a poet for all of us. The alienation of man, which he experienced in the greatest intensity, has nowhere in the socialist world been finally and decisively transcended." His plea was: "Give Kafka a permanent visa! . . ."*

In the end it was Kafkaesque. Five years after, there was the Prague spectacle of individuals struggling helplessly against an anonymous bureaucratic power. As Kafka wrote in the opening sentence of his Trial*—"Someone must have slandered Josef K., since without having done any harm at all, he was one morning arrested. . . ."*

DER SPIEGEL

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is no more than a horrible spectacle." For him the hypocrisy and crocodile tears of the West are just as hurtful as the gestures of "friendship" of the Soviets. For him—and probably for most Czechoslovaks—the Russians had come as liberators in 1945 and enabled them in 1948 to start the difficult process of "building socialism." Now they had arrived with their tanks to stop the "true fulfilment of socialism." "Their policies are imperialist, not socialist. Not only have they lost the leadership of world communism; they have betrayed socialism. . . ."

Walking past the dilapidated façades of old Prague, supported by wooden beams and scarred from the machine-gunning, he went on: "This is the tragedy of communism. It isn't understood in the capitalist West, which is secretly gratified. But this tragedy in the heartland of old Europe is also a defeat for the Europe of tomorrow. . . ." He tells me of a new slogan he's just seen: "U.S. Imperialism equals U.S.S.R. Imperialism; Viet Nam equals Czechoslovakia. . . ."

The mood of resignation, the new fatalism cannot be understood without bearing in mind what preceded the occupation: the sudden, unhoped-for liberation from a dictatorship which for many communists was more repressive than it was for the politically indifferent. That this liberation happened not against but *with* the party, that it was the communists who inspired the people, gave rise to enthusiastic hopes. The communists were no longer satisfied with the "small freedom," with better living conditions. They had begun to dream of utopia, of a socialist model state which would be an example to the East and also to the West. Little Czechoslovakia, so often in history the victim, would become a beacon of progress to Europe.

They awoke from this dream on the night of 21 August to the sounds of Soviet aeroplanes, tanks, and machine-guns. For a week they tried to save their dream. And once again they felt the unconditional trust of a whole people in their party leadership. In Hungary, communists had been hanged. In Czechoslovakia, communists put on their party medals and people crowded round to get their advice and reassurance.

The Moscow *diktat*, with the signature of their humiliated representatives, confronted the Czechs and Slovaks with a terrible prospect. What distant observers took to be "a compromise," an unexpected success for Dubcek, most Czechoslovaks saw as a defeat. For a whole week they wouldn't accept it.

The Soviets withdrew their tanks from the squares and sent in the folk-dancers. They were no longer the brutal occupiers who enforced respect with machine-guns. They brought back the party leadership from imprisonment to the Hradcany—with a few small rooms kept reserved for the occupiers. Yet the folk-dancing hurts more than the shooting. People are enraged about reports that Dubcek and Cernik were tied up and bundled on to a plane for Moscow. They feel deeply humiliated and offended by the pictures which show president Svoboda in Moscow, waving from an open car, side by side with the Soviet leaders. That Alexander Dubcek, hero of the freedom fighters, has to say: "Now the most urgent task is to regain the trust of the Soviets . . ."—that means an end to the hope and will to resist that had triumphed over the tanks.

In the West observers count the reformers in the new party presidium and reckon with a majority for Alexander Dubcek. In Czechoslovakia people point first to one name on the list: Bilak, held to be a traitor and a collaborator. He is one too many: people can't accept this presidium as representative of party and nation. The great, honest, unrhetorical speech of Smrkovsky is seen as the farewell speech of a man who refuses to submit—not as the beginning of new and tough negotiations.

The balalaikas seem almost to frighten people more than the machine-guns. They are afraid that the Soviets intend to wipe out even the memory of the months of freedom, that they will leave the dirty work of de-democratisation to Dubcek and thus discredit him. Just as the party leaders while they were in Moscow didn't know of the resistance of their people, so now the majority of the people apparently cannot believe in the power of their leaders to resist.

Certainly, central committee and presidium are now forced to take many important decisions from the occupiers. The fourteenth party congress, held in the first week of the occupation, will have to be repeated. Ministers and editors will have to resign or will be sent "on leave." Censorship is re-introduced. Yet the journalists have already said that they will rather be silent than write untruths. Not

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only Smrkovsky but also the Central Committee has declared that there will be no unconditional surrender.

Dubcek can no longer be the glamorous hero of reform, but only the tough, adroit tactician who once triumphed over his Stalinist rivals. Yet he faces a difficult task: he has to give back hope to the people and convince the Soviets at the same time that they have achieved the objective of intervention.

The real aim of the Kremlin is probably not even known to the Czechoslovak leadership. They only know that military and strategic considerations were the decisive factor for the aggression and that ideological heresy only matters to the Kremlin when it touches on its imperial interests. After all, the Soviet Union has relinquished its claim to ideological leadership forever by attacking Czechoslovakia.

The people of Prague can hardly expect much from pressure from abroad, least of all from the socialist movements of the West. Yet Moscow doesn't have many cards to play in its occupation policies. A solution like the Hungarian is impossible in face of a united party and population: a Janos Kadar has not been found. The Russians might send colonial officers to Prague and Bratislava: their bayonets are legion. The masters of imperialist policies will, however, have to consider whether a protectorate bordering on Western Germany is really the best strategic solution. They might decide that Moscow would be better off with a Czechoslovakia with its "home rule" restored.

For this domestic self-determination Alexander Dubcek and his friends are fighting, even if they have surrendered the right to conduct their own foreign affairs. The great dream has been shattered. But the fight for this "small freedom" has only begun.

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Arnold Rockman is a young Canadian writer and critic. **Marshall McLuhan's** *The Gutenberg Galaxy, Understanding Media,* and *The Mechanical Bride,* discussed in his article, are published by Routledge and Kegan Paul....

Nicholas Snowden Willey is 22. His first book of poems, *The Green Tunnel*, was published by Signals, London, in 1965....

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LETTERS

Rosten's "Yiddish & English"

My old friend, Leo Rosten points out that in origin [Encounter, September] "sheeny" was not necessarily offensive in America, simply descriptive of a Jew. An analogous situation developed in my native land. It was a group of Italian immigrants (mainly from the neighbourhood of Naples) who popularised ice cream in Scotland. By natural extension, the ice cream shop became known simply as "the Tally's." "Let's go down to the Tally's and get a slider." One result of this near monopoly has been the creation in quite recent times of the only serious rival to Lyons—and in England as well as Scotland. "*Sic fortis Etruria crevit.*" But in the small Scottish town where I grew up, in addition to half-a-dozen Italian "Tally's," there was one ice cream shop run by a Scotch family called Stevenson. It was known simply as "the Scotch Tally's."

D. W. Brogan

Cambridge

It was a little on the tantalising side to learn from Leo Rosten that he had "elsewhere pointed out" how two short simple English sentences could contain words from no less than a dozen languages, including Hindustani, Tagalog, and Old Frisian. This I'd like to see!

J. R. Cox

Paris

My typist neglected to put "Hurrah!" before "The pistol in our bungalow is stuffed with taffy!" The latter sentence contains only five languages. If you add "Hurrah!" (as anyone should on discovering a pistol stuffed with taffy) you have six:

1. *Hurrah* comes from the Slavic *HU-Raj* which means "to Paradise"—the cry of Slavic warriors who thought that if they fell in battle, they would be wafted to the Pearly Gates.
2. *Pistol* is Czech—and plenty of sad Czechs can verify that.
3. *Bungalow* is Hindustani for "comes from Bengal," where bungalows abound.
4. *Taffy* comes from a minor Tagalog dialect, from the Philippines—which is all I know about it; some sceptical Filipinos have written to say this is news to them. It is to me, too.
5. *Stuff* comes from the Old French, *estoffer.*
6. *The*, that most neutral article, is descended from Old Frisian, as the Oxford English Dictionary will tell you, if you have strength enough to read the whole entry. Frisian is a Germanic language, very much like English, spoken in the Frisian Islands, which boast many an excellent bathing resort.

As for "Some nitwit has put alcohol in the ketchup": Any card-carrying member of the International Linguistic Mafia can testify that:

1. *Nitwit* comes from the Dutch *niet weet*, which my Dutch cousin assures me means: "I don't know."
2. *Alcohol* seems to have begun its intoxicating career as Arabic—*alḳoh'l* or *al-ḳuhul*—the name for the paste or powder elegant ladies of the Middle East used as a stain on their eyelids. (*Al* means "the," *ḳoh'l* is powdered antimony, which has nothing to do with Anabaptists.) How the word for an eyelid stainer came to stand for a salubrious liquid I have not figured out, except that our precious "alcohol" also branches back to the forthright French *alcool.*
3. *Ketchup* is a real mish-mosh of a word, tracing its ancestry to the Chinese *ḳetsiap*, the Malay *ḳechap*, and the Japanese *ḳitjap*—which means a sauce. The American vernacular uses "sauce" for "booze" but this is sheer coincidence: no Japanese I know belongs to Kitjaps Anonymous.

Leo Rosten

New York City

A Plague of Economists?

I enjoyed the Postan riposte [M. M. Postan, "A Reply to My Critics," Encounter, September]; not least his attacks on those involved in this debate whom I most disagree with. But I remain unconvinced by much of what he says, partly because the hard realities of economic policy still seem to elude him, and partly because his attacks on particular bits of my own article have a distinctly Aunt Sally-like quality about them: he may be reminded of the ancient Chinese way of roasting a pig; I am reminded of the modern Chinese way of grilling a dissenter.

For example, when I said that the interest that top-level economic advisers were taking (in 1966–67) in detailed micro-aspects of industrial policy was a measure of their despair, I was talking—as Professor Postan appeared to be talking in his original article—of the top four or five whose macro-economic advice had been ignored; not the dozens of other economists in the DEA, Board of Trade, *etc.*, who are of course involved to a large extent in micro-problems. Though Professor Postan attributes to me the belief that these latter do their jobs "unwillingly, and even resentfully, under the Prime Minister's compulsion," I must insist that this is entirely his own construction; I hope that I would never say anything so ridiculous.

Again, although he quotes disparagingly the list of ways in which I said that Central Government expenditure decisions could have different industrial and regional effects, he fails to quote the immediately preceding sentence, in which I said that I was merely noting in passing that the general Keynesian remedies he attacks were not quite as general or non-discriminating as he seemed to assume. Nowhere in my article did I suggest that

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such remedies were sufficient. Indeed, I went out of my way in a number of places to say that intervention on a micro scale was necessary as well.

Yet again, Professor Postan appears to have misread my example about nurses. My point was that if there are too few nurses you cannot in equity increase the number by paying more to new recruits *only*—you have to pay *all* nurses more. This example was intended to illustrate the proposition —which Professor Postan's first article seemed to overlook—that measures designed to influence the direction of marginal units often have the effect of altering the circumstances of intra-marginal units as well, but that this is not necessarily an argument against them. Professor Postan insists on ignoring what I actually said, preferring to concentrate his fire on what he feels I ought to have said—and this, needless to say, is a carefully chosen target. Apparently what I ought to have said is that a shortage of nurses can only be overcome by increasing *everybody's* wages. Why? Because anything short of this is inconsistent with my general emphasis on the importance of macro-economic factors in recent British history! I cannot be recommending that nurses' pay alone should be raised, says Professor Postan, because this is "an example of the micro-economic and specific measures he dislikes so much in principle." This is a revealing commentary on Professor Postan's definition of macro-economics, to say the least.

Finally, Professor Postan makes no attempt to answer my main charge, which was that his original article was written as though the balance of payments problem which has bedevilled British economic policy since at least the early 1960s had never existed. Had the correct Keynesian macro-economic policy decision (devaluation) been taken in 1963 or 1964, my own view remains that Professor Postan would have found his original article a great deal more difficult to write.

MICHAEL STEWART

The Treasury,
Nairobi, Kenya

Myths About "the Angry Young Man"

By Kingsley Amis

UNTIL I read *R*'s column for September, I imagined that the Angry Young Man thing had quietly, and to the general relief, slipped into oblivion, like post-war credits or Stalin's scientific writings. But evidently *R*'s memories of that far-off episode have been stirred by a couple of more recent utterances of mine, though not sufficiently, as I shall indicate in a minute, to induce him to look up the relevant source-material.

To grit one's teeth, then: there was no anger, unless a mild, usually amused and very intermittent irritation can be called anger, in the characteristic works of the mid-1950s: in John Wain's *Hurry On Down*, in John Braine's *Room at the Top*, in Iris Murdoch's *Under the Net*, or in Colin Wilson's *Outsider*, to name four of the most celebrated. (I would call *Look Back in Anger* a lonely and, by contrast, revealing exception; but Mr. Osborne will no doubt answer for himself, should he feel so moved—and he has my hearty sympathy if he doesn't.)

The Angry Young Man "movement" was a phantom creation of literary journalists, and *R* is a journalist, albeit a phenomenally incurious and unindustrious one, so one understands, perhaps, his contented swallowing of that mouldering bit of journalistic consensus. But in any event, he should not have confused, or seemed to confuse (he is not very clear on this point), the pamphlets, articles and interviews of that time with the books and plays to which they are an unimportant appendage.

But to return to my more personal stake in the matter: no sort of journalist can afford to sink to *R*'s level of inaccuracy on other points. His humorous fantasy on Lucky Jim's career, for instance, transfers that character's origin from Lancashire to South Wales, turns his girl's uncle into his eventual father-in-law, confounds a dentist's mistress with a dentist's wife (a serious error), and plucks beer-sodden colliers out of the air, or out of supposed recollection. But these minor blurrings are probably meant as subtle illustrations-in-action of how folk-memory confuses its sources and misreads its facts.

However, *R* might have noticed that less than one-quarter of my Conservative Political Centre pamphlet overlapped the *Sunday Telegraph* article which was its starting-point—hardly a "recapitulation" in the usual sense. He could, too, by catching the hastiest possible glimpse of its cover, have noticed that the C.P.C. pamphlet entitled *Europe and Technology* is not by Brian Chapman, as he says, but by Manfredo Macioti, who is a EURATOM scientist not much given to turning out "Conservative propaganda." By looking up the files of ENCOUNTER itself ["Lone Voices," July 1960], *R* would have had the chance of noticing that my disquiet about university expansion was couched in the form, *More will mean worse*, not *More means worse*. This is not just a quibble: what I wrote was a limited prediction—horribly justified, but let that go—based on an estimate of the existing human and material resources. The version given by *R* and other non-inquirers suggests belief in some immutable principle. I have put people right on this before, though only, I grant, in journals that *R* no doubt

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Revolution & Ripe Tomatoes

Frankfurt-am-Main

"ARISE, YE WRETCHED *of the Earth!" They sang the Internationale with clenched fists as the convention began, but five days later the delegates to the* S.D.S., *meeting in the great hall of the Frankfurt University, seemed to be several illusions lighter. The crisis in the radical student movement since the dramatic days of last spring had deepened, and the self-appointed Avant-garde of the Revolution appeared to be declining into a peripheral symptom of a paralysed protest. For five days and five half-nights the* S.D.S. *practically talked itself out of its own organisation and purposes and into such a position of frustration and isolation that even Daniel Cohn-Bendit had to dismiss it contemptuously as a* "Wandervogelverein."

One newspaper reported it as another case of the revolution devouring its children. The Frankfurter Rundschau, *a liberal-left organ, thought it could still detect some signs of life, but if the Police did not provide them soon with another martyr or two it would only be the death agony. The situation of the* S.D.S., *as delegates themselves conceded, was "desolating." After a series of expulsions there remain two warring factions—the "traditionalists" and the "anti-authoritarians." It has lost its experienced leaders with the resignations of Karl Dietrich Wolff and his brother Frank. It is in serious debt, and the treasurer announced "awful financial mismanagement." It has lost its structure as "mini-groups" at various universities blocked any attempt at "centralisation." Its militant spirit has declined and, as one delegate remarked, the only active group that remained was the one in Berlin agitating for an "anti-authoritarian Kindergarten." It failed to work out its promised "political strategy" for nation-wide campaigns in the schools, factories, and military casernes. It was all an almost endless exercise in theory conducted in sociologese, with repeated calls to try and "restructure the debate a bit...."*

THERE WAS MORE TALK *about orgasm than about organisation. Fräulein Helke Sander, 30, came to the microphone as the member of an "action group to liberate women" and denounced the "suppression" of female delegates. She saw in the* S.D.S. *proceedings signs of "repressive mechanisms" and asked: "Why do you talk here of class struggles and at home with your girl friends of troubles with orgasms?..." When the Frankfurt student idol, Hans-Jürgen Krahl, 25, declined to discuss this, a red-haired (and very pregnant) Berlin economist, Sigrid Rüger, 29, attacked him as a "counter-revolutionary" and "an objective agent of the class enemy," and she proceeded to toss six ripe tomatoes at him, one of which landed. It was bitter to have to concede that the better world of the future, of which they dream and for which they are ready to fight, was "not being anticipated in our own ranks" which showed only the same old characteristics of the hated System and Social Structure.*

The leit-motif of the conference was "what's to be done?" (Was machen wir denn nun, Genossen?). *No one was sure. The bearded Communard, Fritz Teufel, 25, added to the confusion by recommending the open and candid expulsion of all females "since their presence only disguises the essentially patriarchal structure of the organisation" and, anyway, "their chatter is even more ridiculous than that of the rest of the comrades." In his recommendations for the new "Legal Campaign" he suggested that the girls ought to tell the Judge that he was "terribly sexy" and then go on to kiss him. "It's not always necessary to defecate in the court-room, although I also find that a very effective method...." Effective, perhaps. But was it a sign of their own revolutionary strength, or weren't they simply counting on the despised "liberalism" of general public opinion? One of the senior* S.D.S. *leaders put in a plea for Teufel, who had been expelled in 1967 for being "too anti-authoritarian," to rejoin. He refused with the remark: "In the* S.D.S. *there are just too many* Arschlöcher...." *Nevertheless, he participated in the local action on Sunday against a nearby café-owner who had barred "bearded and long-haired Leftists" from his premises. The café was occupied for a while and the police were attacked with pies and chocolate cream puffs.*

OF THE 25 PAGES *of proposed resolutions only one was actually passed: a criticism of the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia, although Dubcek's political course was also criticised as having a "dangerous tendency towards Re-Capitalisation...."*

No other tangible results seemed to be forthcoming. The S.D.S. *has paralysed itself with its own internal permanent cultural revolution. And as the chairman, on the last night, decided to adjourn with the singing (again) of the "Internationale," hundreds of voices wearily cried out* "Nein."

DER SPIEGEL/DIE ZEIT (*Hamburg*)

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feels are outside his scope, like *The Times* and the *Observer*.

Last in this recital, and least, and in a way worst, *R* has me referring to the B.B.C. (I said B.B.C.-1, but never mind, and I was momentarily forgetting *Late Night Line-Up*, though I was intending to say nothing about B.B.C. radio) as "that enormous machine of Lefty propaganda." This, too, is more than a mere matter of nuance—I said "vehicle," not "machine"—but what we can appreciate here is the huge, the incalculable difficulty confronting *R* in hauling himself out of his armchair, lurching across to wherever he keeps, or momentarily found a place for, that pamphlet of mine which must have set him off on his ruminations, and taking a second glance at its text.

R exhibits a little more journalistic capacity in employing two traditional devices. One of these is to paraphrase one's source while pretending to make a point of one's own. Thus he informs me that university expansion was originally a Conservative measure, not saying (or not knowing, since the journal concerned was again the *Observer*), that I was a co-author of an extended protest against this policy at the time, and not saying that I specifically mentioned, and deplored, its Conservative origin, both in my *Sunday Telegraph* article—has he ever glanced at this, even once?—and in my C.P.C. pamphlet (p. 6).

The other journalistic device is to introduce fiction under the guise of supposed paraphrase. Thus *R* credits me with hankering after "the still small voice of reason as it speaks in the person [*sic*] of Mr. Heath and Mr. Enoch Powell." I certainly feel, though *R* has had no way of knowing this, that these two, among others of their party, represent what I want rather better than any of the array on the Government benches, excluding Mr. Powell's emotionalism about immigration. But, in article and pamphlet, as before, I disavowed support for the Conservative party as such and as it now exists.

Two final points. *R* seems to question the validity of my belief that "communism . . . is always and everywhere the same (even in Czechoslovakia?)." I dislike alluding, in parochial polemic, to what has happened in that country since *R* wrote. Nevertheless, it must be said that few professional journalists would have betted so confidently on Czechoslovakia's uninterrupted progress towards some sort of liberalisation. And the point about Dubcek is that he was the only good sort of communist other than a dead one: the sort that looks forward to the dismantling of communism, whether or not he retains the name. The duty remains to point out that, in all important respects, like those concerning any sort of freedom, communism *is*, has so far turned out to be, always and everywhere the same.

And as regards my dislikes of the Lefty and the Labour party as it now is, the one implies and is included in the other. The Lefty is an intellectually disreputable and morally desensitised person whom the Labour party tolerates within itself—and who, incidentally, flourishes more or less unchecked, not only in the *New Statesman* (where *R* locates him), but in *The Times*, *The Guardian*, the *Daily Mirror*, *The Sun*, the *Observer*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, *Tribune*, and—most of all and most trendily—*The Listener*, not to speak of *Panorama* and *24 Hours*. Anyway—how would we feel about a Conservative party that tolerated the Lefty's Rightist counterparts: Falangists, extreme Gaullists, Colin Jordan's men?

KINGSLEY AMIS

London

PS.—Yes, quite a number of people have, as *R* says, progressed from Left to Right as they grew older. Not enough to satisfy me, though. And to represent this progress as a "passage from youthful protest to middle-aged acquiescence" is both loaded and revealing. Has *R* taken account of the number of people who stay on the Left, or even move perceptibly Leftwards, in the hope of seeming to remain alive, or active, or with it, or in touch with youth, or young?

*

"PAROCHIAL POLEMIC" seems an admirable description of most of Mr. Amis' note on the myth of "the Angry Young Men." He may not have been Angry when young, but he certainly sounds very angry, not to say bilious, today.

The real point of his note, of course, comes at the end, when he identifies the Lefty, or as Mr. John Braine calls him, the Prog, that is to say, "an intellectually disreputable and morally desensitised person," with the Labour Party. But the Lefty also flourishes, oddly enough, in such irreproachably Conservative organs of opinion as *The Times* and the *Sunday Times*, not to speak of the *B.B.C.*, and the *Listener* and the *Times Literary Supplement*. He is at work everywhere, like a Jew out of the Protocols of Zion; he is in fact not a real person at all but the "phantom creation of a literary journalist," invented by Mr. Amis and a few others to frighten themselves into the arms of Mr. Heath and Mr. Powell, though of course a Mr. Powell stripped of his "emotionalism about immigration." But what then would be left of him? I am surprised that, in such a qualification, Mr. Amis has not recognised the voice of a true Prog. *Down with Oxfam!*

R

London

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